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McADOO AND THE SUBWAY

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

JUST now the people of our largest American city are attempting to decide upon some program for the comprehensive development of their local transportation system. A rapidly increasing population has exhausted the capacity of the present subway and is demanding the immediate construction of new underground roads. Shall these new systems be built by those who already monopolize rapid transit in New York, or shall the city permit the construction of competitive lines?

New York is called upon to settle this question of monopoly or competition, not only for

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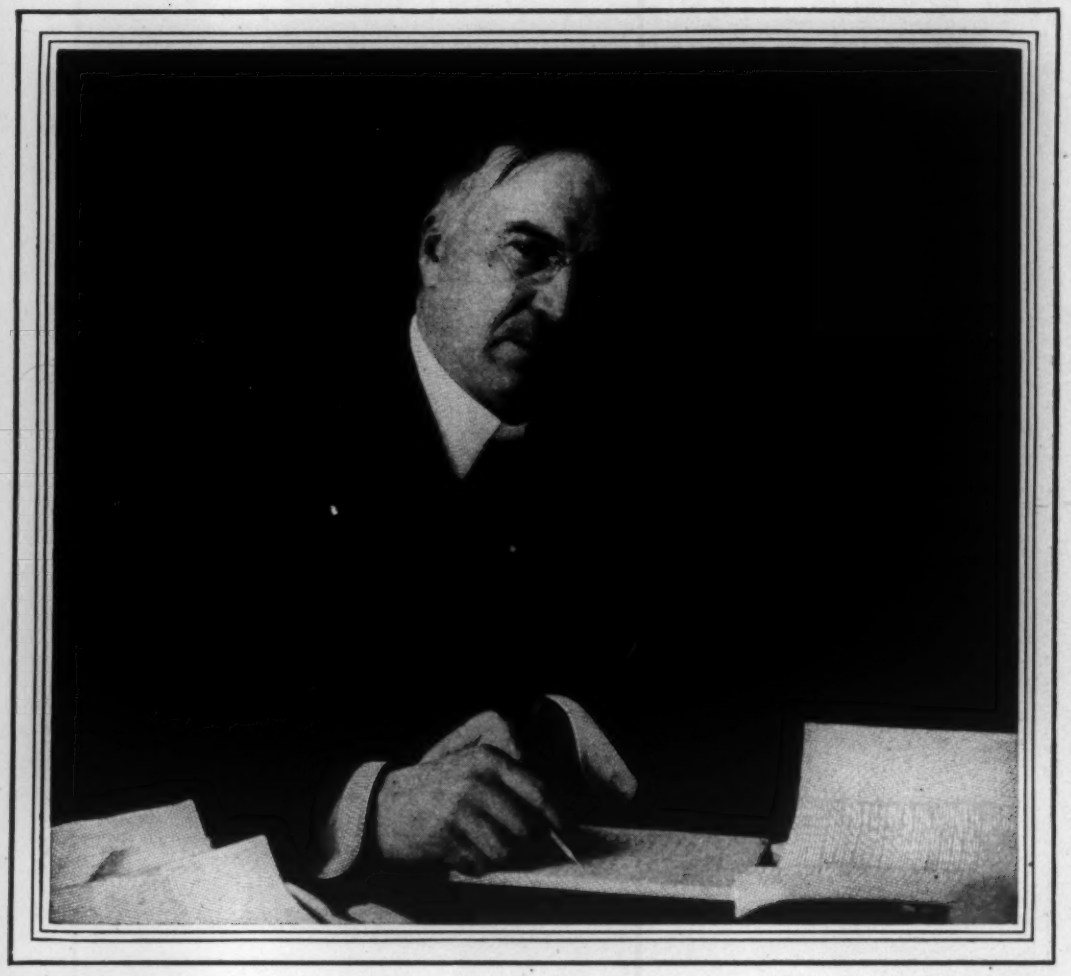

THEODORE P. SHONTS

PRESIDENT OF THE INTERBOROUGH RAPID TRANSIT COMPANY—THE CORPORATION THAT, FOR SEVEN YEARS, HAS BLOCKED NEW SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION IN NEW YORK

the present generation, but for practically all time. If the Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which now operates all the elevated and subway roads, obtains the present contracts, it will dominate indefinitely the transit facilities of nearly five million people.

The city, fortunately, has the choice not only of two different transit systems but of two different classes of men. The controlling personalities in the Interborough Company are Thomas F. Ryan, August Belmont, Theodore P. Shonts, and Edwin Hawley. The controlling factor in the company that aspires to operate a new and independent transit system is William Gibbs McAdoo. Both of these competitors have had great experience in the management of transit systems in New York. The first syndicate controls the present subway system; while Mr. McAdoo is widely known as the builder of the Hudson River tunnels.

McAdoo—an Idealist and Man of Affairs

Mr. McAdoo is a Southerner, a native of Georgia, who came to New York, about eighteen years ago, to look for opportunities in the practice of law. Though he had considerable success in his profession, his larger energies were soon absorbed in the local transit situation. He is emphatically a corporation magnate of the new school—a strange mixture of the practical and the visionary; a man with a genius for planning what are apparently impossible enterprises and an energy and capacity to make them real. Mr. McAdoo's inheritance perhaps explains these contradictory traits. His ancestry, on his father's side, goes back to that famous Scotch-Irish immigration which, in the latter years of the seventeenth and earlier of the eighteenth centuries, entered this country at

WILLIAM J. GAYNOR

MAYOR OF NEW YORK, WHO FAVORS GIVING THE NEW SUBWAY CONTRACTS TO THE INTERBOROUGH. IN HIS ELECTION CAMPAIGN MR. GAYNOR WAS CLEARLY PLEDGED TO AN INDEPENDENT SYSTEM

the port of Charleston and rapidly pushed through North Carolina and Tennessee. By Revolutionary days this stock had become a part of the Southern aristocracy. Mr. McAdoo's ancestors rose with it from the log-cabin stage, and early supplied the South with its fair quota of leading men. Mr. McAdoo's father ably represented this type. He was a member of the Tennessee legislature, a soldier who saw service in both the Mexican and the Civil wars, an attorney-general for the Knoxville Circuit, a judge of the Superior Court, and, in his last days, a professor of English literature and history in the University of Tennessee. With his many talents, however, the elder McAdoo conspicuously lacked one: he had little capacity for practical things, and was especially unsuccessful as a money-getter. But his wife, "one of the Floyds of Virginia," was energetic, ambitious, and aggressive. Had it not been for her, the fortunes of the McAdoo family, especially after General Sherman had swept over the ancestral properties, would have reached an even lower ebb than they did.

At its best, however, Mr. McAdoo's boyhood was a hard one. His father's lively imagination, his mother's will and perseverance — these were his only inheritance. The war left his people, as it did so many Southerners, with no asset except family pride. McAdoo entered the University of Tennessee, but necessity compelled him to leave in his junior year and hasten his preparation for the law. As a young man McAdoo had dreams and ambitions somewhat different from those that have materialized. He wished to become, like his forebears, a figure in public life. If he had been a Northern boy we would have said that he aspired to "enter politics"; in the South, however, the proper term is that he expected to be a

"statesman." If any one had asked young McAdoo at this time what his life work was to be, he would have unhesitatingly replied, "Law and statesmanship." And he had undeniable qualifications for such a career. Besides a keen, comprehensive mind and a fine idealism, he had a great gift of expression; as a public speaker his directness, his simplicity of manner, and his sympathy always insured an attentive audience.

Early Experiences in Railroading

The scene of his early venture in public life was in Chattanooga, Tennessee, where he was admitted to the bar in 1885. Some mysterious influence, however, seemed to impel Mr. McAdoo toward railroads. He early became local counsel to the Central Railroad & Banking Company of Georgia and the Richmond & Danville Railroad. He was more than merely counsel, however. He took advantage of this situation to educate himself thoroughly in the railroad business, and he became so fascinated with the new subject that he almost forgot his early inclination toward "statesmanship." He studied railroading at first hand and in detail; he went deeply into accounting and finance, into operation and construction; he rode upon locomotives, went with the engineers into the field, talked and associated with every one who could furnish a word of advice or information. It was not surprising, therefore, that, still several years this side of thirty, he found himself the active president and the controlling owner in a railroad of his own. This was the Chattanooga Street Railway Company — an old-fashioned transit system which Mr. McAdoo completely modernized.

Long before this, Mr. McAdoo had made up his mind to find wider opportunities than those presented by eastern Tennessee. There was one place in particular toward which he cast longing eyes. The spell of New York City was fairly upon him.

It was in 1892 that Mr. McAdoo established himself in a dingy law office in Wall Street; he was then twenty-nine years old. He had no friends, no influential relatives, no "connections," and no money. All that he had was a definitely formed character, in which idealism and enthusiasm were the predominating qualities, and a most engaging exterior. Mr. McAdoo's admirers are fond of comparing him with Lincoln; and in the raw-boned stripling who started out to conquer New York less than twenty years ago there was an undeniable suggestion, physical at least, of his great fellow Southerner. Mr. McAdoo easily measured his six feet one; he had Lincoln's long legs, loosely hanging arms, and somewhat disjointed anatomy. But he did not have Lincoln's powerful frame; he was so slender that, in spite of his great height, he weighed less than one hundred and forty pounds. But the resemblance was most accentuated in the face. For there were undeniably Lincoln's eyes, dark, dreamy, pensive, deep sunken, half hidden in shadows formed by the craggy, overhanging brows. There also was Lincoln's corrugated face; the high cheek-bones, with the deeply furrowed cheeks; the mouth, somewhat tightly drawn, with a humorous curve at each end; the long, angular nose, the high forehead, and the smooth, silken, flatly lying dark brown hair. His deliberation in talking, his fondness for reasoning a subject to its fundamental principles, his ability to lighten the discussion with an apt phrase or a convincing anecdote — here, again, Mr. McAdoo was Lincoln himself. In spite of all these promising qualities, New York did not immediately make Mr. McAdoo its own. He arrived in Wall Street at almost the same time as the panic of 1893, and clients, for the first few years, were not embarrassingly numerous. But he went on quietly making friends, getting together a practice, establishing a reputation for personal and professional decency, and waiting his chance. It came in 1902.

The Problem of the Hudson Ferries

Mr. McAdoo's experience with surface railroads in Chattanooga naturally stimulated his interest in the metropolitan transit problem. The first few years of the twentieth century had witnessed many great developments in New York. The city had begun the building of the subway, and the air was full of bridges, tunnels, great railway terminals, moving platforms, and other modern methods of locomotion. More propitious still, the transcontinental railroads had entered into a new period of prosperity; crops were abundant, stocks were booming, and money was plentiful. New York City had started a new cycle in its development. Enormous office buildings, hotels, department-stores, and apartment-houses were springing up on all hands; old residential streets were being transformed into business thoroughfares; great outlying areas which, when Mr. McAdoo first came to town, were woodland or farming country, were being opened for residential purposes. In all these developments, one transit opportunity had been strangely neglected. New York was not yet a part of the North American continent; all the great trunk railroads, with one exception, still landed their passengers on the New Jersey

WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO

THE YOUNG MAN FROM TENNESSEE WHO HAS BUILT FOUR TUNNELS UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER, AND CONNECTED THEM, BY SUBWAY, WITH THE GREAT BUSINESS CENTERS OF NEW YORK. HE IS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE AS THE BUILDER OF THE NEW SUBWAYS

side of the Hudson. Enormous ferry-boats, many of them thirty or forty years old, furnished the only means of access to Manhattan.

One day Mr. McAdoo was standing on the Jersey side, meditatively watching the animated scene. There in the river were the lumbering ferry-boats, bumping over the ice-blocks, crazily picking their way through the fog, distractedly blowing their whistles to warn away encroaching craft. Near by, in the ferry-house, stood a black human mass, blowing their fingers to keep warm, and cursing audibly the laggard boats. Between this ill-tempered crowd and their offices and homes lay the barrier — a sheet of water about a mile wide. If one had particularly good luck and "caught the boat," it took from fifteen to twenty minutes to cross; if one had to wait fifteen minutes on the dock, as was the common fate, it might take half an hour or more. Was there not a better, quicker, and more comfortable way of getting across the river than this?

The answer, of course, was obvious. Why not build a tunnel? Mr. McAdoo turned the proposition over and over in his mind; and one day the thing was again called to his attention by a chance meeting with a fellow lawyer. "Here's something for you to do, McAdoo," he said. This man was the counsel to a reorganization committee of an old insolvent Hudson River tunnel company. "Why don't you take it up and try to get it going again? Perhaps you might be able to get some of our money out of the damned thing."

McAdoo Revives an Abandoned Enterprise

The words precisely expressed the general estimation in which the proposition was then held. The idea of tunneling under the Hudson was not original with Mr. McAdoo. Many had dreamed of doing it; two companies had made a serious attempt to put the operation through. The enterprise was a tragical story; it had bankrupted many men, and taken the lives of many more. As far back as 1873, one De Witt Clinton Haskin came to New York City from the West, determined to build a railroad tunnel from Hoboken to Manhattan Island. Haskin had a few hundred thousand dollars of his own, which he optimistically staked upon this enterprise. His idea was to run a single under-river road from Hoboken to Washington Square, where there was to be a large passenger station. He believed that, when it was finished, all the transcontinental railroad lines would give up their ferries and run their trains through his tunnel into New York. He started his men to work, and actually succeeded in building about eighteen hundred feet. Then, one day, the roof collapsed, and the Hudson River poured in, drowning more than twenty men. The Hudson tunnel remained neglected for fifteen years, when an English syndicate pumped out the water and began again. These people added about fifteen hundred feet to Haskin's enterprise, sank $4,000,000, and retired from the field. Many Wall Street men had invested in the company, and consequently there was no proposition quite so unpopular in financial quarters.

Mr. McAdoo knew all these things; he knew also of the enormous engineering difficulties involved; and yet, the old Haskin enterprise haunted him constantly. Haskin and his English emulators were beckoning ghosts that would not down. He spent all his evenings poring over figures — figures that told him of the enormous ferry traffic over the Hudson, and what it would be in ten, twenty, thirty years to come. Here were 120,000,000 passengers yearly. Supposing he could get them at three cents a head, or even half of them — that would be an income of $3,000,000 or $2,000,000 a year. And he figured that the Haskin tunnel could probably be finished for $4,000,000 or $5,000,000. His friends, however, simply smiled at him. He had left out of his calculation one important fact. The railroads carried nearly all of their passengers over the ferries free; did Mr. McAdoo suppose the people would abandon this free ride for the privilege of using his tunnel? Besides, the thing was a demonstrated failure; it could never be built, in the first place, and, if built, would never "pay."

Getting Money Out of Millionaires

One day this slim young Southerner appeared, with a letter of introduction, at the office of Frederic B. Jennings, the New York corporation lawyer. Mr. Jennings was a member of the firm of Stetson, Jennings & Russell, popularly known as "J. P. Morgan's law firm." It may safely be assumed, therefore, that Mr. Jennings was not lacking in ordinary common sense. Moreover, he knew all about the tunnel scheme; he had personally invested in Haskin's company, and later in the English undertaking, and was several hundred thousand dollars poorer in consequence. So far as the Hudson tunnel was concerned, Mr. Jennings' one ambition was to forget it. It was hardly to be expected that he would listen patiently to a young man whom he had never seen before, and who now unfolded a plan for reorganizing this enterprise. And Mr. McAdoo was looking for other things than Mr. Jennings' advice and

coöperation. He wanted him to contribute $100,000 of his own money to the fund required for making a fresh start.

Strange, certainly, that young McAdoo should have thought of making so amazing a proposition to a great, formidable lawyer like Mr. Jennings. Still more strange, however, that Mr. Jennings should have accepted it — which he ultimately did.

And Mr. McAdoo succeeded in inducing many other long-headed capitalists to put their money into his new tunnel fund. He did not peddle his stock among the small fry; the scheme, at best, was a gamble, and McAdoo approached only men who had the means and inclination to enter into it upon that basis. Such industrial and financial leaders as E. H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation; E. C. Converse, intimately associated with a large number of banks and corporations; Walter G. Oakman, president of the Guaranty Trust Company — Mr. McAdoo persuaded these, and many more, each to subscribe $100,000 cash. His plan was to raise about $4,000,000, to purchase all the rights of the defunct tunnel company, and to finish the work. The old Haskin tunnel, though it had lain neglected and filled with water for more than ten years, was entirely practicable, as far as it went; Mr. McAdoo proposed to finish it, lay a small track, and establish a shuttle train service from Hoboken to Christopher Street, New York. This tunnel, as proposed, was hardly a part of an extensive transit system; it was merely a substitute for the ferries in certain circumscribed parts of the city.

That Mr. McAdoo was able to persuade hard-headed business men that this was a possible undertaking is one of the modern miracles of Wall Street. Any one who has met and talked with Mr. McAdoo, however, is not surprised at it. He is persuasiveness itself. He has the essential qualities of the successful advocate, a gift of graphic exposition and a simplicity of manner that convinces one of his personal honesty and sincerity. Whatever the subject of conversation,— his tunnels, the subway, politics, general business,— his personality immediately rivets attention. All he has to do is to look one in the face, wheel around in his chair, throw one long leg over the other, and begin, in his quiet Southern drawl, "Look heah, now," and the listener is lost. New light flows in; all doubts disappear; and Mr. McAdoo's point of view becomes the only reasonable and possible one. This was Mr. McAdoo's only asset in his early meetings with his new millionaire friends. His original idea was to organize his company, see that the work was placed in competent hands, and then retire to the practice of law. But his associates would have none of this. If they were going to invest in McAdoo's crazy scheme, McAdoo himself must take charge of the management. Thus he found himself the president of the company and the directing genius in all of its operations.

Every Hand Raised Against McAdoo

Mr. McAdoo had not gone far, however, before he saw that his original scheme would never do. A mere shuttle service linking the New Jersey and Manhattan shores by a single tube would be utterly inadequate from both a financial and a transit standpoint. He then began those elaborations that transformed his underground ferry into a comprehensive transit system uniting two States, covering a considerable part of the New Jersey suburbs, and penetrating the densest business sections of Manhattan Island. He started out to spend $4,000,000; he ended by spending nearly $70,000,000. He originally intended to build two miles of tunnel; up to date he has constructed eighteen miles. He added, first, to the completed old Haskin tube, another one paralleling it, and built two more from Jersey City to the downtown section of Manhattan at Cortlandt Street. He built a subway along the river-front on the Jersey side, tapping all the large railroad terminals, and another from Jersey City to Newark. In New York, he has already built his tunnel up Sixth Avenue to Thirty-third Street, and is now extending it to the new Grand Central terminal at Forty-second. When Mr. McAdoo began these additions he hardly realized what he was doing — that he was starting a new transportation system in Manhattan Island and becoming a "factor" in the transit situation. Nor did he realize to what an extent he was upsetting the established order of things,— how he was encroaching upon preëmpted ground. In fact, he aroused the fiercest hostility in every direction. He had to fight his way, foot by foot, against the most solidly intrenched gang of transit monopolists in the United States.

Every hand, in these early days, seemed raised against him. The real estate men protested because he was making it easier for New York people to live and pay rent in the New Jersey suburbs. All of the trunk railroads, except the Pennsylvania, opposed him because he was encroaching upon their ferry traffic. They attempted to prevent him from building his line under their stations; in one case, he had to fight in the courts to establish his legal right to do this. All opposition from these

sources, however, was trivial compared with that which came from the transit interests of New York. When McAdoo began work, the Whitney-Ryan syndicate absolutely controlled surface transit in Manhattan and the Bronx. It was then at the height of its arrogance and its power.

Opposition from Ryan and the Metropolitan

As far back as 1886, William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy in President Cleveland's Cabinet, and Thomas F. Ryan, a Wall Street broker and Tammany Hall politician, began the accumulation of millions by the exploitation of the city's street-car service. From the beginning, the creation of a great and useful transit system had never entered into their calculations; their ambition was merely to capitalize their political influence and their knowledge of stock manipulation, and to wring millions from the pockets of unsuspecting investors. The Tammany Hall with whose aid Whitney and Ryan built up their personal fortunes was that portrayed by the Lexow investigation; the one that debauched the polls, corrupted the political morals of the ignorant and the poor, organized endless schemes for plundering the public treasury, and instituted a carefully regulated plan of levying blackmail upon gamblers, thieves, and prostitutes. The Whitney-Ryan program was extremely simple. The Tammany politicians placed absolutely at their free disposal the public thoroughfares. The transit ring then capitalized their franchises at enormous values. In order to market the stock obtained in this way, Whitney and Ryan organized the Metropolitan Street Railway. Ostensibly, this was a transit company; in fact, it was simply a close corporation composed of Whitney, Ryan, and their financial and political confederates, organized for the purpose of flooding the country with worthless securities. In order to make these securities marketable, the Metropolitan distributed millions in seven-per-cent dividends — practically all obtained from borrowed money. In this way, in eight years, these men took not far from $100,000,000 out of the pockets of the public, all of which represented practically no investment of their own.

Attempts to Buy McAdoo Off

In 1902, when Mr. McAdoo began work, the Metropolitan's story was not publicly known; outwardly it was still prosperous and powerful; it had not gone into a receiver's hands, as it did a few years afterward — leaving the stockholders no property except a few creaky cars and several miles of sadly overmortgaged rails. It still enjoyed a half-respectability, and still proved a formidable antagonist to any one who presumed to encroach upon its ground. In the eyes of Ryan and his associates, McAdoo was simply a foolish upstart — a man who deserved to be crushed.

As usual, however, the Metropolitan tried gentle methods first. It would buy McAdoo off, precisely as it had bought off many of his predecessors. So, one day, the tunnel man received an invitation to luncheon with Herbert H. Vreeland, the Metropolitan's president. A friend of Mr. McAdoo's has given the writer the details of this occasion.

This was McAdoo's first meeting with the "interests" with which he was afterward to contend — with which, in a measure, he is still contending. There, on one side of the table, sat Vreeland — large, corpulent, typifying all the ignorant arrogance of suddenly and irregularly acquired wealth; and, on the other, Mr. McAdoo, the slim and modest young unknown.

"Well, what are we here for?" said Vreeland, coming to the point.

"I am your guest, Mr. Vreeland, and I supposed you knew why you wished to meet me."

Mr. Vreeland said bluntly that he wanted to know if the tunnel could be bought — and at what price. The latter disposed of this matter easily — the tunnel was not for sale, and never would be.

A fine thing, of course, the tunnel would have been in the Metropolitan's hands. It would have furnished another basis for new Metropolitan securities, faked dividends, mergers, bull movements in the Stock Exchange, and the rest of the familiar program. Had Mr. McAdoo been acquiescent, he might even himself have had a small slice of the melon.

"Why, Mr. McAdoo," said Vreeland, pained and surprised, "you don't suppose, for a moment, that we are going to let you build that tunnel under Sixth Avenue, do you?"

It was Mr. McAdoo's turn to be surprised. "I didn't know you had anything to do with it," he said. "Perhaps I had better withdraw my application to the Rapid Transit Commission, and make it to the Metropolitan Street Railway."

"Oh, I don't exactly mean that," replied Mr. Vreeland; "only, no one whom we have ever opposed has yet succeeded in building a railroad in this town."

"Well, we shall have to prove your rule by being the exception to it," replied Mr. McAdoo, cutting short the interview. "We don't want

unnecessary trouble with anybody, but we are going to extend the Hudson tunnel to Thirty-third Street, whether you like it or not."

Fighting Against the Metropolitan for a Franchise

This was brave talk, but Mr. McAdoo's position was a serious one. The particular crisis that brought about this situation was the application, filed by the Hudson Tunnel Company, for a franchise to build up Sixth Avenue to Thirty-third Street. To McAdoo, this privilege was indispensable if his enterprise was to succeed; and the Metropolitan and their allies now joined hands to defeat it.

Well, Mr. McAdoo succeeded in getting that franchise. The Metropolitan opposed him on every hand. It called to its assistance the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey — another sympathetic crowd of stock-waterers and political manipulators; but Mr. McAdoo got the best of both his antagonists. Their ultimate purpose was not so much to keep the tunnel out of New York as to destroy the whole enterprise. The most effectual way of doing this was by annihilating its credit. There were engineering difficulties enough in McAdoo's way, but his fundamental problem was a financial one. Unless his bankers could sell his securities, he could never finish his work. And unless his proposition inspired general confidence, the stocks and bonds could not possibly find a market. And the credit of a corporation is as easily destroyed as is a woman's reputation. A whisper, passed from mouth to mouth, may stop the sale of millions of securities. And Mr. McAdoo's scheme was certainly not invulnerable; its success, at best, was a matter of reasonable doubt.

Public Opinion "Accelerated" Against McAdoo

This was the period in New York's political history known as the era of "acceleration." A certain Lemuel Ely Quigg coined this descriptive word. For years, Mr. Quigg, once the Platt leader of the Republican party in New York County, was secretly in the pay of the Metropolitan Street Railway. With large money supplies, furnished by the Metropolitan, Quigg's duty was unostentatiously to manufacture public opinion in a way that would most promote the Metropolitan interests. Whenever Ryan needed a little public opinion to help along the cause, Mr. Quigg would retain influential people to organize "civic associations" in his interest. Mr. Quigg once testified on the witness-stand that in five years he had spent $250,000 of the Metropolitan money in "acceleration" schemes of this kind; and that he had used part of this fund against Mr. McAdoo. In every possible way, Mr. Quigg tried to block the Hudson Company's proposed franchise. Whenever the proposition came up for hearing before the Rapid Transit Commission, various "property-owners' associations" — financed, of course, by the Metropolitan's fund — appeared in opposition. And the opposition usually took the form of insisting upon certain changes that would injure Mr. McAdoo in his tenderest part — his company's credit. They insisted that his franchise should contain a clause requiring his company to charge only a five-cent fare on all its New Jersey and New York lines. Such a clause, as the Metropolitan well knew, would make it practically impossible for Mr. McAdoo to sell his bonds. Then they objected to his running his line up Sixth Avenue, and suggested an entirely different and less profitable route. This, likewise, would have materially reduced the value of the Hudson securities.

Against these influences Mr. McAdoo had only one method of fighting: he came out in the open, went personally before the Rapid Transit Commission, and pleaded his own cause. And then, as always when he injects his personality into an issue, he won. Once the Rapid Transit Commission voted him down; but Mr. McAdoo persistently kept the field. His persuasiveness, his honesty, the fearful odds against which he was contending, had by this time won him thousands of friends. And ultimately, in the face of strong public opinion, the city authorities granted him his franchise.

More Great Schemes that "Wouldn't Pay"

All this time Mr. McAdoo's engineers had been gradually pushing their tunneling shield through the mud and rock and sand under the Hudson River. Other great developments, unthought of when the original scheme was mapped out, were also taking shape. One day Mr. McAdoo surprised his directors by suggesting that the company build an underground terminal covering two blocks in the lower part of Manhattan Island, only a few hundred feet from Broadway. "But the thing will never pay," many skeptics protested. "We can make it pay," replied their president; and then he further proposed that they build on the tunnel station a twenty-two-story office building — a structure which, when finished, would furnish office room for ten thousand people and be the largest enterprise of its kind in the world. Against the resounding protests of everybody, this building went up — and, when finished, rapidly filled with

corporations paying big rents, government post-offices, and other desirable patrons. Mr. McAdoo secured a valuable tenant for the whole of his top floor in characteristic fashion. This space presented an unsolved problem to real estate men. "Just the place for a lunch club," remarked Mr. McAdoo. "Yes," said the pessimists; "but where are you going to get your club?" "Why not organize one ourselves?" he replied. No, no — it wouldn't pay; there were too many lunch clubs in New York already. But Mr. McAdoo went to work; the result is the Railroad Club, one of the most popular and flourishing in town — with a membership of more than eight hundred, a large waiting list, and a good annual surplus.

In all branches of his tunnel-building Mr. McAdoo was an inspiring figure. He spent much time under the river, under high atmospheric pressure. He personally supervised the purchase of $12,000,000 in real estate — surprising experienced brokers by declining to participate in their commissions. He maintained the closest personal supervision over construction work on his buildings. One day, he stepped upon a large girder that was about to be hoisted by cable to the twenty-second story, and made the dizzy trip to the top, carefully scrutinizing his skeleton structure all the way. Nor was he less attentive to traffic details. Soon after he had started work on the downtown tunnels, he appeared in the office of Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"What can I do for you, Mr. McAdoo?" said that affable gentleman.

Mr. McAdoo had a plan by which the Pennsylvania could abandon its downtown ferry and run its trains through the McAdoo tube.

"You are proposing," replied Mr. Cassatt, "to destroy the only profitable ferry the Pennsylvania road has. But I believe your plans will provide the best facilities, and we will tie up with you."

Mr. Cassatt promptly called together his directors and made the proffered contract.

McAdoo Declares War on "the Public be Damned" Policy

Not until the Hudson tubes were opened, however, did the public obtain a perfect insight into McAdoo's character. The first establishment of dry-land communication between New Jersey and New York was an occasion worthy of celebration. President Roosevelt, in the White House, touched the button that made the thing a reality; the governors of New York and New Jersey participated; there were banquets, parades, and much speech-making. Before this celebration began, Mr. McAdoo disappeared into the tunnel station, where, at his direction, the road's employees had been lined up. These men, who had little share in the jollification, were, after all, the people on whom ultimate success largely depended. In a quiet talk to the men, Mr. McAdoo now drove home these truths. This railroad was not, he said, built primarily for its stockholders, for its officers, or for its employees: it was built for the public. Its first consideration must always be the safety, comfort, and convenience of its patrons. Once the attitude of the railroad corporation had been, "The public be damned": any employee who adopted that as his motto would get into trouble. He instructed his men always to give civil replies when asked questions — even though the questions might be foolish ones. For years the elevated lines and the street railroads had been enraging the traveling public by commanding their patrons to "step lively": any man on the Hudson tunnel using that phrase, or any other similarly descriptive, said Mr. McAdoo, would at once lose his job.

The applause following these extempore remarks showed that Mr. McAdoo and his men had begun work cordially understanding one another. A little incident soon proved that his sense of justice to the public did not involve injustice to his employees. When the passengers began buying tickets, they were surprised to find that the ticket-sellers were neatly dressed women.

A Believer in Equal Pay for Men and Women

One of Mr. McAdoo's associates had suggested this innovation. "Women ticket-sellers will be a great improvement over men," he said. "They are neater in their appearance, they are nimbler with their fingers and their wits, than any men we can get for such jobs — they can sell tickets faster and make change quicker. They won't make us so much trouble as men — they are more industrious. Besides, they are cheaper."

"Why cheaper?" asked Mr. McAdoo.

Why, they were women — of course they would work for smaller wages than men; they always did so everywhere.

"All right," replied the president. "If women ticket-sellers are better than men, let us have them, by all means. But I don't propose to cut their pay. I don't believe in paying them less simply because they are women."

The tunnel system has both men and women ticket-sellers — women for the larger part of the work; men for those stations where women can-

not reasonably be asked to work, and for all-night hours. Men and women receive the same pay, and this pay represents the prevailing rate of wages for such employment.

And the service in these underground roads fairly dazzled a public accustomed to years of jamming, crushing, and suffocation. The cars were all steel, clean, white, and brilliantly lighted — in contrast to the wooden conveyances installed upon the newly finished subway. At this particular time the subway managers were filling the newspapers with columns of explanations as to why side doors were impracticable; and here all Mr. McAdoo's cars had beautifully working side doors. The terminals had been so constructed that the outgoing passengers used one platform, the incoming another — thus avoiding the football scrimmages that had hitherto seemed essential in metropolitan transit. The stations were all finely tiled and abundantly lighted; instead of the narrow stairs of the subway, there were broad, spacious passageways; and everything was kept scrupulously clean.

Mr. McAdoo cordially invites complaints as to service, and investigates them himself; but he receives very few. He now transports more than 50,000,000 passengers a year; in the same time he receives less than a dozen "kicks." Mr. McAdoo, in his efforts to obtain decent treatment for his passengers, even goes so far as to spend a part of his time on his own lines. He often goes from train to train, keeping watch upon his men, talking with them, admonishing them — impressing upon their minds the fact that they must look out for the comfort of the passengers. With the Public Service Commission, the body which in New York controls public-utility corporations, Mr. McAdoo has always been on the friendliest terms. He believes in this form of governmental activity. To his mind, the public and the transit corporation are necessarily partners; and in the management of his tunnels he has practically admitted the people of New York into partnership. He believes in a policy of publicity. In running a great transit system, accidents and occasional inconveniences are inevitable, and Mr. McAdoo's experience teaches him that the best way to get along is simply to explain why these things happen. For years railroads have maintained secrecy about accidents; if there is an accident in the Hudson tunnels, however, all the details reach the newspaper offices almost before the reporters get to the scene.

A year or two ago, a leading woman's association brought forth a new idea — that the underground and elevated roads install a special car on every train for women. All the railroad managers except Mr. McAdoo laughed; he himself did not believe much in the scheme, but he agreed to give it a fair trial. He would put a car on each train for women, he said, as an experiment; if the women showed, by using it, that they wanted the car, it would remain a permanent feature. As he suspected, the women really preferred to ride in the cars with men, and the "old maids' retreat," as the newspapers dubbed the innovation, was practically deserted. But the Hudson Company had demonstrated its readiness to act upon suggestions.

Human Element in Transit Management

In other words, Mr. McAdoo has introduced the human element into the management of a great transit system. Corporations, like most other things, he says, are simply the reflection of the chief personality in control; emphatically, they do have "souls." "Go over the lines of any public-service utility to-day," he recently said, in a lecture at Harvard, "and carefully observe the general details of its service and equipment, the manners of its employees and their attitude to the public, and you will get a fairly good reflection of the soul of its management."

As a result of practically enforcing these ideas, Mr. McAdoo has become a personage whom no one believed, a few years ago, could ever exist — a popular street-railway man, a corporation magnate whom the newspapers are constantly praising instead of abusing. His simple policy of not kicking and cuffing the people who daily give up their nickels has made this young Tennessee lawyer probably the most popular citizen of New York.

There is another large transportation corporation in New York. Any one who wishes to obtain a picture of its "soul" should visit one of the large subway stations any morning or evening during the rush hours. The platforms are crowded with enormous, swaying, constantly increasing human masses, eager, worried, almost hysterical, all too frequently full of the spirit of rowdyism and riot. Here and there a gigantic policeman in gray moves up and down, pushing part of the crowd in one direction, part in another. As the red and green lights of the express appear out of the darkness far down the track, there is an instinctive swaying toward the platform edge. The strongest among the men obtain the vantage-points; the women are sometimes crushed against the iron railings which alone prevent a wholesale deluge into the trackway. The express, filled with passengers clinging to straps, slowly rolls in, and

the doors open. Scores in the cars attempt to get out; a much larger number outside attempt to get in. As the two armies impinge, there follows a fiercely contested battle, victory perching upon the men — and sometimes the women — possessing the most aggressive elbows and shoulders with the largest driving power. Feet are stepped on, dresses sometimes torn, hats knocked awry. Passengers and trainmen frequently quarrel; there is an abundance of insolence and profanity on both sides; the whole performance has developed a new human species known as the "subway hog." After a few riotous seconds, each policeman, with widely outstretched arms, gathers a segment of the crowd in his embrace, hauls it toward the car entrance, and, with one heroic push, shoves the inert mass inside. The doors clang together and the train moves on. Meantime the crowd has been steadily increasing, so that, when the next train arrives, the scene is reënacted.

THE MAN ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS FRANK HEDLEY, THE GENERAL MANAGER OF THE INTERBOROUGH. THE CENTER FIGURE IS EX-MAYOR McCLELLAN, WHOSE ADMINISTRATION PURSUED AN OBSTRUCTIONIST POLICY IN THE MATTER OF RAPID TRANSIT

A "Regulated Monopoly"

This is the kind of transit known in New York City as a "regulated monopoly." Unpleasant as it is for the people, it has certain compensations for the stockholders in the Interborough railroad. For this kind of management nets them annual profits of eighteen per cent. One would hardly believe that this splendid subway, in which the people of New York City are thus maltreated twice a day, was the property of these very people themselves. But it is, for the people have spent nearly $50,000,000 of their own money in building it. The Interborough Company owns only the equipment — the cars, the motors, the electric installation, and has, in addition, a lease which will permit it to operate the property for sixty-nine more years; all the rest — the road-bed, the track, the stations, the entrances — the sovereign people themselves own.

The ultimate explanation of these daily crushes is perfectly clear; it is found in a financial transaction that took place five years ago. This was the celebrated "merger," engineered by Thomas F. Ryan and his associates, which joined into one transit monopoly all the elevated, surface, and subway railroads in Manhattan and the Bronx. The men who formed this new company — the Interborough-Metropolitan — were precisely the same who had so persistently opposed Mr. McAdoo's entrance into New York. This corporation represented

Ryan's final effort to flood the market with new fictitious stock based upon the New York transit lines. In 1906, when Ryan organized this new corporation, his own Metropolitan system was bankrupt; it had a deficit of $20,000,000 and its financial condition found a fit outward expression in its broken-down equipment and its miserable service. In seeking a way of extricating himself, of giving his Metropolitan stock some value, and manufacturing new issues for further exploitation, Mr. Ryan boldly fastened his hands upon the Interborough. This latter corporation, which operated all the elevated and subway lines, was enormously profitable; it was paying nine-per-cent dividends upon a reasonable capitalization, and had accumulated a surplus of $4,000,000.

Ryan's plan was simply to attach his badly diseased corporation to this healthy one, and to take advantage of its great earning capacity to make valuable his worthless Metropolitan stock. Incidentally, he proposed to issue new securities (in the neighborhood of $155,000,000) which represented practically no new value whatever. Amazing as this proposition was, the fact that it succeeded is more amazing still. Ryan forced himself into the Interborough railroad by using the tactics that had been so successful in a number of other financial undertakings. He frightened August Belmont, then the controlling personality in the Interborough, into the belief that he himself had formed plans to construct an independent subway system. This system, if ever built, would seriously disturb the Belmont monopoly. Rather than face such formidable competition, Belmont consented to merge his profitable concern with the demoralized Metropolitan.

A Plan to Stifle Competition

The inherent purpose of this remarkable amalgamation, in other words, was to stifle competition — to prevent the building of more subways, and to preserve for all time the existing transit monopoly. The people of New York had built their own subway for the purpose of freeing themselves from just such a monopoly; by using this very subway, Ryan and Belmont were able to make this monopoly impregnable. For the "merger" made a decent system of rapid transit practically unattainable. It placed upon the Interborough-Metropolitan Company about $155,000,000 of new securities. This new capitalization represented no new property which had any earning capacity of its own; if made profitable, it must be made so out of the increased earning capacity of the subway. Instead of financing new undertakings and improving its service, therefore, all the energies of the new management must be directed toward earning dividends upon this watered stock.

This, then, was the financial program, and, although the insolvency of the Metropolitan Company, which soon followed, changed the situation somewhat, the Interborough Company has managed the subway in accordance with this theory. The new company chose as its president Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, a Western railroad man, and first president of the Panama Canal Commission; and, as its general manager in charge of operation, Mr. Frank Hedley, a young man who had risen from the ranks. The new management placed upon these men a single responsibility — to operate the subway and the elevated lines in the way that would bring the largest financial returns. Both men, by training and character, seemed well fitted for this task. Mr. Shonts is absolutely lacking in tact or consideration. He is a loud talker, is fond of emphasizing his remarks by waving his hands, by pounding the desk, and by stalking up and down the room. Whereas Mr. McAdoo brings to the management of a great city transit system all the inherent courtesy, diplomacy, and genuine kindliness of the Southern gentleman, Mr. Shonts' only stock in trade is a breeziness and rough-and-ready arrogance that antagonize everybody. Nor does his chief lieutenant, Mr. Hedley, make up for his deficiencies of character and temperament. Mr. Hedley has no comprehension of that modern idea which teaches that the public, because it has given these railroad corporations great privileges, is necessarily a partner in their management. Human beings, in Mr. Hedley's eyes, are merely so many inarticulate dummies, plentifully loaded with nickels, who are to be crowded or jammed together for the purpose of earning dividends on watered stock. Apparently, nothing grieves him so much as an empty seat or an unused strap in a subway car.

And now these men, Shonts, Hedley, Ryan, Belmont, and their financial allies, joined hands with one single purpose — not to improve or extend the New York transit system, but to wring the last possible nickel out of existing facilities. The last three years have been one perpetual quarrel between the Public Service Commission and the subway management. In insisting on public convenience and comfort, the Public Service Commission has attempted to secure important reforms; but the Interborough Company has always opposed them. The Commission demanded that it equip its cars with side doors. "It can't be done," replied Hedley and Shonts; "it will be dangerous; it will delay operation — the idea is absurd."

After a three years' struggle, the side doors have been put in, and a wonderful improvement in operation has resulted. The Commission suggested a new signaling plan, so that expresses could run on closer headway. There was the same opposition, and the same result: the Commission's idea was ultimately adopted, with marked improvement in the service. But the bitterest warfare has waged over the attempt of the Commission to secure longer and more frequent trains. The Commission recognized that in rush hours a certain amount of crowding was inevitable; Mr. Hedley and Mr. Shonts, however, were determined that their patrons should stand in non-rush hour periods as well. All this meant great saving to the road, and larger earnings; but it meant also that women going to shop or to the matinée in the non-rush hours would have to stand up; that people going to church on Sunday, when the travel is always light, were almost as densely crowded as on week days. Up to date, the attempts of the Public Service Commission to change these conditions have not succeeded. The Public Service Commission can line the subway with its inspectors; but Mr. Hedley is too agile for them. When the Public Service Commission is not looking, he will sneak off a train here or there, detach one or two cars, and in other ways curtail the service. Mr. Hedley is like the bad boy at school, whom only constant watching will induce to observe the rules even in part.

MR. McADOO IS FOND OF SPENDING HIS VACATIONS ON THE SAGE-BRUSH PLAINS OF ARIZONA

Interborough Blocks New Lines

Hardly had the new subway opened, when the immediate necessity for extensions and entirely independent lines became clear. This necessity became more aggravated with each succeeding year; the present underground road, which was originally built to carry about 400,000 passengers a day, now carries nearly a million. Although the present subway was opened nearly seven years ago, hardly a single mile of new underground railroad has been built since. For several years the Interborough group has been able to block the transit development of New York. It evidently had sufficient influence with the McClellan administration to hold up all plans for transit improvement. Its policy has been the favorite one of delay. It has made repeated propositions of its own to build new subway lines — and then has finally declined to build them; it has attempted to forestall the construction of modern transit systems by propositions to build third tracks on the elevated roads. To jam the present subway to suffocation, to refuse to build new systems itself, and to keep other people from doing so — that has been the seven years' policy of this monopoly.

But all this time public sentiment had been crystallizing — the people had finally concluded that their transit salvation did not necessarily lie in the hands of Belmont and Ryan. They

needed new underground roads, and needed them quickly; there was clearly but one way to obtain them, and that was by building them themselves. Under existing law, the city of New York could issue bonds for the construction of a rapid transit route, and then, after it had been finished, equip and operate the road itself or lease the property to some responsible tenant. On this theory, the Public Service Commission, about two years ago, began to make plans for a complete subway system in the three most densely populated boroughs — Manhattan, the Bronx, and Brooklyn. It created an absolutely new subway system — one that could be operated independently of the Interborough, and, to a considerable extent, in competition with it. The comprehensive character of these plans is evident from the fact that their preparation took two years and cost nearly $600,000; that they included more than one thousand separate drawings, filling twenty separate volumes. The lithographing and printing of these drawings, and their publication in book form, in itself represented an expense of $20,000. The plans provided for a forty-four-mile four-track subway, large enough, if necessary, to admit transcontinental trains. This subway would furnish transportation for 1,000,000 passengers a day, and would cost about $125,000,000 to build. It was known as the Triborough route.

Mayor Gaynor's Attacks on the Interborough

This great municipal enterprise figured largely as an issue in the last local election in New York. Both political parties practically indorsed it in their platforms; and William J. Gaynor, the Democratic nominee, in his campaign speeches made many references to the subway situation which practically amounted to an indorsement of the Triborough plan. He flayed the Interborough and Metropolitan financiers — never in all the history of New York had these men had a more bitter critic. In a speech at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, on October 20, 1909, Mr. Gaynor declared that he had himself had inserted in the platform the subway plank.

Mr. Gaynor was elected and went into office clearly pledged against the Interborough Company and in favor of an independent subway. In spite of this situation, the Interborough financiers had not abandoned hope. Seven years of training had taught them the delicate art of directing public sentiment; and now from many quarters there came mysterious and hardly expressed opposition to this plan. Certain newspapers began to have their doubts as to the wisdom of putting $125,000,000 into this subterranean hole. Again, where was the city to get the money? From attacking the scheme as a whole, its enemies now began to attack it piecemeal. After all, the subway business could be overdone. New York was a big place, but there were limits to its growth; certain parts of the Triborough plan surely never would pay, and, in all probability, the thing as a whole never would. The Interborough people were a bad lot, to be sure; they did treat the public abominably: but they were on the ground; they already had a monopoly, and nothing could prevent them from perpetuating it. In early July, even Mayor Gaynor began to talk in this fashion; he said he was thinking over the subway problem — the situation was not clear — his mind was not quite made up. Mr. Gaynor had made an excellent beginning as the Mayor of New York, and the change in his attitude on the subway position dismayed his friends and well-wishers. It was in marked contrast to the attitude of Mr. William A. Prendergast, Comptroller, and Mr. John Purroy Mitchel, president of the Board of Aldermen, who have remained consistent in their demands for an independent subway.

In September, 1910, the Public Service Commission advertised for bids for two new subway contracts. One of these was for construction with city money of the new Triborough line. Naturally, there were plenty of bids for this contract. It also advertised for bids for the construction, equipment, maintenance, and operation of the same line with private capital. Not a single bid for this contract was received. The advocates of the Interborough were triumphant. Private contractors were perfectly willing to build the thing for the profit there is in it, they said; but no capitalist had enough faith in the scheme to put in a dollar of his own money. Did any one want better evidence that the independent subway was a dream? That it was unsound, foolish, and could never pay? Why not drop the whole absurd program, and accept such new transit as the Interborough people would give?

Indeed, the Belmont-Ryan-Shonts-Hawley syndicate apparently had the situation in their own hands. They would operate further extensions, they said,— if the city would build these extensions itself. Beyond this, they "stood pat." They were sure now to win, in any event: if the city accepted their mild proposal, they would have several miles of new subway, merely extensions of their existing lines, without spending any money of their own; if the city declined, they could continue rolling up eighteen-per-cent dividends indefinitely.

Mr. McAdoo Gets Out of Bed

But they left one factor out of their calculations. This was their old friend Mr. McAdoo — the same Mr. McAdoo who had fought his way into Manhattan Island against their unscrupulous opposition. When the subway situation reached its highest excitement, and when the Interborough was rejoicing most over defeating the people's program, Mr. McAdoo was lying sick in a hospital, recovering from appendicitis. He amused himself during convalescence by studying the subway situation. Propped up in bed, he made endless calculations on his pad, and had many talks with people interested in transit matters. As a result, Mr. McAdoo came to this conclusion: if the city would slightly modify its plan and build the Triborough route, it would be worth somebody's while to invest $50,000,000 in equipping and operating it. Who better fitted to undertake the job than Mr. McAdoo himself? He already had a subway system in New York running up Sixth Avenue to Forty-second Street and the Grand Central Station; he had strong financial connections; he knew something about managing a railroad. It was a big thing worth doing in itself; and there was money in it, too.

Mr. McAdoo got out of bed, went down to the office of the Public Service Commission, and made this proposition: if the city would build the Triborough route (slightly modified) with its own money, his company would spend $50,000,000 in equipment, and take a lease for its operation. Under the terms of his proposed contract, the city of New York, any time after ten years, could break this lease and purchase from Mr. McAdoo his equipment. As an evidence of good faith, Mr. McAdoo offered to put up a bond of $1,000,000 insuring the performance of his side of the contract.

And so, after all, the thing could be done; here was a man who believed that this proposed subway system would pay. He was not a lunatic, but an experienced transit man, and he was willing to stake his own reputation and $50,000,000 on the outcome. And, strangely enough, after Mr. McAdoo had entered the situation, the Interborough people also began to see something in new subway lines. Had the people of New York tried a referendum at this time, they would have accepted the McAdoo offer almost unanimously. But the city now had an eloquent object lesson in competition; for, hardly had Mr. McAdoo appeared upon the scene before signs of activity became manifest about the Interborough office. At last a formidable rival to their monopoly had appeared. The city, in its seven years' struggle for decent transit, was no longer hobbled; it had an effective champion in the master of the Hudson tunnels. In a few days Mr. Shonts appeared before the Public Service Commission, apparently prepared to offer some inducements for new subways. This company now offered to spend $75,000,000 of its own money in building additional lines, and to make many other concessions, which, if they did not fully meet the public requirements, at least represented a marked advance over its earlier plans. Had it not been for Mr. McAdoo's offer, the Interborough Company, of course, would never have made this new proposal.

McAdoo or the Interborough?

In spite of this eleventh-hour repentance, the situation remains essentially the same. As this article goes to press, the overshadowing question is: Shall the old transit monopoly perpetuate its hold by obtaining the contract for new subways, or shall the city try a new deal with Mr. McAdoo? Is it safer for New York to intrust its transit future with men whose bad faith has been clearly demonstrated, or with a man who represents new methods and new ideals in railway management? The very day the Interborough proposition came up for consideration by the city authorities, that corporation issued a defiance to the Public Service Commission, asserting that its orders for adequate service represented an invasion of the Interborough's rights, and formally refusing to obey them. The acceptance of its latest offer clearly means fifty uninterrupted years of subway crushes and eighteen-per-cent profits. The acceptance of Mr. McAdoo's terms means adequate and efficient service and a competitor who will have the most salutary effect upon the rival corporation. Which will the city choose?

The HONEYMOON

by ARNOLD BENNETT

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD WIVES' TALE"
AND "THE CLAYHANGER"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

CHARACTERS

FLORA LLOYD, widow, age 28.
MRS. REACH HASLAM, a novelist, age 56.
MR. REACH HASLAM, her husband, age 58.
CEDRIC HASLAM, their eldest son, age 32.
CHARLES HASLAM, their second son, age 22.
THE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER, age 55.
GASTON, a German-Swiss waiter, age 23.
CUTHBERT, Mrs. Reach Haslam's *maître d'hôtel*.

NOTES ON CHARACTERS IN ACT I

FLORA LLOYD.—Beautiful. Elegant. Charming. All in the highest degree possible. The whole play turns on these qualities in her.

CEDRIC HASLAM.—Renowned aviator. The taciturn, inventive Englishman. Very self-controlled, but capable of passionate moments. Obstinate, with enormous force of character. His movements, gestures, and speech have a certain air of slow indolence, but are at the same time marked by that masculine harshness and brusqueness which would specially appeal to a woman like Flora. No one could guess from his demeanour that he is famous.

CHARLES HASLAM.—Boyish. Impulsive. Very self-centred. But very agreeable.

MRS. REACH HASLAM.—Majestic. Richly dressed. The foremost woman novelist in England and America. Her name a household word. No sense of humour. But she is very, very far from being a fool, and the part is not a low-comedy part. This play shows the least sympathetic side of her.

MR. REACH HASLAM.—The husband of a celebrity. Strong sense of sardonic humour, which has very little outlet. Always exceedingly polite and even deferential to his wife, yet preserving his own dignity. A prim, dry, precise man.

GASTON.—There are scores of Gastons in the hotels and restaurants of the West End. He does not differ from the type.

ACT I

A sitting-room in the only hotel at a small seaside resort in Essex. Old-fashioned Victorian furniture, producing a picturesque general effect. Some modern touch, such as a framed coloured advertisement of pneumatic tires.

Through the window can be seen a view of the garden, and the sea in the distance. The fireplace is not seen.

CEDRIC *and* FLORA *are seated at either side of a tea-table.*

TIME: *Afternoon in June. Sunshine.*

FLORA. Another cup? [CEDRIC, *looking at her, makes no reply.*] Cedric! Another cup? [*with a touch of very good-humoured impatience.* CEDRIC *rises, goes round the table to her, takes hold of her, and kisses her.*]

CEDRIC [*standing over her, she looking up at him*]. I've been wanting to do that for about thirty solid minutes.

FLORA. Then why didn't you, my poor boy? [CEDRIC *gives a gesture to show that he doesn't know why.*] . . . Instead of keeping us both waiting like that! [*Reflective.*] And yet, it's barely three hours since you kissed me in the vestry!

CEDRIC. Vestry be dashed! And here's another thing I've been wanting to do. [*He carefully kisses her ear.*]

FLORA. My ear!

CEDRIC. Precisely your ear! Strange! And

I can tell you something even stranger. *Shall* I? [*She nods.*] When I'm standing over you I feel as if I should like to kill you! Yes, really, Fluff! It takes me all of a sudden! You know — when you lean out of a high balcony, and you feel you must jump — well, it's that sort of a feeling!

FLORA. What particular *kind* of homicide?

CEDRIC. Oh! [*at a loss*]. A kind of a fierce crushing. [*She smiles.*] You think it's justifiable?

FLORA. I don't mind, so long as I know my risks.

CEDRIC [*after staring at her — with a convinced air*]. *We* shall get on together all right!

FLORA. Yes, I think we're doing rather well so far, considering — [*turning the ring on his finger*].

CEDRIC. Considering what?

FLORA. Considering how nervous we both are, naturally. [*Drops his hand.*]

CEDRIC [*moving away — half to himself*]. Yes; and we shall keep on getting more nervous!

FLORA [*resuming exactly the same matter-of-fact tone as when she first put the question*]. Another cup?

CEDRIC [*in a similar tone*]. How many have I had?

FLORA. I don't know, dear.

CEDRIC. I've had enough, then.

FLORA. Well, about our programme. Suppose we settle it a bit, now?

CEDRIC. Yes, let's. [*Sits down.*]

FLORA. I do think it was a lovely idea to start off without any programme at all! Heaven itself couldn't say where we sha'n't be this time next week!

CEDRIC. Well, subject to your approval, I don't mind informing heaven that, anyhow, we sha'n't be here.

FLORA. Tired of this place — already?

CEDRIC. On the contrary! But it's too small to hold a couple that have just walked out of a vestry. One hotel, one flagstaff, one boat, one sea. No pier, no tea-shop, no concert, and very probably no moon.

FLORA. Extraordinary how even three hours of married life will change a man! You always used to be rather keen on quietness, solitude, old flannel suits, and so on.

CEDRIC. Now, look here, Fluff! This honeymoon programme is important. Er — [*hesitates*].

FLORA [*nods*]. Let's talk as man to man.

CEDRIC. The fact is, I've always had a very distinct theory about honeymoons. Far from the madding crowd is a mistake on a honeymoon. Solitude! Wherever you are, if you're on a honeymoon, you'll get quite as much solitude as is good for you every twenty-four hours. Constant change and distraction — *that's* what wants arranging for! Solitude will arrange itself.

FLORA. I didn't expect this from you, dear.

CEDRIC [*bastily apologetic*]. Simply a theory! I've had no practical experience, and I'm perfectly ready to sit at your feet in the matter. Honestly, I don't care a straw. I may be wrong, and if you ——

FLORA [*solemnly*]. You aren't wrong! You're quite fearfully right!

CEDRIC [*after staring at her, with a convinced air*]. We *shall* get on together — that's a bed-rock certainty! Now, this place ought to be excellent for a beginning, but I should imagine that about a couple of days of it would do us.

FLORA. I never suspected — no, really, I never *did* suspect — that any man could have as much common sense, *beforehand*, as you have, Cedric. Not to speak of courage!

CEDRIC. Cheek, you mean. But then, of course, I *am* supposed to have a bit of nerve. Well, that's settled. We are to travel, then.

FLORA. The point is, where?

CEDRIC. Where would you like?

FLORA [*radiantly*]. *Any*where.

CEDRIC. What about Paris?

FLORA. Oh! Not Paris.

CEDRIC. Why not?

FLORA. We should be simply mobbed. My dearest boy, have you ever heard speak of the simplicity of genius?

CEDRIC. I seem to have read about it somewhere, perhaps in the ladies' papers.

FLORA. Well, you won't understand it, because you've got it — acutely.

CEDRIC. And here all these years I've been taking myself for rather a crafty person!

FLORA. Do you know how many times I've counted your portrait in the weeklies this year? One hundred and forty-six! And that's not reckoning the pictures where your aëroplane's so high up that you only look like a fly in a mouse-trap.

CEDRIC. In my simple mind, I'd always thought that the surest way never to be recognised in the street was to have your portrait in the papers.

FLORA. And then, there's your likeness to your mother! A hundred and fifty-one thousand copies of your dear mother's last novel sold up to yesterday — so I saw in the *Telegraph*. And then, her new novel out to-day.

CEDRIC. I'm not suggesting that we should camp out in Piccadilly for our honeymoon, my dove and my love. I said Paris.

FLORA. All London will be in Paris.

CEDRIC. What — next week?

FLORA. Every week. Excuse me asking a pointed question, dearest, but have you ever been to Paris? — I mean, since the flood.

CEDRIC. Yes; my knowledge of the unwieldy goods department of the big railway stations is probably matchless.

FLORA. Well, if you'd stepped outside the stations you'd know that Paris is now exclusively inhabited by nice, respectable people from London, and nice, respectable people from Arizona, and when they aren't cricking their necks to look at aëroplanes, they're improving their minds with your dear mother's latest novel.

CEDRIC [*mock-serious*]. Will you believe me — I'd no notion of this at all!

Flora. LET'S TALK AS MAN TO MAN

FLORA. I tell you what — I wouldn't mind going to Paris under an assumed name.

CEDRIC. Oh! No!

FLORA. Why not? It would be amusing.

CEDRIC. I don't see myself travelling under a false name. I suppose I'm too English.

FLORA. Well, I don't see myself in a Paris hotel as the bride of the most celebrated English aviator and the daughter-in-law of the most celebrated English lady novelist. I do not! [*with a characteristic gesture*]. Mobbed isn't the word for what we should be.

CEDRIC [*gazing at her*]. You must have noticed that I'm not what you'd call gushing; I've known myself go a month without using a single superlative; but, really, my most dear girl, my Fluffiest, when you strike an attitude like that, you're more marvellously and ineffably adorable than ever. Your beauty, your charm, your enormous slap-upness — [*Changing his tone.*] Well, ecstasy is not my line. I only said Paris because the mater asked me if I thought we should be going there, and I told her it was possible.

FLORA. Will *she* be there?

CEDRIC. No, no! Only, if we *should* happen to go there, she wanted me to count the panes of glass in a lamp-post on the Alexander III. Bridge. One of her realistic details, you know. I expect she's got her hero staring absently up at that lamp-post — after an indiscreet evening. She may be depending on me.

FLORA. But, surely, that isn't a reason why we should go to Paris! Your dear mother might have wanted to know the number of ribs in the umbrella of the King of Siam — should we have had to book to Bangkok?

CEDRIC. I was only ——

FLORA. Husband, I must tell you something about your mother. I've kept it a secret from you. Do you know what made her give up her terrific scheme of our being married in the Cathedral, by the Bishop, surrounded by the press of Europe?

CEDRIC. I thought our angel tongues persuaded her out of it.

FLORA. Not at all. A threat did it. I dropped in on her one day for a little very private chat while you were at Blackpool. She was just going to arrange with the Bishop. I told her, confidentially,— but, of course, *nicely*,— that if she wouldn't agree to us being married by a curate at Colchester, with nobody

Gaston. I SUPPOSE YOU STAY HERE LONG TIME? FRESH MARRIED ENGLISH PEOPLE DEMAND GENERALLY DULL PLACE

but her and your father and Charlie present, and nothing whatever in the papers for at least a fortnight, then I should insist on being married at a registry office.

CEDRIC. The deuce you did! What did she say?

FLORA. She merely said, "Of course your wish is our law, Mrs. Lloyd." But the next day she was calling me "Flora" again.

CEDRIC. The mater folded up like that!

FLORA. There! [*laughing.*] Listen to your own tone, dearest! Naturally, she folded up. She only needs proper treatment.

CEDRIC. Well, I had a bit of a stir with her when I decided to give up my amateur status; but I must say, as a rule, I get on very well with the mater.

FLORA. Oh! So do I. It's because I get on so well with her that we had a curate to-day instead of the Bishop. Rather a jolly curate, didn't you think?

CEDRIC. Struck me as a queer lot.

FLORA. Of course, they're all *queer*. I liked him because, when he asked me to sign my name, he didn't say [*imitating the snigger of a curate*], "for the last time." They *always* do, you know. It's almost part of the service, for them. And if he *had* said it, I do believe I should have screamed.

CEDRIC. I say, Fluff, why, after hiding this secret for several weeks,— it's practically a double life that you've been leading,— why do you reveal it just at this particular moment?

FLORA. Oh — sheer caprice, my dearest! It just popped into my head.

CEDRIC [*somewhat troubled and awkward*]. So your notion is that the mater's moral empire over her family and the British public might be checked without grave loss of life, eh?

FLORA. Cedric! [*Cedric looks at her, arrested and questioning.*] What's the rarest thing in the world? Quick!

CEDRIC. Common sense, of course.

FLORA. Oh! Good! I was afraid you might say a well-cooked potato.

CEDRIC. You ought to know me better than that.

FLORA. But, Cedric, it's only now that we're beginning to make each other's acquaintance.

CEDRIC. That's true! But how did *you* know that common sense is the rarest thing in the world?

FLORA. Because I've got so very little of it myself. But even a very little will go a long way. Now, have I told you that our marriage isn't going to be like ordinary marriages — I mean, really?

CEDRIC. Well, you haven't exactly told me, but you've allowed me to suspect the fact.

FLORA. Most marriages, and especially most honeymoons, are third-rate simply because the people concerned in them don't bring their bit of common sense to bear on the problems that are [*mock-platform manner*] — er — continually arising. [*Laughing.*] I intend to keep my bit of common sense healthy by constant exercise. Common sense, steadily applied, will solve any problem.

CEDRIC [*emphatically*]. *Any!* [*After a pause.*] Always provided ——

FLORA [*surprised*]. Always provided?

CEDRIC. My dear, in this outpouring of wisdom I, too, must have my share. Common sense will solve any problem,— any! — always provided it is employed simultaneously with politeness. During a long and varied career as a bachelor, dear spouse [*mock-platform manner*], I have noticed that marriage is usually the death of politeness between a man and a woman. I have noticed that the stronger the passion the weaker the manners. Now, my theory is that politeness, instead of decreasing with intimacy, should increase! And when I say "politeness" I mean common superficial politeness; I don't mean the deep-down sort of thing that you can only detect with a divining-rod. Pardon — you were saying?

FLORA. Cedric! [*Impulsively rushes to him and kisses him.*] How *right* you are! It's exactly what I've been thinking for years. Now, as to common sense and the programme. It would be against common sense for us to begin by annoying your mother. If you really do think your mother would be in the least upset by our not going to Paris, naturally I shall be delighted to go. We could stop just long enough to inspect the lamp-post — and then off again.

CEDRIC. Oh, no! Oh, no! Of course she won't be upset!

FLORA. That is settled, then. Do you know, I've had the tiniest idea of going to Ostend and then taking the Orient express to Buda-Pesth? I'm dying to see Hungary — simply dying!

CEDRIC. My dearest, your life shall be saved, regardless of cost.

FLORA. I do want an expensive honeymoon. Not because I'm extravagant, but because a honeymoon is a solemn, important thing.

CEDRIC. A symbol.

FLORA. A symbol. And it ought to be done — well, adequately.

CEDRIC. Nineteen thousand pounds odd of mine is now on deposit at my bank — all honestly taken by me out of the pockets of ratepayers of various important towns in less than a year. And when that's gone I can always get more at the rate of a thousand pounds for a week's flying, as you know.

FLORA. Cedric! There is to be no flying during our honeymoon?

CEDRIC. Certainly not!

FLORA. And it is to last a full month, naturally.

CEDRIC. A full calendar month — with no address for letters.

FLORA [*sigh of ecstatic anticipation*]. Two or three days, you said, here?

CEDRIC. Yes; don't you think it's enough?

FLORA. Oh, quite. We shall be gone before anybody's had time to guess — [*Breaking off.*] Dearest, don't you think we came into the hotel rather well?

CEDRIC. Fine. No one could suspect that we hadn't been *born* married. I was proud of both of us. [*Enter* GASTON.

GASTON. Shall I clear the table? [*Beginning to do so before receiving permission.*]

FLORA. Yes. [FLORA *and* CEDRIC *rise.*]

GASTON [*with a cheerful air, quite unconscious of his impudent manner*]. I suppose you stay here long time?

FLORA [*determined to snub the waiter*]. Really!

CEDRIC. Why?

GASTON. Oh! Honeymoon. Dull place. Fresh married English people demand generally dull place.

[FLORA *collapses, and exit hurriedly into the garden.* CEDRIC, *with more leisurely dignity, lights a cigarette and is about to follow her, when he stops and turns.*]

CEDRIC. By the way, I don't think we *shall* stay long.

GASTON [*after looking at* FLORA *in the garden — impartially and cheerfully*]. It is strange how English people have shame of being married. One would say it was a crime in England. A young man and young lady in English hotel — they like better that one should think they not married. It is different in Switzerland. In Switzerland we are proud. We tell all the world. Why not?

CEDRIC. So you come from Switzerland?

GASTON. Oh, yes. I am not English. [*Eagerly.*] Geneva. My father is a *fabricant*, a ——

CEDRIC. Manufacturer.

GASTON. Yes, manufacturer of door-mats. My father makes door-mats for all the hotels in Switzerland. Very big! Very important! He says — I must go into the hotel business; he will buy me a hotel. I learn everything. We do that in Switzerland. We are *scientifique*. I have been in the kitchens. Now I am waiter. No shame. Nobody could guess I am a gentleman.

CEDRIC. You mustn't be too hard on yourself, my friend. And so you've come to England?

GASTON. My father says: "Go to England. Study the English *caractère* in England. Very valuable." When I come to London I could not speak English — no!

CEDRIC. When was that? Last week?

GASTON. No; it is a year, nearly. But I had at once a situation — the first day, at the Grand Babylon Hotel.

CEDRIC. Rather awkward, wasn't it, not knowing English?

GASTON. Yes; that fatigues one — to hear a strange language all the day.

CEDRIC. I meant for the customers.

GASTON [*nonchalant gesture*]. They are now well habituated. Many of them learn French or German; it saves time. English people are so practical. They are not *logique*, but they are practical. Now, to-day I speak German, Italian, as perfectly as English.

CEDRIC. Remarkable! But, surely, a man of your enormous ability is wasted in a sleepy place like this. Perhaps you find it amusing, though.

GASTON [*shaking his head — passionately*]. Dull! It is for my health that I am here. Sleepy! Ah, my God! [*Disdainfully.*] But all England sleeps. But next month I go to Germany; I shall have done England.

CEDRIC. You like Germany.

GASTON. Ah! What a country! What organisation! What science! Never sleeps! Always conquers! [*Patronisingly.*] Do you think in *your* business the Germans will not conquer, at the end?

CEDRIC. My business?

GASTON. Yes; aëroplanes.

CEDRIC. So you know that?

GASTON. I know everything. Look at anileen!

CEDRIC. Anileen?

GASTON. Yes. Anileen — colours.

CEDRIC. Ah! You mean aniline dyes.

GASTON. Yes; I said so.

CEDRIC. What about them?

GASTON. What about them? Lyland invented them. Germany has taken them from you — all. That is science. All German now! So with aëroplanes. England and France — proud, very proud! But at the end you will see — at the end.

CEDRIC. Oh!

GASTON. And soon.

CEDRIC. I say, if it isn't a rude question — how *did* you guess that we — were — er — on our honeymoon? It might be useful for me to know.

GASTON. Ah, now — again! I read; I study. I alone in this sleepy place. By example, no afternoon newspapers — none! — came into this place till I ordered one at the railway. I insisted. The *Piccadilly Gazette* — you know — Thackeray — written by gentlemen for gentlemen? I read it every day. Ah! And is it not afraid of Germany!

CEDRIC. Do you mean there's something about my marriage in the *Piccadilly Gazette?*

GASTON. Yes. Do you want to read it?

CEDRIC. Well, I should rather like to see it, if I'm not interfering with your studies.

GASTON [*taking paper out of his pocket*]. There! [*Stands waiting in a suggestive attitude.*]

CEDRIC [*accepting paper*]. Thanks. [*Looks at him and gives him a tip.*]

GASTON [*pocketing the coin*]. Thanks! . . . And you will see about Klopstock, too. [*Picks up tray.*]

CEDRIC. What about Klopstock?

GASTON. He comes to England soon as he has flyed at Breslau. Ah, you will see! [*Exit with tray.*]

[CEDRIC *sits down with the paper, and begins to read.*]

CEDRIC [*quietly*]. Oh!

[*He drops the end of his cigarette into a flower-pot; then takes a cigar from his case, cuts it, puts it in his mouth, and produces a match-box, but does not light it.*]

CEDRIC. Oh, indeed!

[*He goes to the window, and taps on one of the closed panes. After a moment* FLORA *appears at the open part of the window.* CEDRIC *with a motion of the head indicates that he wishes her to enter.*]

FLORA [*off, in a conspiratorial whisper*]. Has that reader of hearts quite gone? [CEDRIC *nods.*] Come out. [CEDRIC *beckons her inward with his finger.*] [*Enter* FLORA.

FLORA. Oh, Cedric! What a blow! We're the honeymoon couple now of Pixton-on-Sea! How did he guess?

CEDRIC [*scarcely listening to her*]. Fluff, read this. [*Hands her the paper, with his finger on a particular paragraph.*] Top of second column.

FLORA [*reads*]. "We are informed that Mr. Cedric Haslam, the celebrated aviator [*Cedric shows surprise*], was married privately this morning, at Colchester, to Mrs. Flora Lloyd, widow of the late Mr. Artemus Lloyd, stock-broker, who at one time was a well-known figure in the Kaffir Circus. Mr. and Mrs. Reach Haslam, the bridegroom's parents, and his brother, Mr. Charles Haslam, were present. The happy pair are spending the first part of the honeymoon at Pixton-on-Sea. By a curious coincidence, Mrs. Reach Haslam's new novel, 'The Wiving of the Chancellor,' appears on the very day of the marriage of her eldest son."

Flora. PERHAPS YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT YOU HAPPENED TO GET MARRIED THIS MORNING

[*Shaking her head.*] Only one thing is possible. Flight! Immediate flight! And plenty of it! Cedric, I suppose this is your dear mother's doing.

CEDRIC. I should doubt it. More probably, some accidental leakage. She hates the very thought of self-advertisement.

FLORA. Oh! I *know*. But I've always noticed she's somewhat unlucky in the matter of leakages. Your father ought to study plumbing.

CEDRIC [*slightly impatient*]. That's nothing — that's not what I wanted you to read; I hadn't even noticed that. Look! [*Pointing to a paragraph.*]

FLORA. "Dissensions in the Cabinet. Extraordinary Rumors."

CEDRIC. No, no! [*Takes the paper and reads.*] "The German Invasion. To-morrow, upon the conclusion of the Breslau meeting, Herr Klopstock will pack up his victorious new triplane and start for England. He announces his intention of trying within three weeks for the ten thousand pound prize recently offered by the Aëro Club to the first aviator who flies over Snowdon. Herr Klopstock, who has already, we understand, taken the whole of a hotel at Beddgelert for the accommodation of his staff, is convinced that his machine will rise easily to at least four thousand feet. The Kaiser has just christened the aëroplane the *Black Eagle*, by telegraph, and has assured the renowned aviator and ex-professor of the heartiest good wishes of himself and his house. His youngest grandchild, Prince — um . . . Fatherland . . . um . . . The news will certainly create a considerable sensation in England, as it has done in Germany." I should say it would!

FLORA. Why should it?

CEDRIC. What! The Kaiser's *Black Eagle* flying over the highest mountain in England, and getting ten thousand pounds for the job? It's unthinkable! How does it strike you?

FLORA. It strikes me that it would have been much simpler and less expensive not to have offered the ten thousand pounds. It's altogether too tempting. And I don't think it's quite nice of Mr. Klopstock. It ought to have occurred to him — But, then, it never does seem to occur to Germans. I've often noticed that in hotels. They don't seem to perceive — [*Different tone.*] Will he succeed?

CEDRIC. He might. I don't think he would — not with his present propellers; but he just might.

FLORA. Well, most probably he won't. And then you can try in July, as you originally intended, and get the money, after all. Then there will have been some *sense* in the prize, anyway.

CEDRIC. It isn't the money.

FLORA. Surely it isn't the mountain?

CEDRIC [*following his own thoughts*]. We've got to come out on top in this business. I must get to the works in the middle of next week. It'll take a day to modify those wing-tips, and another to tune her up. Oh, I shall be ready long before he is. But I'll give him a chance to get nicely installed in his hotel. I should like Herr Klopstock and his staff to admire the beautiful scenery.

FLORA [*casually*]. You must be at the works next week?

CEDRIC. It's me or nobody! No use trying to disguise that fact, Fluff!

FLORA. Perhaps, in the heat of the moment, you've forgotten that you happened to get married this morning, Cedric.

CEDRIC. I wish we hadn't happened to get married this morning. [*She looks at him.*] I mean, I wish we'd happened to get married a week ago. Frantic nuisance! However, there you are! It simply means we shall be fixed up a bit sooner in the flat ——

FLORA. But the flat won't be anything like ready by next week.

CEDRIC. Never mind; we'll sleep at the Grand Babylon, or in the back yard. [*A little pause.*] Of course, as a nuisance, it completely baffles description. To-day, of all days! However, Fluff, as I said before with profound truth, there you are! It would never do in this world to give the German lot even a chance. The thing's too spectacular, altogether too spectacular. If it was a question of beating us quietly and for ever in technics or manufacture, the B. P. wouldn't think twice about it; but Snowdon is Snowdon, and a black eagle is a black eagle, and [*comically*] — in short, madam, England will turn to your husband in its hour of peril. In other words, Fluff, it's up to me.

FLORA [*lightly*]. I say, Cedric.

CEDRIC. Well?

FLORA. I thought we were agreed about a full calendar month.

CEDRIC [*after a pause — as lightly as possible*]. Do you mean you think I ought to let Snowdon slide? Do you really ——

FLORA. Yes, of course. Don't you?

CEDRIC. You aren't serious?

FLORA [*persuasively*]. My dearest boy, is there any reason why I shouldn't differ from you and yet be serious?

CEDRIC. No, of course not. But in a case like this — If there was anybody else to take my place, I wouldn't mind. Of course, Smith-James could do it, if only he would use our carburettor,— that's all he wants,— but he won't. Nothing would induce him to. So, as I keep on saying — there you are!

FLORA. But what does it matter? Is it because the other man's machine has been called the *Black Eagle* in a telegram that you ——

CEDRIC. Yes; partly.

FLORA. Oh! So that if this canvas-backed duck flies first over a lump of mud called Snowdon ——

CEDRIC. But don't I tell you Snowdon is the highest mountain in England!

FLORA. No, it isn't.

CEDRIC. Pardon me; 3,570 feet. The next highest is ——

FLORA. Well, you go to Cardiff and announce that Snowdon is the highest mountain in England, and see what you'll get.

CEDRIC. Wales, then. It's all the same.

FLORA [*with great charm*]. If you're thinking of the ten thousand pounds, I don't mind informing you, as a great secret, that I wouldn't sell a single day of my honeymoon with you for ten times ten thousand pounds. But I told you I wanted an expensive honeymoon, didn't I?

CEDRIC [*shaking his head with calm certainty*]. The money doesn't influence me that much! [*Snaps his fingers.*] I don't wish to flatter myself, but I think I could light your cigarette with a bank-note as gracefully as anybody. No ——

FLORA. You're pulling away at that cigar of yours, but I suppose you know it isn't lighted.

CEDRIC. Isn't it? [*As he lights the cigar.*] No! This Snowdon business — well, it's a symbol. [*Half to himself.*] I wonder how I can *make* you understand that.

FLORA [*fascinatingly*]. Oh! Force is unnecessary. I understand that. But who was it said just now that the honeymoon was a symbol? It

ENTER MRS. REACH HASLAM

stands for all our married life. It's the most exciting and interesting time we shall ever have. And you can't put a honeymoon off, you know. It isn't like a box of cigars, that you can keep in a cupboard and enjoy one of them every now and then when you've got a few minutes to spare. It must happen now or never. You can't postpone it. You can only kill it. [*Smiles brightly.*]

CEDRIC [*taking hold of her, in a caressing tone*]. She's tragic!

FLORA [*disengaging herself*]. Oh, no!

CEDRIC. Now, just listen to me, Fluff. I'm really thinking at least as much of you as of myself. This affair is bound to have an influence on my career.

FLORA. And what about its influence on mine?

CEDRIC. Same thing. I suppose our interests are identical.

FLORA. My poor, simple boy, do you really believe that?

CEDRIC. Well, dash it, aren't you my wife?

FLORA. So far as I'm concerned, it would be more correct to say that you're my husband. In fact, you've got a career as my husband.

CEDRIC [*anxious to be fair*]. Certainly. And you as my wife. But ——

FLORA. One second, dearest. You're unique as an aviator, aren't you?

CEDRIC [*conventionally modest*]. Oh — well ——

FLORA. Now, man to man. Give your modesty a rest. Really, don't you consider you've proved yourself unique in your line?

CEDRIC [*besitatingly, chivalrously*]. I suppose

I'm just about as unique in my line as you are in yours, my dear.

FLORA. Now, that's very nice of you.

CEDRIC. Not at all.

FLORA. Yes, it is; because it's exactly what I wanted you to say. You've often said that I'm unique, and I just wanted you to say it again at this identical, particular instant. Of course, I could have reminded you of it, but that wouldn't have been quite so effective. That's why it's very nice of you.

CEDRIC. So you are unique — I'll say it as often as you like.

FLORA. I warn you, you're giving yourself away.

CEDRIC. Delighted!

FLORA. I wouldn't care to repeat all the lovely adjectives you've used about me. If you weren't such a determined enemy of gush and superlatives, people might suspect that sometimes you exaggerated the tiniest bit when you talked about me *to* me. But, of course, *I* know you never do exaggerate, at any rate consciously, and *you* know you're a *very* good judge.

CEDRIC. What of?

FLORA. Us. . . . Now, look here, Cedric. Don't you think it would be a pity to stop this creature who is so unique in her line from giving a full exhibition of her unique powers at a unique moment, at the very height of her career? You know, she'll never have another opportunity like this of proving that she really is unique in her line.

CEDRIC. What do you call her line? Let's be clear.

FLORA [*quietly, offhandedly, after a pause*]. To charm. Merely that.

CEDRIC. By heaven! She can do that. But — [*winningly, but half to himself*] — I hardly know how to put it.

FLORA. I think you do, dearest, but you're so nice you don't like to. You wanted to make a comparison between the importance of your line and the importance of mine. I admit all that. I'm quite humble; I fully admit that if Hyde Park were full of aviators and Battersea Park were full of charming young women, rather pretty and — er — chic [*gesture to show off her frock*] — I fully admit that not a man among you would ever *dream* — of crossing the river. I fully admit that if every aviator in Europe gave up business to-morrow the entire world would go into mourning. Whereas if all the charming women retired from their business, they'd never be missed. Still ——

CEDRIC [*appreciative*]. You're a witty girl.

FLORA. We're both rather witty, aren't we, at times?

CEDRIC. But the fact is, I wasn't going to make any comparison at all between our respective lines. I was only going to point out that you can keep on being charming all the time. You're always charming; you're always doing *your* line. Whereas for my line I have to choose times and seasons — or, rather, I don't choose 'em; they're chosen for me. As, for instance, just now. Wherever we are, honeymoon or no honeymoon, you're — well, you're giving an exhibition flight.

FLORA. Now, Cedric, your good nature's getting the better of your sincerity. I'm not always charming. Ask your dear mother. And have you forgotten our historic shindy about the length of your moustache, scarcely three months ago? I'm *not* always charming. And I don't *want* to be always charming. Who would? As for exhibition flights, you've never seen me give one. You think you have, but what you've seen up to now is nothing. I don't mind telling you that I had arranged a rather sensational exhibition flight for the next month. It would last just thirty-one days. I don't mind telling you that I've thought a good deal about it, and made all my elaborate preparations. It really would be a pity to interfere with it. And, you know, it can't be postponed. *I* don't choose time and season, any more than you do.

CEDRIC. But, surely, Fluff, this flight can proceed as I say, wherever we are?

FLORA. You think so? And what about my grand stand?

CEDRIC. I shall always be your grand stand.

FLORA. Shall you? I can only do my best when I've got the undivided attention of my audience. I hope I shall never come quite to earth, but I don't see myself being unique in my line for the benefit of a man who is busy [*with the faintest touch of irony in her tone*] counting the misfires in his motor, or dreaming about the barometer.

CEDRIC. Naturally, if you don't see the importance of this Snowdon business to us ——

FLORA [*consciously very charming again*]. But I do see it. I see it perfectly well. A woman unique in her own line is not necessarily a gaping idiot in every other line. I admit the immense importance of Snowdon to us. I won't argue. In my time, I've been told that I was too well dressed to be able to argue. I simply want to ask you this: What, for you, is the *most* important thing in life? Now, let's be straight. Have you married as a supreme end, or is your supreme end to move yourself about in the air without visible means of support? Now [*smiling*] look me in the face and be a man.

CEDRIC. You're putting very fundamental questions.

FLORA. Is marriage a relaxation from flying, or do you fly in order to have the means for practising the whole art of marriage under favorable conditions? Do you live most intensely when you're battling with the breeze, or when you're [*dropping her voice*] with me? I only want to know. Because, if you live most intensely when you're with me, this honeymoon should be worth more to us than forty Snowdons.

CEDRIC. Say no more. Snowdon is chucked. Of course, my position is impossible. You have only to insist ——

FLORA [*losing her self-control*]. Insist? *Insist* that you neglect an aëroplane so that you can stay with me? My dear boy, I'm incapable of taking such a mean advantage of an aëroplane. An aëroplane can't insist. And, I can assure you, I sha'n't.

CEDRIC. Do you know that you're scarcely logical?

FLORA. Not logical? In not insisting?

CEDRIC [*somewhat at a loss*]. I mean generally. For instance, when we began, your first argument was that we couldn't shorten the honeymoon because the flat wouldn't be ready.

FLORA. One can't think of everything at once. You mustn't forget I've never been called to the bar. If I'd known what was coming, no doubt I should have prepared my case, and had it typewritten, and sent copies to the press. And then, what about your being illogical?

CEDRIC. Me?

FLORA. Yes. When I ask you for a straight answer, you protest that I'm putting a "very fundamental question." Did you expect me to put shallow questions? Did you expect me to enquire whether you'd used Pears' Soap?

CEDRIC. Now, look here, Fluffiest ——

FLORA [*angry*]. Cedric, I wish you wouldn't call me that. You've only started it since we were married. I can stand Fluff; but I don't like Fluffy, and my objection to Fluffiest is intense.

CEDRIC. I beg your pardon.

FLORA [*recovering herself, sweetly*]. It's I who beg yours. For the moment I was forgetting that "common superficial politeness" that you ranked with common sense.

CEDRIC. My dear child, everything's all right. The honeymoon shall not be shortened by a single day. Everything's absolutely all right.

FLORA [*shakes her head*]. It isn't. You're only giving way to please me?

CEDRIC. Well, really —— [*laughing*].

FLORA. Cedric! Honestly. Yes or no. Do you think I ought to yield to the aëroplane?

CEDRIC [*they look at each other*]. I think you oughtn't to ask quite such questions.

FLORA [*agreeing*]. No. Such questions ought to be asked earlier. But human nature is so — human, that probably it wouldn't be any use asking them any earlier. They might even be considered rude. In fact, it *is* considered rude for fiancés to worry each other with any questions that really matter. [*Pause; in a vague voice.*] Whether you prefer a flat or a house, and the colour of the drawing-room chairs — that's about as far as you are supposed to go. [*Another pause.*] Well?

CEDRIC [*approaching her*]. What?

FLORA. Do you think I ought to yield to the aëroplane?

CEDRIC [*stands still; very firmly*]. My dear girl, if you ask me to be straight, I think the Snowdon business isn't a thing to be neglected. [*Pause at high tension.*]

FLORA [*plaintively*]. Common sense doesn't seem to be such a wonderful cure for difficulties, after all. [*Fiercely.*] Oh! If I had faith, wouldn't I just move that mountain into the sea! [*Gives a sob.*]

CEDRIC. Flora, what can I say?

FLORA [*controlling herself*]. There's nothing else to be said — by either of us. It's — it's hopeless. [*Enter* CHARLES HASLAM, *cautiously. He is in motoring attire.*

CHARLES [*at the door, to some one outside*]. It's all right. We've caught 'em. [*Within the room.*]

CEDRIC [*extremely puzzled; frowning*]. Hello!

CHARLES. Hello! . . . Flora, what's the matter?

FLORA [*collecting herself, ironically*]. Oh, nothing! Nothing! This is a nice, kind idea of yours, to come and relieve our solitude; but did you expect us not to be startled?

[*Enter* MR. REACH HASLAM.

CEDRIC. Hello! [Mr. R. H. *gives a deprecating gesture.*]

MR. R. H. My dear Flora!

[*Enter* MRS. REACH HASLAM.

CEDRIC. Any more? [*Enter* GASTON.

FLORA. Well, this *is* a pleasure. Unusual, perhaps ——

MRS. R. H. My dear son, my dear Flora — [*Turns to* MR. R. H.] Father — [*Stops.*]

MR. R. H. [*To* GASTON, *who is hovering inquisitively about.*] If there is the slightest doubt in your mind as to the exact geographical situation of the door ——

GASTON. Please? [*meaning "I beg your pardon, I didn't catch what you said."*]

[MR. R. H. *goes to door and signals to* GASTON *to depart. Exit* GASTON. MR. R. H. *closes door.*]

CEDRIC [*aside, to* CHARLES]. What the hell's up?

Charles. WELL, YOU MUST MAKE THE BEST OF IT
Mrs. R. H. CERTAINLY NOT. CHARLES, YOU ARE ASTOUNDING

CHARLES [*loudly*]. Well, Rick ——

MRS. R. H. Charles, what did I tell you before you came in? I'll thank you to go and sit down over there. [CHARLES *obeys.*]

FLORA. Suppose we all sit down, shall we? Well, what *did* you tell him before he came in?

MRS. R. H. [*sits*]. Believe me, Flora, I never felt so unequal to a situation in my life.

CEDRIC. Look here, dad, do you mind telling me in one word what this is all about?

MRS. R. H. Yes; your father will tell you. The circumstances are exceedingly difficult — in fact, painful. But they have to be faced, and faced with dignity. The various necessary steps must be taken, in their proper order, very carefully. The first step is to inform you and Flora of the facts. Your father will now do this. He is the head of the family and the fount of authority, and the statement comes more properly from him. I decided that absolutely, as we motored down. [*To* MR. R. H.] Dear ——

MR. R. H. Yes, dear. [*To* CEDRIC *and* FLORA.] You know we went straight back to town, when you'd left the church. As soon as we had ——

MRS. R. H. [*interrupting*]. Cedric and Flora! You needn't be alarmed. As I said, the circumstances are painful, but, once faced as we shall face them, they really amount to nothing. The principal thing was to catch you in time. Thank heaven we've done that!

CHARLES. Thank my masterly and audacious driving!

MRS. R. H. [*staring him down*]. If we had failed— [*Gesture of despair. To* MR. R. H.] Dear ——

MR. R. H. [*nodding to her politely*]. As soon as we had finished lunch, your mother set herself to work, her work being very much behind ——

MRS. R. H. Never mind all that. Do it as gently as you can, but come to the point at once. I am quite sure that is best.

MR. R. H. The telephone?

MRS. R. H. The telephone.

MR. R. H. [*nodding to her politely*]. We were rung up on the telephone. Your mother was walking about in meditation, and as she was nearest the telephone, she answered it. She then said to me, "It's the Bishop of Colchester." I was at the desk. In another moment she asked me to come to the telephone and listen for myself, as she could scarcely believe her ears. I did so; and the Bishop — he was telephoning from the palace at Colchester — repeated, at my request, what he had said to your mother. Namely — that that curate who — er — offi-

ciated this morning suddenly awakened to a sense of beauty ——

MRS. R. H. Sense of duty.

MR. R. H. I quite understood "beauty." It's true the Bishop hasn't got a good telephone voice — probably more impressive at a confirmation than on the telephone. I heard "beauty." However ——

MRS. R. H. Sense of duty.

MR. R. H. No doubt you are right. I seemed to gather that it was Flora's beauty that had roused his conscience.

MRS. R. H. Oh, no!

FLORA. That had what?

CHARLES [*coming toward the group, unable to control his impatience*]. Oh, hang it! The curate was a sham curate — not a curate at all.

CEDRIC [*taking it in*]. A sham curate!

FLORA. But surely such things don't happen?

MRS. R. H. That's what many people said when I made a shopwalker successfully impersonate an archdeacon in "The Woman of Kent." Everybody said so until Mr. Gladstone wrote that he found the episode quite convincing. You remember, dear?

MR. R. H. Vividly.

MRS. R. H. I assure you, it happens quite frequently that, from one cause or another, people who think they are married are not married. Why, sometimes special Acts of Parliament have to be passed in order to set things right — when they've gone altogether too far. I well recall, when I studied this subject,— as, of course, I did,— coming across a case in which, owing to a church having been consecrated very carelessly, a lady who supposed herself to be the legitimate mother of sixteen children — poor thing ——

FLORA. But you mean to say we aren't married?

MRS. R. H. Well, of course — I want to put it as gently as possible, but the fact is —— [*Looking at her husband.*]

MR. R. H. It would be an exaggeration to say that you are married.

MRS. R. H. If my idea had been accepted of having the Bishop to officiate — and he would have been only too enchanted — in the Cathedral, this dreadful thing could not have occurred. No case of impersonating a bishop has ever been known.

CEDRIC. But what are we to do?

CHARLES [*airily*]. Well, you must make the best of it.

MRS. R. H. [*outraged*]. Certainly not. Charles, you are astounding. It would have looked better of you if you had remained outside in charge of the car. Make the best of it, indeed! [*To* MR. R. H.] Father ——

MR. R. H. [*to* CEDRIC]. For the moment, a policy of masterly inactivity seems to be indicated.

Curtain

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE APRIL NUMBER

"THERE'S ROSEMARY"

BY

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

O LOVE that is not love, but dear, so dear!
That is not love because it goes full soon,
Like flower born and dead within one moon,
And yet is love, for that it comes too near
The guarded fane where love alone may peer,
Ere, like young spring by summer soon outshone,
It trembles into death, yet comes anon
As thoughts of spring will come though summer's here.

O star prelusive to a dream more fair,
Within my heart I'll keep a heaven for thee
Where thou mayst freely come and freely go,
Touching with thy faint gold, ere I am 'ware,
A twilight hope — a dawn I did not see —
O love that is not love, but nearly so!

IN THE FUNERALS

BY

HELEN GREEN

AUTHOR OF "IN VAUDEVILLE," "PIONEER GOES SUFFRAGETTE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. T. DUNN

FULL golden moon showed a camp built of canvas and adobe, bordered by heaps of tin cans and refuse — a dark splotch on the gray of the Nevada desert. This was Beatty in its first summer. The blare of a cornet came from the dance-hall, and the breeze brought an odor of cigarettes and many mingled liquors, the sharp click-clack of the roulette-wheel as the little ball sped on its course, a clink of gold, and of silver dollars, the tinkle of glassware, and high above all the racket rose the voice of the "caller."

"Come on, gents — waltz is jest beginnin'," he shouted. "Git your par'ners — let her go!"

An elderly man of small stature entered the bar of the "Hurry Back." A tag of coarse grayish-brown hair was visible beneath his dust-powdered black Stetson. A stubby beard, the shade of a squirrel's back, covered most of his lean face. The eyes above his saddle-colored cheeks were a light, hard blue.

The corduroy trousers poked into three-quarter boots were greased by many camp-fire fryings. His shirt was a smudged gray flannel, and a red bandanna with ragged ends served as a collar. George Banks was a drab personality belonging to the desert, which he had prospected since the days of Proche and Carson.

He crowded to the edge of the roped-off space between spectators and dancers, observed the throng for a moment, and then pushed his way to the faro layout on the other side of the building, whence he looked eagerly into the circle of faces, located the one he sought, and touched a stout player on the shoulder.

"This ain't gittin' to the copper country," he said. "Are you comin', or ain't you? 'Cause we're ready."

"Gee! is it that late?" said the other, in a voice much too small for his size. "Wait'll I git money for my checks, George — had no ideer I was delayin' the game — jest a minute."

He concluded his business with the bank, slid some gold into a pocket, and said, with a chuckle:

"King lose twice, an' I'm watchin'. I git a hunch, so I puts twenty on king to win this turn, an' out he comes — an' I draw down forty. Where's Carter?"

"Waitin' down the road," answered his companion. "Been ready an hour, an' me fine-toothin' the joints fur you. So, less'n you're strong fur hoofin' it through the alkali to Death Valley, git a gait on."

The fat man murmured petulantly to himself as they hastened past adobes within which wearied citizens slumbered. He was clad in a checked gingham shirt with a turn-down collar which refused to button over a neck that was only a thick bulge of flesh between two chins and a "chicken breast," a pair of blue overalls so worn at the knees that a bunch of white undergarment protruded from each hole, and high boots. An inadequate brown felt hat was tilted back on his head.

"I hate to leave a sociable camp," he was saying regretfully. "Things is jest livenin' up, too. There's the car! Ain't them the lights?"

The lights of a big desert-going automobile glowed upon them. Carter, the mining expert, was going into the Greenwater district to make a report to certain capitalists upon its copper values. There was plenty of room in the car, and he had suggested that George, his son, and his friend Fatty Slocum should ride with him as far as Furnace Creek. It would be better

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"THE GREAT WHEELS DROVE THROUGH THE SOFT SOIL, FLINGING FINE ALKALI INTO BLINKING EYES"

than trudging weary miles beside a mule laden with their outfit, and the offer was thankfully accepted.

"I want you to see what we got down there," George said. "When you've saw it, your people'll be buildin' railroad into the Funerals, an' a-doin' it pretty *pronto*. She's a bigger proposition than the Great Lakes country — an' the claims me an' my pards are uncoverin' is showin' richer every hour — I'd bet the case dollar they'll all be stampedin' over the hills in another month, an' I ain't no big chance-taker at that. But I know min'rals."

"Oh, they're all Calumets and Heclas until you get the assay certificates back," said the expert smilingly. "They talked high values to me all the way from Reno. I hope you've struck it. How long a hike will it be from where you leave me?"

"'Bout twelve miles to our camp in the mountains," answered George. "The boys there are outfitted with plenty of everything, so by slingin' a water-bag on each of us we kin leave the mule right here in Beatty, 'cause we'll hit camp by afternoon to-morrer."

Carter helped to strap a water-barrel on either side of the car. The chauffeur threw a bundle of Turkish towels upon the rear seat. Several South African water-bags, which keep their contents cool by a process of evaporation, were fastened to hooks inside. The prospectors had stopped to fill their bags at the "Don't Care," where water cost almost as much as whisky.

Billy Banks ran up as the chauffeur was cranking the machine.

"Here I am, pop! Went back fur them location blanks!" he shouted. "Where'll I sit, Mr. Carter?"

He was given his choice, and climbed into the front seat. Billy was seventeen, with a pink complexion browned by wind and sun. He towered over George when they stood side by side, but he was all length. He was dressed in soiled khaki, but a new blue handkerchief around his neck and a near-Panama hat gave a touch of smartness that was lacking in the toilet of the older men. He sat, grinning to himself, obviously pleased with the expedition.

"When I was first prospectin' through here, I lose myself," observed George. "My mule dies on me, an' I wander round five days, lappin' at them alkali springs. It come near bein' my finish. It ain't much like a green section."

"God must have forgot folks gotta drink here same as in a human place," sighed Fatty. "Are we off?"

They felt the engine pulsing. The soft soil resisted stubbornly, but the great wheels drove through, flinging fine alkali into blinking eyes.

"Now we're goin'!" shouted Billy.

As the hours wore on, that chill which soothes the desert after days of stifling heat lost its vivifying power. The air became warm, then hot. Carter sopped a towel in his water-bag, and bound it loosely around his head. The others stripped to their undershirts, fanning themselves with their Stetsons.

"It's four hundert 'n' fifty feet b'low the sea's level 'long here," said Billy Banks. "Leastways, so they say."

"Scorpions in the valley lays on their backs so's not to scorch their stummicks," jocosely observed Fatty. "They're a brainy critter."

"Got any idea where we are?" asked Carter.

"Ha'f through Death Valley by now," answered George. "I kin tell by it bein' so sorter muggy. She gits a hundert 'n' thirty in the night, durin' July, at the Borax Ranch. We'd oughta be passin' there soon. It's owned by the guy who does all the advertisin' in the East. Don't keep a-drinkin' all that water — won't he'p you none."

"GEORGE FIGURED A COURSE FROM THE HEAVENS, AND FOUND IT TOOK THEM NOWHERE"

"Why won't it?" queried the expert. "I feel as if my skin were on fire."

"It's the desert thirst," said George. "They ain't no quenchin' 'em, but it'll ease off after a while. Who's got a match?"

They panted until dawn. The stars, big and bright in the clear atmosphere, began to pale before three o'clock. Daylight came a little after that hour.

"What's that water ahead?" asked Fatty.

"Furnace Creek," said George, yawning; "we're here."

The dust-clogged wheels stopped on the brink of a murky stream tinged with green from copper "float" which lined its banks. Sulphurous in character, Furnace Creek was unpleasantly warm — a gangrenous streak, lacking the white foam of rockier waterways. It wound southward over the grays of a desolate land. Beyond, the bare Funeral Range stretched toward the California line. The nearer peaks were gray volcanic rock, destitute of trees or any other green. Back of these uprose grim heights. Seemingly, Nature, in somber mood, had flung loose palls of sable over them.

"The Funerals!" exclaimed Carter, shivering. "They look it. Black, cheerless, awful — men deserve fortunes when they've got to come here after 'em."

"Shucks! Put the steel rails through the valley an' open up the country, an' 'twouldn't be any meaner'n Tonopah an' Goldfield," said George.

"Well, them two burgs ain't exactly what I'd pick out fur a weddin' trip," said Fatty. "Not ef she was a doll what hankered fur froot an' flower effects. An' they ain't no welcome on the door-mat here."

"Is this where you quit me?" inquired Carter.

"We foller the trail you kin see leadin' around that summit," responded George, pointing straight ahead. "'Tain't sech a tough trip, if you don't git to frettin'."

They breakfasted from Carter's provisions. He urged them to carry enough for a couple of meals, but George refused.

"Leave us have some of them sandwitches, pardner," said he; "an' we'll fill our water-bags from the bar'l. I'm the same on these trails as you'd be footin' it through your home town. Ready, boys?"

Carter watched them plod off. George led, with Billy next; Fatty lumbered behind.

"I rather they'd pike through that blisterin' rock than me," observed the chauffeur, from his seat on a blanket. "I tell you, I'd have to be some set on findin' copper to go up there after it. There's many a man lost down here, and never heard of again."

"That old George knows the game," said Carter, "and he appears to think he's got a prospect that he can parlay into a house on Millionaires' Row."

"I wouldn't buy his bet for seven cents," declared the chauffeur. "Not if the walkin' priv'lege went with it. Hello — they're out of sight."

Fatty was a gregarious soul. He made light conversation for the first hour. George saved his breath. Billy, less experienced, answered when no reply was needed, turning politely to smile at Fatty's quips.

Scorpions darted from the trail at their approach, scuttling for shelter. An infrequent cactus, grayish brown like the volcanic bed from which it sprang, little wizened clumps of sage-brush, a gray vine with a dried yellow blossom, and withered spears of grass that had been green in the cooler days of a brief spring, were the vegetation of the Funerals.

"This here's a cheerful country — if you don't care what you say," prattled Fatty. "Onct, when I was prospectin' over'n the Utah desert, down Dixie way, I reaches out f' my boots, an' I slides a toe inter one. It seemed like I felt sumpin' didn't b'long there. Then I says, no, guess I got my sock wrinkled. An' jus' then — talk about a pain! It was like bein' shot. Scorpion'd cached himself inside, an' I wisht you seen how my toe swole up. I like to died."

"That darn fool gabbin' yet?" asked George, squinting one eye at his son.

"Tellin' how a scorpion bit him," said Billy.

"Climbin's turble hard on a fella of my weight," wheezed Fatty; "I git a faintness in my heart. I have knowed guys to jus' snuff out from exertin' more they'd oughta. Ain't it 'bout time to set down a spell, George?"

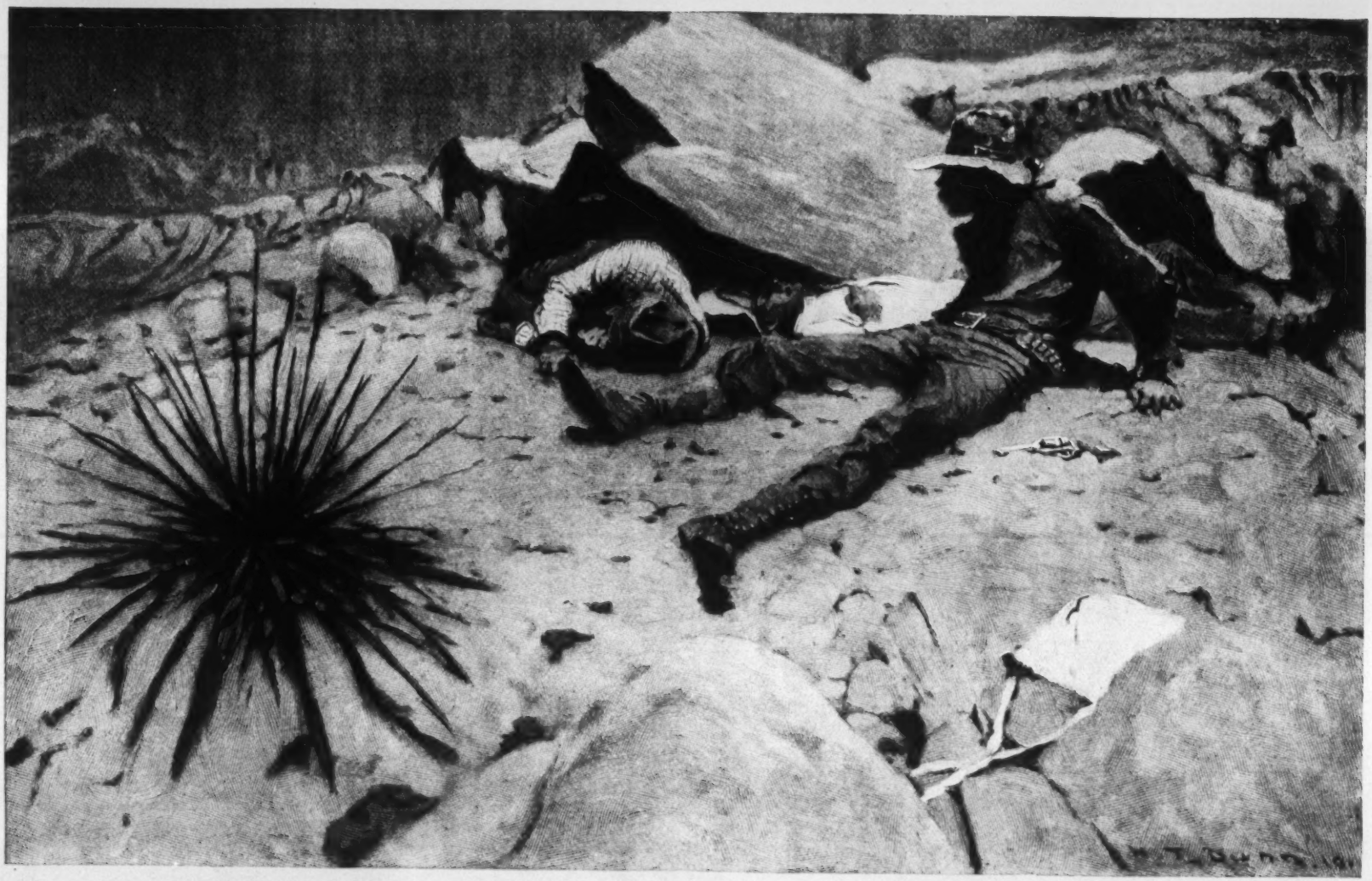
"Quit some o' your gab an' you'll have more wind," called George. "What's sense stoppin' in this sun?"

Fatty laughed, and said he could bear it as long as anybody could. Billy, looking back suddenly, saw him halt and put a dark flask to his mouth. His face was redder when he resumed the march. Fifteen minutes later he drank again. Billy was worried. He paused, whispering a warning.

"It keeps the heart action goin'," said Fatty. "I don't hardly touch my lips to it. Took that fashion, whisky's plain medicine. It's overdoin' hurts you."

His pace became slower as the whisky diminished.

"God a'mighty, it's killin' hot!" he exclaimed, after an onerous pull over sliding rock and slippery sand. "I gotta rest!"



"THE HEAT OF NOON WAS SEARING THEM, WHEN GEORGE'S DULLING EYE GLIMPSED HIS REVOLVER"

George agreed. Leaning against a ledge of rock, he slowly surveyed the scene.

"It's 'leven o'clock, pa," said Billy, consulting his watch. "We'll be to camp by two, won't we? What's the matter?"

"C'm'ere," said George. "C'm'ere an' look for'a'd — then look back the way we come. Kin you see any trail?"

A strange note in his father's usually confident voice alarmed Billy. Fatty, stretched on his stomach upon the ground, baked silently. He regarded George with an interested smile.

"Why, sure; she runs to the north — no, that ain't it. The sun gits me so blind, I'm mixed," said Billy, staring hard. "There's sumpin' looks like a trail, all right. Only there seems to be three or four. I s'pose they all come out about the same. Pro'bly one's a short cut."

"Now, you look back an' tell me kin you see a trail," ordered George. His excitement was evident.

"Say, what you fussin' over?" demanded Fatty.

He rose, ruefully feeling his burnt nose.

"Gosh, pa — I can't make out none at all!" cried Billy.

Fatty's dull eyes watched George, whose head sagged upon his breast. The action was vocal.

"If you ain't went an' walked us inter a deadfall, I'm a goat!" said Fatty.

He laughed heartily, causing a red crack to appear in his sun-blackened lower lip.

"An' you're the guy who can't never let nobody tell him nothin'," he proceeded. "I was hep twenty minnits back we was leavin' the big trail. 'But this geezer, he savvies the route,' I says to myself. 'An' even ef he ain't as cordial as a barkeep finnin' the millionaire's heir who's a-seein' the big city fur the first time, bein' as he won't crack back at a pal when spoke to,' I says, 'what of it? He's the guide, an' them in the party looks pleasant an' prances after till he offices 'em to camp.' An' here you brung us to a deadfall. That's the limit!"

The raw red crack widened as he gave way to merriment. Then the humorous wrinkles straightened out, and his glance grew cold as he continued:

"You — you couldn't be meanin' we can't pick it up again? Must be just over the next ridge — hey?"

George remained silent.

"Anybody'll git fooled sometimes," said Billy anxiously. "'Tain't like the North, where you got blazes, an' the country diff'runt every mile, so a fella kin locate things easy. Look at these doggoned hills — they ain't fit fur white folks, nohow. Say — pop?"

Billy timidly addressed his parent.

"The bones of the last man lost in 'em's layin' 'longside an alkali water-puddle, an' ef a Montana outfit hadn't been prospectin' fur the Clarke people his folks'd still have the light burnin' nights fur him," said George gloomily. "They was plenty before him, too. An' now us. I'm wrong. An' I dunno what to do next. Do you?"

"You mean you can't figger the way back, even?"

The laughter was all gone from Fatty's rising tones. Fear showed in his bulging eyes, and futile rage was shaking him.

"You — you got to git us out!" he shrilled. "You got us in, didn' you?"

"You be damned! An' leave my father alone or I'll wallop your fat block off," warned Billy. "He's been boozin', pop; don't pay no 'tention."

Reminded of the consoler, Fatty reached inside his wet shirt, pulled out a reserve flask, and greedily swallowed half of the whisky it contained.

"G'wan — git y'self sun-struck. Ain't more'n a jump ahead of the snakes now," said Billy contemptuously. "Listen, pop. Brace up. We got some water, an' we kin walk in the night, 'cause they's a moon. I ain't a bit fretted."

He put an affectionate hand on George's shoulder.

"'Tain't fur me I care," said the latter huskily; "it's your ma — rockin' on the porch up there in Reno, an' thinkin' I won't let her kid git hurted."

The whisky set Fatty's head to whirling. Uttering a cry that strangled his crackling throat, he sank upon a rock, slid from it to the ground, and lay there, fumbling at his water-bag.

He got it open and essayed to drink; but nausea gripped him, and the contents of the bag left only a damp splotch on the avid sand. Billy rushed at him, snatching the bag as the last drops fell.

"An' it'd kep' us a day," he said. "Oh, you're a swell piece of work!"

"I'm terrible sick," moaned Fatty, furnishing positive evidence of it. "My stummick's turned on me complete!"

George remained in the same position, aware of what had happened, and knowing that comment was useless. Fatty, writhing in the agony of severe cramps, turned an anguished eye upon him.

"Gimme just a little water!" he begged. "That's all I ast! D'you want a fella to die?"

George shrugged his shoulders. Again his gaze hunted a trail, finding none. Fatty ceased to complain. He had a corpselike look, except for a roll of red neck protruding beneath his

greasy black hair. With his face burrowed in the sand, still wet with the bag's contents, he seemed to be unconscious.

Billy ran forward fifty feet, looked in his turn, and joined his father.

"S'pose we bunk down an' wait fur night?" he suggested. "We know the north star, an' some of the rest. An' your compass — you been forgettin' it!"

"Left it in my other pants," said George bitterly; "an' as fur the stars — they'd be fine in a different country, but I got little faith in 'em takin' me outer here. Now, son, I been carryin' on almost as bad as that slob, but I was hit hard. We will wait. An' I'll pirout around a while an' find the trail."

"Now you're talkin'," said Billy happily. "Course we will!"

George bestirred himself, planning such meager shelter from the sun as stark rocks afforded. In this kindlier mood, he ministered to Fatty, permitting the sufferer a limited quantity of water. Leaving Billy in charge of the bags, he climbed over ledges so hot that his feet grew dry and blistered in his thick boots. He could not find the point at which he had left the trail. When, at evening, the sting went out of the sun and the chill of night settled on the mountains, he breathed through his mouth, as if he were imbibing a cooling draught. Hope flared up in his soul.

"Lord! Sounds like a story in a yeller Sunday paper," he ruminated. "The darned trail's gotta be along here, that's a cinch. We'd come out somewhere by jist walkin'; an' we'll start."

He returned, limping, and cursing the blisters, and found his son in a fury.

"Pop, if I'd had your cannon, I'd put a hole in him!" declared Billy. "He's et twict his share of the sandwitches, an' been at this bag! I clum up yonder,— wa'n't gone five minutes,— an' that's what he done."

"I was dreamin'," explained Fatty artlessly. "I gits dretful weak, an' must 'a' dozed — an' I wake up to find him bawlin' me out. He used very ungelmanly English to me."

"He's a hound, pop!" said Billy, deeply agitated. "Why, he acts like bein' lost in the Funerals is a joke. Gimme the gun next time I'm alone with him. I'll show him who's boss."

"We'll eat his leavin's, an' hike," said George. "Keep your temper, kid — some guys are built little, that's all."

Fatty protested volubly. Then he sobbed until Billy, his nerves a-rasp from heat and worry, violently impugned the legitimacy of Fatty's immediate ancestors.

"Shut up, you two!" ordered George. "I dunno where we're goin', but we're on our way. Git in the middle, Fatty, an' ef you keep on hollerin', I'll belt you over the bean with my forty-four. D'you heer me? Come along!"

They journeyed until the evening star and its two attendants winked into view. George figured a course from the heavens, and found it took them nowhere. There was moonlight, and a cold breeze that brought querulous complaints from Fatty. At midnight they decided to wait until the morning. When day came, they sipped a little water, then rose and hobbled painfully into cañons through which no creeks coursed, and out of them, ascending great hills, all of one pattern, gray, dreary, lifeless. There was no breeze to temper the frightful heat. Fatty lagged behind. Sometimes he fell, and was aided by the other two. He secretly removed his boots, and later the swollen feet could not be forced into their leather cases. He threw the footgear under a rock, and toiled forward, babbling strangely.

At midday, Billy sent forth an incoherent shout, stumbled, and stayed on his knees. Fatty, intending to help him, toppled over, and they lay in a limp heap, too worn to rise. George pulled at his son, his heart throbbing with anguish at the boy's sunken eyes and his pasty cheeks, showing through a dark stubble. Billy was too weak to stand. He leaned on George.

"Oh, my God!" George entreated, his bleared eyes turned skyward, "this ain't right! You hadn't oughta put no sech sufferin' on a kid like him — who never did no harm. They ain't a knockin' bone in his body, not one. If he couldn't say good fur people, he stood pat. I ain't astin' fur me. I'm willin' to cash in, if it's time; but what I'm astin' you — I'm astin' — he's my baby, see? An' the heat's makin' a cinder outa him. You won't find 'em no gamer'n him, but — oh, leave me find that trail an' git him to water, won't you?"

He burst into wild laughter, cradling Bill fondly against his heaving breast.

"Are we dyin'? 'Cause I can't yet — I ain't got nothin' fixed, George. Don't let 'em git me," groaned Fatty.

George freed one hand and patted Fatty's head. Inwardly he was praying fiercely. He added Fatty to the plea.

"Let 'em git out, an' nev' mind me; I brung 'em here," he reiterated.

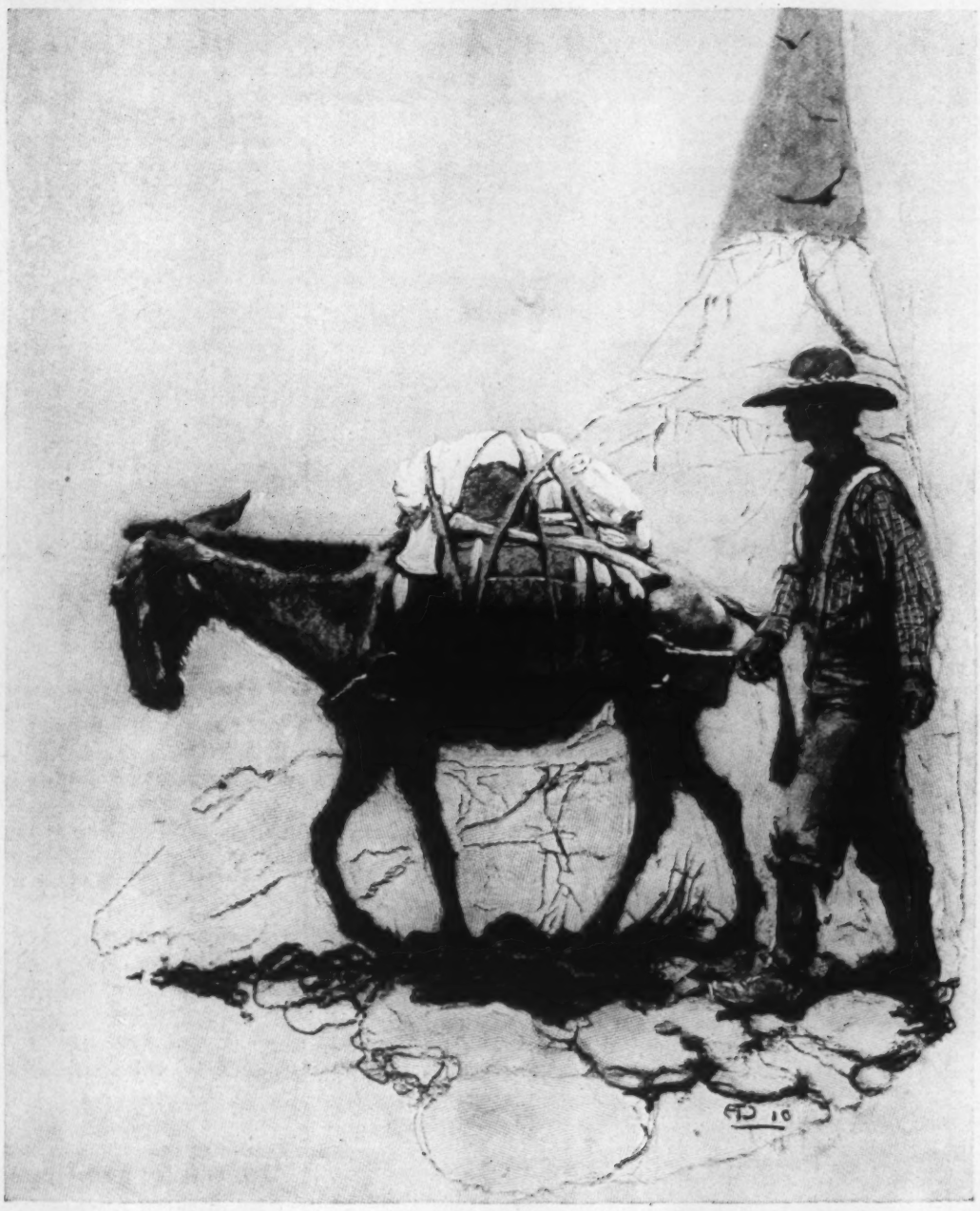
Everything faded from his mind. Fatty, roused an hour later by red ants crawling over him, glared at George, prostrate beside Billy, and tried to reach him.

"How long we been here?" Fatty whispered. "Gimme the water."

There was about a quart in the bag on

George's shoulder. Meaning well now, Fatty endeavored to get at it, in order to revive the old man. Again he spilled the water, this time into George's buckskin shirt.

"We're still alive," he said reproachfully, addressing the dark skies. "Kill us quick, if it's settled. This here's just plain hell. Ain't no excuse fur rubbin' it in."



"'GIT ON, YOU PETE! HIKE!'"

"That settles it," he gasped. "It's all over but the shoutin'!"

A cloud hid the moon when George struggled to his feet and gazed about him. Tears came, washing the grime from his aching eyes.

There was no water and no food. Daylight meant greater torture from the relentless sun. If only they might find a hole to crawl into! Could not a man dig his own grave and get in it? No; one without strength to move ten steps could only wait for death.

The third dawn found them muttering to one another, plucking aimlessly at the red ants, fingering the dry canvas water-bags. The heat of noon was searing them, when George's dulling eye glimpsed his revolver. It was near at hand, lying where it had fallen from the holster. He exulted, for here was the sure means of ending their misery. Billy first, then Fatty; last — and easiest — himself. As his grasp closed around its hot steel butt, he heard a voice shouting:

"Git on there, Pete! Hike!"

Was it delirium? Although it seemed as if his muscles had withered and his blood become dust in empty veins, his mind lived.

"Summon a-comin'!" he breathed, "an' drivin' a mule!"

With a frightful effort, he got into a sitting posture and waited.

"Git on, you Pete! Hike!"

"He's carryin' water-bar'ls an' a outfit!" he said thickly. "An' yet, they's them says they ain't no God!"

A black mule stepped around a mass of rock. A man in dusty khaki walked behind, driving the animal with lusty shouts. George waved his hands, calling faintly. They were directly in the mule's path.

"Git up that hill, you Pete! Hike!"

He was sending the mule farther up the summit, far above the three; and yet, he must have seen them. George waved, hailing him madly. The man paid no attention, only followed the mule, going higher every minute.

"Say, we're dyin' fur water! Pardner! Three of us — dyin', y' know! Water!" croaked George.

"I ain't got no water to spare, less'n I wanter travel twenty miles off'n my way to git more," replied the man calmly. "Git on, you Pete! Hike!"

With his soul in the words, George begged pitifully. For answer, the stones, loosened by the mule's hoofs and the careless tread of its owner, rattled against him and his companions.

"Water, pardner! Don't leave us!"

"Told you I got none to spare!"

George remembered the gun in his right hand. Going away with two barrels of water, and Billy at his last gasp? George looked at the boy, and his gun hand steadied. Fatty was humped against Billy, with one shoulder in the air. George wormed closer to them, rested the weapon on that wide shoulder, squinted hard, and aimed at a vulnerable spot in the strange man's back.

The mule jumped downward at the sound of a shot. The man remained erect so long that George was steadying the gun for a second try, when his victim wavered, uttered a faint, throaty cry, and sank down. Slowly his legs stretched out and stiffened. His arms were flung above his head. The mule, fearful of the sinister dark form, began to move off, turning to eye it with a solemn air.

"Whoa, Pete — whoa, boy — whoa, Pete!" whimpered George, crawling toward him.

The mule stopped, observing George curiously. Would he run away? He was too hot and weary to go far unless urged. George caught a front leg, and the mule gave no sign of interest. Inch by inch, George reached his neck, and hung there, dizzy and sick.

"G'wan, Pete — slow, boy," he said. "You gotta he'p me back to 'em with the water. Take it easy."

He unfastened the lash-ropes somehow. An "A" tent and blankets formed the top pack. There was a grub-bag, and a bag of oats for the mule, and a barrel on each side. The side-packs rolled a little way as George let them drop. With infinite pains, he made a hackamore of the lash-rope, and tied the patient Pete to a rock. Then, chortling like a happy idiot, he crept to the corpse, unfastened the water-bag the man had carried, and drank.

Not too much — didn't they always tell you that? And then, swallow on swallow, he poured it down Billy, and watched the boy's blue eyes open and speech come to his swollen lips. Fatty received the same treatment. Trembling, his head whizzing, George rigged the tent over a big rock. There was fat bacon to gnaw, and a hunk of satisfying bannock; and water — always a little at a time.

"An' that Tonopah fella's minin' map of the district, showin' every trail," he said hoarsely.

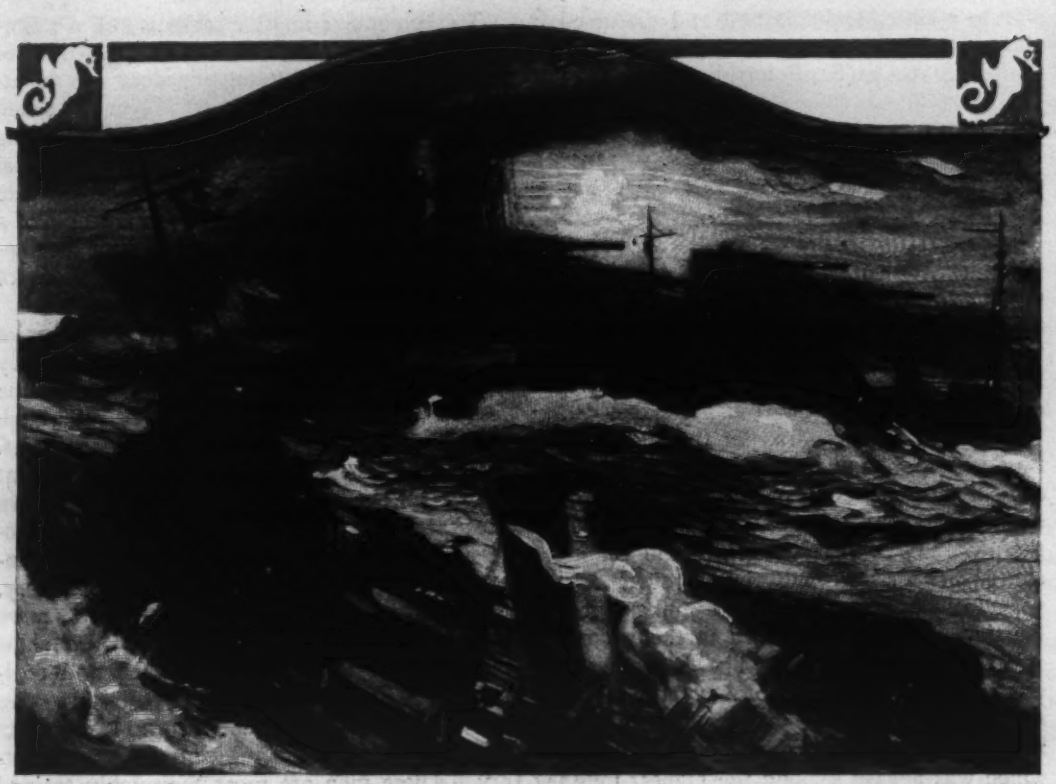
"But where'd it come from?" whispered Fatty.

"Found it," answered George vaguely. "An' we got to be goin' as soon as we kin. We'll take turns ridin' the mule, an' leave one bar'l behind. This here map tips me to where we are, fur there's Copper Peak, plain as day, an' camp's t'other side of it. We ain't ten miles away!"

At sunset, two days afterward, they wound slowly around the base of Copper Feak. A little cañon was before them, and a few green things bordered a narrow creek. Four tents were pitched beside the stream. From the rise where they stopped to look, the three saw several men busy at a fire.

"It's the camp!" cried Billy. "Now, what's that we're to say, pop?"

"Us guys had a hard trip, that's all," said George. "No need of goin' inter details."



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

WILL CONGRESS PUT OUR NAVY ON THE SEA?

THE STORY OF SECRETARY MEYER'S FIGHT AGAINST WASTE AND BUREAUCRACY

IN 1908 the operations of the United States Navy cost $99,000,000, outside of the construction of new ships. The cost of operating the British Navy in 1908 was exactly the same.* The British Navy was a little more than twice the size of the American. In the same year the fighting officers of the American Navy—after several years of effort—succeeded in informing the American public that its ships were backward in design, not properly armored, and that in some respects their fighting machinery was very dangerous to operate.

In March, 1909, George von L. Meyer was appointed Secretary of the Navy. He was a Massachusetts man, trained in business. From 1879 to 1899 he had led a successful business life, being interested in many of the great New England manufacturing industries. He was a director of the big Amoskeag mills at Manchester, and president of the Ames Plow Company, besides being a member of the boards of several Boston banks. And he had taken an active and successful part in the reorganization of various large enterprises.

In 1900 Meyer was sent to Italy as ambassador. In 1905 he was transferred from Italy to St. Petersburg, as ambassador to Russia. During the first year he was there, he saw at close range one of the most interesting events in recent history — the life-and-death struggle of a bureaucracy with a fighting military organization; the last half of the war between the bureaucracy of Russia and the fighting forces of Japan. He was especially interested in the naval campaign that practically brought that

* See the Secretary of the Navy's Report, 1909, page 22.

war to a close, and followed and discussed it thoroughly with the naval attaché of the United States at St. Petersburg. His interest led him to an extensive reading of naval literature.

The Russian Bureaucracy and the Japanese Fighting Machine

Meyer formed at that time a very definite opinion concerning the organization of a navy — an opinion shaped, naturally, by his double experience both as a man of practical affairs and as an observer of that particular struggle. The opinion he held is expressed in the following:

"The navy is organized for the highest military efficiency, and if you do not get that for our ships, then we are not getting proper dividends from the money expended, for which the people have the right to demand the highest efficiency. I had that proved to me very forcibly when I was the ambassador to Russia. There we had two methods demonstrated in the extreme. The Russian Navy was a navy which did not have the slightest military efficiency. It was poorly run by the bureaus, while the Japanese Navy was a navy which was always seeking the highest military efficiency and preparedness for war under all circumstances. In the one case there was a tremendous dividend for the money expended; in the other case the money was thrown away."

In 1907 Meyer was made a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. His interest in navy affairs, gained from his observation of the great Russian-Japanese sea campaigns, was known; and he was first slated as the head of the Navy Department. For political reasons, a Western man was given this position, and Meyer was made Postmaster-General. While in that office he inaugurated important reforms in eliminating red tape and in correlating the work of the various divisions of the great business of that department. In 1909 President Taft made him Secretary of the Navy. He entered upon that work with the definite theory which he had formed while in St. Petersburg: that a navy must be one thing, and nothing else — a fighting machine.

The Fighting Machinists

There was something else, of which the public is thoroughly ignorant, but which is demonstrably true, and which Meyer was particularly fitted by his active business life to understand. Not only is the Navy a fighting machine, but its operation is as truly a mechanical business as the operation of a machine shop.

To the popular mind, a sailor is still a sailor; and many of the current misinterpretations of our Navy are based upon this idea. As a matter of fact, he is, as Secretary Meyer has called him, nothing more or less than "a fighting machinist"; his officer is a fighting mechanical engineer. The sail has gone from the war-ship as completely as the galley oar. The ship of a modern navy is simply a collection of machinery — one of the most intricate collections of machinery in this mechanical age.

The education of all the military officers of the Navy is now based upon this fact; they are given — besides their training in navigation and seamanship — a wide, sharp, and thorough technical education as mechanical engineers. The whole theory of their development is that they should be first educated and then trained in the practical handling of the machines of their professions — steam machinery, electrical machinery, the mechanism and chemistry of gunnery.

The duties of the men under them grow more and more mechanical. On the newest ships one third of the crew are firemen and coal-passers. The duties of the remaining two thirds, the so-called "seamen," are, to a greater and greater degree, being confined to machinery. These men are most thoroughly trained in a special branch of mechanics — the working and firing of guns; and if the United States should ever fight a naval war, and win, she would do so principally because the quick, wiry young Yankee mechanics, the so-called "seamen," would outmanage and outshoot the guns of, and "get the drop" on, the slower, more phlegmatic European or Asiatic — exactly as a Western "gun man" did in the history of the frontier West.

America's Most Curious Old Bureaucracy

By an odd coincidence, the acquaintance of Meyer with navy affairs turned from observance of a life-and-death struggle between a bureaucracy and a military organization to a peaceful fight of the same kind, which was taking place under his own charge. For thirty-five years the military branch of the American Navy had been trying to overthrow the bureaucracy which really ruled it — with very small success. In 1902, after several years of effort, and with the special aid of President Roosevelt, it had forced through a reform in the methods of aiming and firing large guns, which increased the marksmanship of the Navy from nothing to first rank. Encouraged by this, the great military branch of the service was making an effort to secure some practical voice in the making of the ships and in taking the general management of the Navy out of the hands of the

REAR-ADMIRAL W. P. POTTER
AID FOR PERSONNEL

REAR-ADMIRAL R. W. WAINWRIGHT
AID FOR OPERATIONS OF THE FLEET

REAR-ADMIRAL A. WARD
AID FOR INSPECTIONS

old system. It was having great difficulty. The military branch was unorganized, while the organization of the bureaucracy was most effective and complete. The American Navy, when Mr. Meyer became Secretary, was, in fact, managed by one of the most interesting bureaucracies in the world. The Navy was formed in 1842, and it was fully organized on the basis of the sailing-ship with supplementary steam machinery. As new mechanical inventions had arrived, they had been given to various bureaus. But the principle was unchanged, and as late as 1904 these bureaus insisted on the building, at a cost of $1,249,389, of two iron sailing-vessels and a wooden brig, for the training of American gun-pointers — vessels which, of course, have never yet been used.

There were eight of these bureaus, with chiefs appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, approved by the President, and confirmed by the Senate. Their orders had, and still have, by law, the same authority as the orders of the Secretary. For years the position of Secretary of the Navy had been a political way station. In the seven years before 1909 there had been six secretaries. In practice there were eight Secretaries of the Navy, with a temporary civilian figurehead, and each Secretary had charge of, and was vitally concerned in, only his small segment of its affairs.

The net result of such an organization was a state of affairs well illustrated by Congressman Roberts in the hearing before the House Naval Committee on December 16, 1909:

"Several years ago the *Chicago*, if I am not mistaken, was at Boston Harbor. She needed extensive repairs. The Secretary of the Navy issued orders that she be repaired in the Boston yard. The next thing that was known, a month or six weeks afterwards the *Chicago* was in New York, with her boilers out and undergoing her repairs there, and she was towed back to Boston to carry out the Secretary's order. A bureau chief, in defiance of the Secretary's order, took it on himself to change the place where the ship should be repaired."

The bureaus considered themselves in practice to have authority which could actually belong only to the head of the department; and, year after year, the Secretaries of the Navy were placed in the humiliating position of having to argue, in their annual reports, against the opinions submitted to Congress, practically direct, in the reports of their subordinate bureau chiefs.

A Business Man's Reorganization Plan

To a man with a business experience this arrangement was, on its face, intolerable. Secretary Meyer, on taking office, avoided the detail of his office, and spent months studying the Navy's system and its workings. Three special boards of naval officers were, at the same time, studying the question, in whole or in part. In December, 1909, Secretary Meyer proposed a plan of reorganization.

The plan was the simplest possible. There are four parts into which the work of a navy naturally divides itself: (1) The building, repair, and equipment of ships; (2) the inspection of this work; (3) the management of the men operating the ships; and (4) the operation of the fleet as an instrument of war. Secretary Meyer placed the main executive work of the department in four divisions corresponding to these — material, inspection, personnel, and operations.

To coördinate these divisions in the hands

of the Secretary, four aids were appointed by him — one for each division. These men had no executive authority; they brought the Secretary in touch with each division of the work; they were his "eyes and ears." In addition, the General Board was made an advisory body for all of the operations of the Navy.

Nothing could be more direct or simple; yet, for twenty-five years, beginning with the time of Secretary Whitney in 1885, Secretaries of the Navy had been fighting to get some similar reform, and had failed.

One Third for Sea; Two Thirds on Land

The reason for this thing was clear. Any plan for military organization would focus the expenditure of the naval appropriation upon the sea. The two most powerful agencies concerned had always combined to keep the money on land.

Congress made the appropriation. The strongest influences bearing on the naval appropriation in Congress were the representatives of the seaboard States, demanding new or larger naval stations. The bureaus spent the money in the shore plants. Every bureau chief desired the best equipment and the largest appropriation possible for his particular work. By 1909, $69,000,000, two thirds of the naval appropriation, was being spent on land.

This was not all. By 1909 a new plan was under way — a definite move to center the expenditure of the money spent on land permanently in the hands of a non-seagoing bureaucracy. The chief land bureau was the Bureau of Construction and Repairs, operated by the naval constructors — the one special class of the three branches that is now separate from the general body of the military officers who serve in the fleet. The naval constructors are not military men, but designers of ships.

The head of this bureau was Chief Constructor Washington Lee Capps, a man of much ability, who had seen two years of military service as a naval cadet after his graduation from Annapolis in 1884, but who, since 1886, had been out of the military navy and in the technical work of a naval designer. Mr. Capps had been chief of the Bureau of Construction since 1903; his position, ability, and ambition had made him the first figure in the bureaucracy.

In 1908 the operation of all the navy-yards was practically given into the charge of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs. Upon the disqualifying sickness of the head of the Bureau of Steam Engineering, Mr. Capps was made acting chief of that bureau, as well as of his own. The Bureau of Equipment was discontinued by the order of the then Secretary, and a great part of its duties fell naturally to the Bureau of Construction. By a perfectly definite movement, the work and expenditures of the Navy on shore were coming into the hands of one great bureau — operated by a special, non-seagoing class.

The net result of this movement, if continued, would necessarily have been the placing of two thirds of the naval appropriation permanently in the hands of an unmilitary class; the practical withdrawal of the main financial power from the Secretary; and the practical division of the Navy into two parts — military and manufacturing, with the command of a great share of its resources in the hands of the latter.

Machinery Always in the Hands of the Fighting Engineers

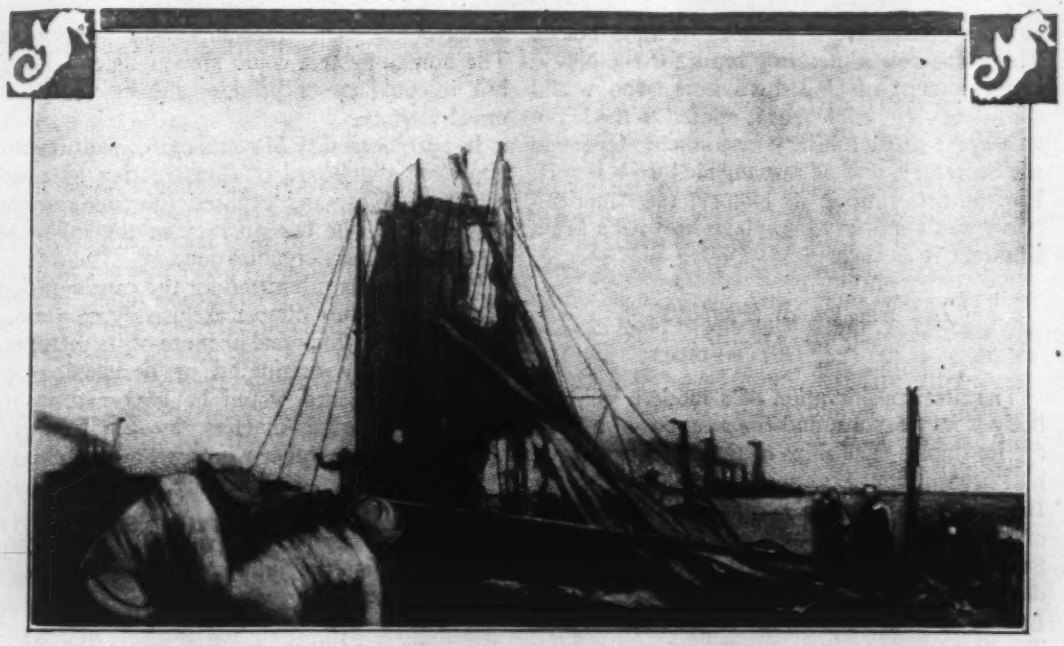
The non-seagoing bureaucracy was never so strong as in 1908. In 1909 Secretary Meyer announced his plan for a military navy. The aim of a navy, he believed, is to become a successful fighting machine, always ready. A successful fighting machine can be secured only by means of a thoroughly trained body of fighting mechanical engineers. This was the foundation of the Meyer scheme.

This fighting machine on the water must have the undivided attention of the best possible repair-shops on the land; the engineers who operate it must have charge of its machinery from the beginning — its installation, operation, and repair. There were no two navies in this plan, one ashore and one afloat; there was one fighting navy, on the sea. The shore plant, which was to keep it ready, had its work divided into two parts. The hull, which by their special training belonged to the naval constructors, was put in their charge. The machinery, ashore and afloat, was always in the charge of the officers who must operate it in the supreme test of battle.

In December, 1909, Secretary Meyer presented his new plan of military organization to the House Committee on Naval Affairs. The plan of the bureaucracy was strongly advocated before the Committee by Chief Constructor Capps. The Secretary was finally given permission to try his plan for a year. Mr. Capps retired from his position as Chief Constructor, and Secretary Meyer began a trial of his system, without hostility from his subordinates, and with the enthusiastic support of all the military officers of the Navy.

Why the American Navy Was Never Ready for War

In taking office, Secretary Meyer had found this extraordinary thing. The Navy on the



THE RESULTS OF THE NEW TARGET PRACTICE
THE BATTLE TARGET OF THE "DELAWARE" AFTER BEING FIRED AT WITH TWENTY-EIGHT TWELVE-INCH SHELLS, THE DISTANCE BEING TWELVE THOUSAND YARDS. THE "DELAWARE" WAS FRESH FROM THE NAVY-YARD, AND HAD NEVER BEFORE FIRED AN AIMED SHOT

land was thoroughly organized; but the military branch had not even a bureau to direct its operations. The curious old bureau structure, when it was formed in 1842, had not provided it. A bureau for this purpose was, indeed, proposed in the plan of Commodore Charles Stewart, who prepared the bureau system for Congress; but Congress had omitted this, and never afterward had there been a part in the machine to use the instrument of war which the land plant had been so elaborately organized to prepare.

In his first annual message, Mr. Meyer described this singular situation as follows:

"From the beginning of the Navy, attention has been given chiefly to providing ships. The situation would be paralleled in a railroad organization if, after the construction of the roadway, the completion of the rolling stock, and the establishment of the business and financial departments, no branch was provided for operating the road. An operative division of the fleet is a branch that has been lacking in the Navy Department.

"This fact was clearly illustrated in the Civil War, when Mr. Fox, a former naval officer, was appointed Assistant Secretary, and became the operating division; and again, in the Spanish-American War, when the war board, commonly known as the 'Strategy Board,' was at once organized. The true solution is to provide an operating division at all times, whose duties shall be, in the main, to make plans for war and maintain the preparedness of the fleet. Thus the early operations of a war, when most is at stake, would not be haphazard, but would be fully worked out in advance."

In every war the United States has been engaged in, the bureau system has broken down, and has been supplemented and replaced by another organization. This is simply because it is not a military system at all, but is framed merely for the management of a land plant under conditions of peace. The moment war has arrived, it has been directed by some impromptu military organization. The condition seemed inconceivable, but it was true.

It was the first business of Secretary Meyer, in organizing the Navy as a military instrument, to furnish it with a brain. "The Secretary," he said, "the center of this vast machine, has been literally without expert counsel and advice in the broad policies of the department." To secure this was a principal part of his plan.

The old "Strategy Board," the impromptu organization of the Spanish War, had remained, without power, and with vague advisory functions, as the General Board. The war college at Newport did some work making war plans. The new scheme created, at last, a division of operations of the fleet. The Secretary bound this to the General Board by making his new

aid for operations a member of that board. There was now a directing brain for the Navy; a department of skilled advisers, who would consider every problem as it related to the Navy as a great single military instrument, report to the Secretary, and be responsible for its report. For the first time in its history, the American Navy was a military organization, with a brain to direct it as such.

The Backward Weapons of Our Navy

The first consideration of a modern military body is its weapons, and the weapons of a navy are its ships. The ships of the American Navy had been designed, approved, and built by the Board of Construction — made up of the heads of the four bureaus — Equipment, Ordnance, Steam Engineering, and Construction. It was dominated by the shipbuilding experts of the Bureau of Construction, the naval constructors. There were, in 1910, sixty-five of these men; there were at the same time sixteen hundred of the fighting officers.

In 1901 military officers complained to the bureaus that the turrets containing the big guns of the war-ships were so made as to be liable to explosions; these complaints were pigeonholed. In the next six years explosions in these turrets killed forty-seven men.

In 1904 military officers complained to the bureaus that the armor on our battleships was too narrow and too low. These complaints were pigeonholed. In 1908 an official examination of the fleet in the world's cruise under Admiral Evans declared this to be true.

In 1900 military officers complained to the bureaus that the freeboards of the ships were too low and the guns in their sides were so near the water that they could not be fired in an ordinary seaway. These complaints were pigeonholed. In 1908 the report from Admiral Evans' fleet showed them to be true.

In 1904 an American officer, Lieutenant H. C. Poundstone, proposed the present type of fighting vessel, the so-called Dreadnought, to the Bureau of Construction. His suggestion was pigeonholed. In 1906 England built the first Dreadnought; and we followed her a year later. To-day this is the only type of fighting battleship made.

In 1908 the bureaus warmly defended their turrets, their armor-belts, and their low guns before a Congressional investigation; and, at the same time, they had requests before Congress for appropriations, asking for the first of $2,000,000 which has since been spent in changing the turrets, and for money to build ships with high armor-belts, high freeboard, and high guns. The bureau system could always defend itself, but it could never produce the best tools of naval warfare.

In 1910 Secretary Meyer's reorganization had abolished the Board of Construction as a designer of ships, and exposed the fundamental trouble with the bureaucracy in the following comment on this organization:

"The designs submitted for the consideration of the board were almost exclusively concerned with matters which one or more of its members had previously originated or designed. Obviously, the board would be governed, in its judgment on such matters, by the technical opinion of the member who presented the case. It was a matter of approving the work of its own members."

Naturally, no criticisms were considered weighty, when the judges were the men who were criticized.

The New Battleship Designs

The plan of Secretary Meyer took the right to decide the military requirements of warship designs out of the hands of the sixty-five constructors, and placed it where the best talent and the attention of all the sixteen hundred officers in the sea-going service could be focussed on it.

The new organization produces the designs of ships as follows. The general requirements of a new fighting-ship are laid down by the General Board, which is made up of the best expert military men in the Navy. These specifications are embodied in designs by the shipbuilding experts of the Bureau of Construction. They are returned to the General Board and the Secretary of the Navy, and are then considered by them, together with representative officers chosen from the fleet. The General Board and the Secretary approve or disapprove of the officers' suggestions, and the Bureau of Construction works out the final plans. For the first time, the fighting-ship is designed as a weapon behind which lies the entire intelligence of the whole service, sea-going and technical.

The latest battleships of the Navy, the *Texas* and the *New York*, were designed on this plan, and were the first battleships ever made in the American Navy that were considered and approved by the military service.

It is too early to observe the practical advantages of this plan in completed ships; there are none yet completed. The advantage of the plan will be clearly apparent only on one condition — that Secretary Meyer's plan of reor-

ganization is made permanent by Congress, as he is now asking.

Our Collection of Obsolete Vessels

The single weapon, the fighting-ship, is of first importance. The fleet as a big fighting machine is not less so. From time to time the General Board of the Navy had reported that too many obsolete vessels were being retained in our Navy. But these recommendations had no authority, and there was no change. The organization of Secretary Meyer was the first to consider this important problem, as a whole, with any authority.

At the end of 1909 there were two hundred and twelve armed vessels in the United States Navy. Of these, not more than fifty-five or sixty would be of use in a naval battle. Of the remaining hundred and fifty, a very considerable proportion could be thrown away with great advantage. England has already adopted this policy. In 1904–5 her admiralty condemned and sold as junk forty-five old vessels; in 1907 twenty-six more went the same way. Germany has also rid its Navy of useless ships.

The American Navy, up to the present time, has retained these vessels, at tremendous cost. There are now in the Navy fifty-three vessels built between 1890 and 1901, upon which $35,000,000 had been spent in repairs — in five cases the repairs cost more than the original ship itself. At least thirty-five of these vessels are useless for war. All of them are of types — such as monitors, protected and unprotected cruisers, and gunboats more or less worn out — now obsolete in modern warfare. Of the nine so-called "first-class" battleships, not one has been commissioned later than 1901; not one of them could fight with the modern fleet in a naval battle. They are too slow, and their guns cannot shoot far enough. The reconstruction of three of these battleships, of the *Oregon* type, which cost more than $5,000,000, did not increase their fighting power. It merely gave them new boilers, a few changes in their turrets, and a new fire-control system for shooting their old-fashioned guns.

Secretary Meyer has, during the past year, kept the repairs upon these and other ships down to a minimum, and disposed of some of the vessels entirely. The unprotected cruiser *Detroit*, for example, which cost $445,000 in repairs, was recently sold for $20,000. "We must show some courage," says Mr. Meyer, "in approaching this question, and condemn a lot of riffraff vessels which we have, and on which we are lavishing money needlessly as well as extravagantly." The Navy as it is now organized is proceeding on this policy.

Twice as Many Yards as Great Britain

The waste in obsolete vessels of war was, however, trifling. It was only necessary to regard the Navy as a whole to come at once to the great central point of waste — the navy-yards. It was the navy-yard system that encouraged, and at bottom was responsible for, the continual pressure for the expense of repairing obsolete vessels, and for similar extravagances. The practical theory of the existing system was that work should be created as far as excusable for the shore plants.

"A navy-yard," according to Mr. Meyer's theory, "is a repair plant primarily for the purpose of keeping the fleet in efficient military condition." The attention of the new Secretary was at once directed toward this branch of the establishment. He personally examined every navy-yard upon the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts.

What he found is succinctly expressed in his second annual report:

"The United States has over twice as many first-class home navy-yards as Great Britain with a navy at least double the size of ours, and we have one more navy-yard of the second class than Great Britain has. In other words, we have, in all, eleven first- and second-class navy-yards in the United States, while Great Britain has but six of the same kind. Germany has three, and France five."

The navies of both France and Germany are practically the same size as that of the United States.

The cost of maintaining these eleven American yards in 1909 — a typical year — was something over $8,000,000. In that year they spent $6,000,000 in repairs on ships in commission — the only work for which a military navy-yard in the United States is fitted. In the five years previous to 1909 the eleven American yards had cost $40,000,000 for maintenance. In the same time the seven home navy-yards of Great Britain had cost $7,000,000 for maintenance, had repaired eight ninths of the big English Navy, and had built six Dreadnoughts and twelve other battleships and cruisers.

For years it has been perfectly apparent that there were too many navy-yards in the United States. Before Mr. Meyer came into office, two of them — those at Pensacola, Florida, and at New Orleans — had been closed, but had been reopened because it was found that they could not be legally closed without specific Congressional action. Secretary Meyer, at the end of more than a year's study and inspection, has definitely advised Congress to close these two yards and five other minor naval stations.

"I recommend," he says, "the giving up and disposing of the naval stations at New Orleans, Pensacola, San Juan (Porto Rico), Port Royal (South Carolina), New London (Connecticut), Sacketts Harbor (New York), Culebra (Porto Rico), and Cavite (Philippine Islands). The average yearly cost of maintaining these stations for the past five years has been $1,672,675. Very little useful work has been performed at any of them."

CHIEF CONSTRUCTOR RICHARD M. WATT, THE NEW CHIEF OF BUREAU OF CONSTRUCTION AND REPAIR. HIS PREDECESSOR, W. L. CAPPS, WHO OPPOSED THE NEW REFORMS, WAS REMOVED FROM OFFICE BY SECRETARY MEYER

The Savagely Defended Yard at New Orleans

The detailed reports of Secretary Meyer on the various yards are interesting as showing the exact value of the shore plant that we now have.

Pensacola, he says, should be abolished because it could be bombarded and is strategically impossible. Concerning New Orleans he says: "The New Orleans yard lies about one hundred miles up the Mississippi River . . . It lies behind a levee, which must be relied upon at high water or flood of the river to prevent the navy-yard and the machine tools from being flooded. Its position up the river is such that in time of war, or threatened war, no large vessel should be sent there, on account of the danger of the passes being blocked."

This is the yard whose local advocates raised such a clamor in the attempt to defend it in the past year. The grounds of the cry were that it was necessary to defend from hostile invasion the Mississippi River,—up which no naval officer would be mad enough to send a battleship in war-time,—and that it would be required to protect the Panama Canal, when that was finished. A map in the Secretary's report shows that Panama is just a little over twice as far from New Orleans as it is from Guantanamo, the naval repair-shop at the gateway of the Caribbean Sea, for which the fighting branch of the Navy has been asking for years in vain. Guantanamo is not represented in Congress; nor has it any votes; New Orleans has both.

In the New Orleans yard $1,040 worth of work was done in 1907. The maintenance of the yard that year cost $97,178; and $308,332 was expended there for improvements.

PAYMASTER-GENERAL THOMAS J. COWIE, THE NEW CHIEF OF BUREAU OF SUPPLIES AND ACCOUNTS. HIS PREDECESSOR, E. P. ROGERS, WAS ALSO REMOVED BY SECRETARY MEYER AS AN OBSTRUCTIONIST OF REFORM

A Little More Recognition for the South

The Pensacola and New Orleans yards are both old, dating back to the days of sailing-ships. The Charleston (South Carolina) yard has been built since 1901. Concerning this the Secretary says: "The Charleston dry-dock is useless for battleships or cruisers, as it fills in opposite the dock at the rate of from three to four feet a year." This dock was built between 1902 and 1908, and cost $1,250,000.

The Charleston Navy-yard cost, up to June 30, 1910, $4,452,634. It was built up largely by the efforts of Senator Tillman, who said concerning it in the Senate in 1901: "My main object in all this matter is to endeavor to get a first-class navy-yard, not a station, at some eligible point on the South Atlantic, and to have the South receive some recognition in naval affairs."

Concerning Port Royal, whose closing Secretary Meyer definitely advises, his report says: "Port Royal has a dry-dock, but it is unapproachable for battleships, or even cruisers, except at an unjustifiable expense."

Mr. Tillman was also largely responsible for securing the Port Royal appropriations. He expressed himself concerning it, on March 1, 1899, on the floor of the Senate as follows:

"This bill [the naval appropriation] is loaded down with expansion in every navy-yard. I am trying to

get a little for Port Royal; because, if you are going to steal, I want my share."

"Thirty Miles Inland from San Francisco"

On the Pacific coast the United States has two navy-yards.

Concerning the chief one, at Mare Island, the Secretary's report says in part:

"The navy-yard at Mare Island lies some thirty miles inland from San Francisco, is difficult of approach for vessels of great draft on account of shallow water, has inadequate berthing facilities on its water-front, a totally inadequate depth and width of water along its front, and is at a disadvantage by its distance from San Francisco Bay, where the coaling and supply of these vessels could ordinarily be carried on. . . . At mid-tide, 23.45 feet depth, no battleship or armored cruiser could approach Mare Island. The total number of vessels in this category would be forty-seven. . . . A battleship which has been injured in action and may be drawing possibly as much as thirty-five feet, could not be taken to Mare Island to be even temporarily repaired. . . . After a study of this question, and a personal inspection of Mare Island and the available sites on San Francisco Bay, I conclude that it will be necessary to establish a docking and repair station for battleships on San Francisco Bay, in some locality yet to be selected."

Mare Island contains two of the few fine dry-docks in the United States — one of them the largest ever built. They have cost, to June 30, 1910, $4,451,989. The total cost of building and maintaining this yard, to which no large battleships can come, has been $35,000,000.

Concerning the other of the Pacific coast navy-yards — that at Bremerton, across the Puget Sound from Seattle — the report has this to say: "This navy-yard has a disadvantage in that it has no railroad communication, and all material and supplies must be transported to the navy-yard from Seattle, a distance of fifteen miles, by water; also in that it is sixteen miles removed from any large supply of labor."

CAPTAIN FRANK F. FLETCHER, AID FOR MATERIAL. THE AIDS FOR INSPECTION AND MATERIAL CONTROL THE REPAIRS OF SHIPS AND PREVENT THE SPENDING OF MONEY IN REPAIRING OR RECONSTRUCTING VESSELS WITHOUT MILITARY VALUE

The Atlantic Situation Difficult

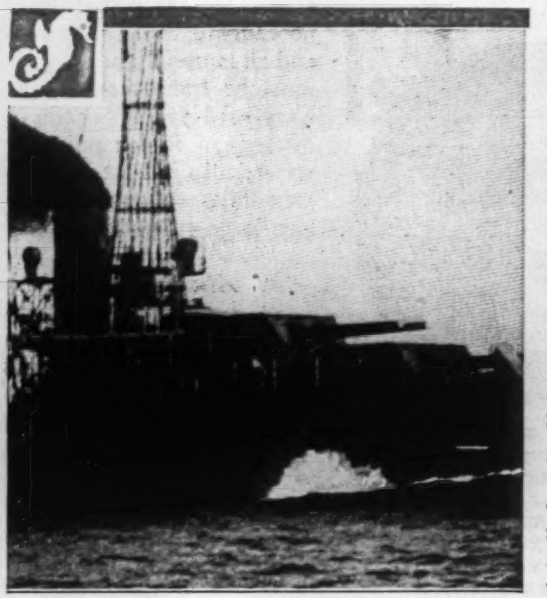
These are the Secretary's statements concerning five of the eleven existing navy-yards of the United States, and one of the many naval stations. The expenditures for building and repairing these five have been $65,000,000. Of the other six, one is the yard at Washington for building ordnance. Concerning the other five the Secretary says:

"The situation on the Atlantic coast as to navy-yards is rather a difficult one. Undoubtedly, there are a greater number of first-class navy-yards than should be required for the efficient care of the fleet, including the auxiliaries and smaller vessels. As the Portsmouth, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Norfolk yards have accessible dry-docks necessary for the battleship fleet, and efficient plants for repair, it seems hardly advisable to give any of them up, especially as it will be possible and necessary, on account of the dry-docks, to take advantage of their facilities in the most economical manner. . . . A final recommendation will be deferred until the subject has been thoroughly reviewed by the Joint Board of the Army and Navy."

REAR-ADMIRAL HUTCH. I. CONE, THE NEW CHIEF OF BUREAU OF ENGINEERING, WHO HAS EFFECTED A LARGE PART OF THE ECONOMIES IN THE STEAMING AND THE REPAIRS OF THE BATTLESHIP FLEET

Just One Suitable Dry-Dock — in the Philippines

The eleven navy-yards of the country have cost, up to date, $215,000,000, largely spent in recent years. The chief instrument of a navy-yard — the one thing around which its whole life centers — is a dry-dock for handling damaged warships. In case of war, it is the only single



THE BOW OF THE NEW BATTLESHIP, "NORTH DAKOTA," AS IT WAS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED AND BUILT. THE FORWARD FIVE-INCH GUNS WERE CLOSE TO THE WATER AND WHILE UNDER WAY WERE BURIED IN SPRAY

instrument of consequence. Concerning this feature the Secretary's report says:

"Enough docks of the largest size, and suitable channels to them, should be available, so that, in case of necessity, the largest vessels may be got ready at once, in case war is declared quickly, and so that they will not have to wait for the few big dry-docks. Such docks are also necessary for docking damaged vessels, which may draw about thirty-five feet of water.

"There is at present only one dry-dock, constructed and in commission, which is capable of taking a damaged vessel drawing thirty-five feet at all stages of the tide. This is the steel floating dry-dock *Dewey*, situated at Olongapo (Philippine Islands)."

England has now eight docks of this kind, Germany seven, and Japan one. Secretary Meyer, since the beginning of his term, has begun the building of two for the United States; he has also provided for the enlargement of two more to the necessary size. In short, he has started, for the first time, the planning of a shore plant for a military navy — along lines long ago recommended by the military branch of the service, but never before within sight.

To Consider a Military Shore Plant

The situation on the Atlantic is planned to be given for full consideration to the Joint Board of the Army and Navy. Secretary Meyer recommends the fitting out of Guantanamo, commanding the gateway of the Caribbean Sea from the east end of Cuba — the base the General Board has recommended in vain since the time of our first acquirement of the work of the Panama Canal. By removing the floating dock from New Orleans and the machinery from Pensacola, a small but efficient repair plant can be installed at Guantanamo in about a year, it is estimated. This, and this only, as all military authorities know, will give a proper naval base to defend the Panama Canal.

Secretary Meyer plans to give up the station at Cavite, which has been developed at a cost of $11,000,000, in the Philippines, and build up the great naval base at Pearl Harbor in Hawaii, which for years had been demanded by the Navy, because, like Guantanamo in the Caribbean, it is strategically the key to the Pacific.

If this work is finished, the American Navy will have — as England and Germany now have — a shore plant that is a branch of a military navy. But, naturally, every conscious and unconscious force of the old bureaucracy, and the political interests which have built up the present shore system, will be against the permanent reorganization of the Navy on a military basis, and exactly for the reason that it does not want a military plant on shore. It wants a manufacturing plant, with every bit of work it can secure for it. One of the chief pieces of work that have been pushed at a great waste is shipbuilding.

The Cost of Ships and Chopping-Blocks

"The navy-yards," says Secretary Meyer, "cannot build ships as cheaply as private establishments. I am strongly opposed to it. I believe that the shipbuilding industries should be encouraged so that their plants and resources become, in war, a valuable national asset. It would be folly for us to attempt to manufacture commercial articles in our navy-yards, when we can get them cheaper from the outside."

The whole experience of the Navy proves this. The *Cyclops*, a fleet collier carrying 10,457 tons of coal, for example, was built by the Cramps for $822,500. The *Vestal*, a collier built in the New York Navy-yard at about the same time, cost $1,597,119, and has about half the *Cyclops'* carrying capacity. The battleship *Florida* is being built in the New York Navy-yard at Brooklyn. The cost of finishing her will be over $6,100,000. The *Utah*, her sister ship, is being built at the New York Shipbuilding Company's plant at Camden, New Jersey. Her contract price was $3,946,000. The ship

built in the government shipyard will cost about sixty per cent more than the other, and is ten per cent further from completion. And if the two vessels had been given to the contractor now building the one, both could have been built for $7,750,000 — about $1,500,000 more than the one government-built ship will cost.

In authorizing the last two Dreadnoughts, the *Texas* and the *New York*, Congress directed, in spite of all these well-known facts, that one of them be built in the Brooklyn Navy-yard. In last December, Richard M. Watt, the Chief Constructor of the Navy, testified before the House Committee on Naval Affairs that it would cost $1,500,000 more to build the *New York* in the government yard than by contract.

The greater cost of manufacturing articles in the Navy reaches to the smallest articles as well as ships. The most interesting statement ever made concerning this was brought out, in 1908, as the result of the special investigation, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, of the cost of making small wares in the yards by Paymaster John A. Mudd. The cost of a boat-tiller, a plain piece of wood about a foot long, he found to vary from one to three dollars in three different yards. "Only the other day," wrote Paymaster Mudd, "the writer bought over the retail counter, for his own use, a pick-handle. It is a handsome piece of finished wood, made of hickory; it cost twenty cents. Cut in half with a little whittling, it would make two fine tillers." A fourteen-foot punt, he found, cost $63.73 in one yard, and $95.12 in another. Common boat-rudders varied from six dollars to ten dollars for the same article; plain chopping-blocks, from three to twenty-five dollars.

The normal pressure of the old non-military navy was, however, to manufacture as many articles as possible in the navy-yards, from ships down to cuspidors. It is a tendency that neither Mr. Meyer nor any one else has yet been able to stop.

As early as 1885, Secretary Whitney pointed out that there had been, since 1868, an absolute waste of $70,000,000 in the American Navy. The annual waste, from similar causes, has steadily risen until, a year or two ago, it had reached to at least half of that great sum.

The past year has been the first in which an administration of the Navy has been made along a definite plan of creating a military body, operated with the greatest possible economy. It has not as yet had a full year's trial for all of its main features; but its lines are far enough developed to show what may be expected of it — a better war machine: and millions saved.

The first real step toward securing a military navy was the introduction of the new system of competitive target practice in 1902. Before that our gunnery was a common joke. It is now as good as any in the world. At Santiago not one of the shells from our largest guns found its mark upon a Spanish ship. To-day our ships, shooting under similar conditions, with the same guns, would place certainly ninety per cent, and probably a hundred, on the mark.

THE "NORTH DAKOTA" AFTER MODIFICATION. TRIAL TRIPS PROVED THE ACCURACY OF THE CRITICISM THAT THE FORWARD FIVE-INCH GUNS COULD NOT BE FIRED IN A SEAWAY. THE GUNS WERE MOVED TO THE SUPERSTRUCTURE, AS THE PHOTOGRAPH INDICATES

Shooting came first. The ability to take a ship in and out of a war cruise is not less important. During the past year competitive engineering tests for an annual trophy, like the prizes for gunnery, have been permanently established in the American Navy. Its results now promise to be as extraordinary as those in gunnery.

During the year the sea-keeping ability of the fleet has increased fifteen per cent; the average cruising speed twenty per cent, though the estimated speed of the fleet has increased but five per cent in that time. All this is due to the new competition. The ships get better average cruising speed because their machinery is better kept. They can keep at sea longer because they do not use such large quantities of supplies and coal. The saving in their fuel bill alone has been $2,000,000 in the past year, although the horse-power of the fleet has increased sixteen per cent. The saving in the cost

GEORGE VON LENGERKE MEYER,
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

of general supplies has been $1,500,000. The plan encourages the making of mechanical repairs at sea. The saving from this source — though not possible of calculation — has also been very large.

A systematization of the work of the entire service has been put under way. The coordination of the fleet and the navy-yards has been the most marked feature of this. By next July our fleet will be in four full divisions of five ships each. Four of the ships in each division will be continually at sea. The fifth will be in the particular navy-yard chosen as a home yard for the division. Throughout the year the ships of this division will rotate at this yard, each ship staying there a little over two months. The yards will receive a constant supply of work that will furnish regular employment for their machinery and men; the ships will spend much more of their time at sea, and will be constantly in repair.

A thorough system of bookkeeping has been established throughout all the plants ashore — including cost-accounting for all the work of navy-yards. The saving from the first actual knowledge of costs of operation and manufac-

ture will be millions and tens of millions of dollars a year — provided a military navy, run on a clean-cut business basis, is allowed by Congress. But will it be?

A Clear-Cut Question for Congress

This question is now put sharply up to Congress. Secretary Meyer has gone as far as he can go under the law. He now has asked for legislation establishing his plan. Congress must definitely choose between a military navy and a bureaucracy. Will it do so? The questions coming to it will be very definite.

Will Congress make law a system coördinating all the Navy into a single body, formed for the single object of readiness for war, or will it continue the present incompetent bureau organization, which in every war has proved incompetent and useless?

Will Congress map out and build a system of shore stations, adequate for military use, or will it continue a line of useless navy-yards? Will it spend $300,000, and establish, once and for all, the naval base which military experts have for years demanded at Guantanamo, or will political pressure from Louisiana and Florida retain the annual waste of about the same amount now going on at New Orleans and Pensacola?

Will Congress place its naval expenditures upon the sea, and save tens of millions annually, or will it continue to distribute these tens of millions in gratuities to the constituencies of the navy-yard States?

The friends of the old bureaucracy believe that Congress will leave conditions as they are — a very simple, easy thing to do. Yet this scarcely seems possible — particularly in a year of reform and protests.

In case it does, the responsibility will lie with Congress. In peace the old bureaucracy will cost us tens of millions every year. But in case of war the consequences would be such as to make the $30,000,000 or $40,000,000 of annual waste look absolutely insignificant.

THE PRESIDENT'S TROPHY FOR EXCELLENCE IN NAVAL ENGINEERING, WON BY THE BATTLESHIP "NEBRASKA"

Designed by Henry Reuterdahl; executed by H. Packer, sculptor

SOME LETTERS AND THEIR WRITERS

BY

ELLEN TERRY

WHEN the famous Russian dancer, Anna Pavlova, took farewell of London last summer, after an engagement that was one long triumphant success from beginning to end, she said that there were two things in our city that had left an abiding impression on her. One was the remarkable cleanliness of the Palace Theatre, where she danced, and the other was the way in which members of the audience wrote to thank her for the pleasure that she had given them by her dancing. To Pavlova it was a new and very pleasing experience. "I never had letters from members of an audience until I came to London," she said. "It seemed strange at first; yet I already find it all natural, and very beautiful and thoughtful."

To-day I was looking through a box of old letters, and I began to realise, for the first time, that the desire of an English audience to express, through the post, its gratitude to artists who please it — a desire that a Russian mind noticed as peculiarly English — was responsible for the bulky box, and for many other boxes like it. Very nice it is, after long years, to read again some of the letters; it is, as Anna Pavlova says, both beautiful and thoughtful of these strangers to write; and in some of the letters I find valuable criticism, which may be less grateful and comforting, but is certainly more interesting, than pretty compliments. Whether the exquisite Pavlova could say the same of her English letter-bag, I don't know. Dancing does not occupy the position in England that it does in Russia, and I fancy few English people know enough about the dance to criticise a dancer. In St. Petersburg, I am told, there are special dance critics, and the general public is fastidious and discriminating to the last degree about its beloved ballet. When a dancer has an inspired moment, the people in the audience stand up and shout their recognition. Anna Pavlova may never have heard that shout in London; but the nobility of gesture, the beauty of line, the lightness, the elevation, and all the essentials of dancing, which she possesses in their loveliest forms, were appreciated in England, even if they were not understood.

"The English public may be slow, but it is generous, and damnably faithful." This was said to me years ago, but I think it is still true.

Now I am going to take some letters out of my box at random. The first two tell a dreadful tale. They are not from kind strangers and well-wishers in front, but from two well-known men, writers, and friends of mine, both. The dreadful tale both tell is of the danger of the wrong envelope! I am forced to wonder if I often send a letter to A in an envelope addressed to B! It looks like it! For here I find Mr. Watts-Dunton — the author of "Aylwin," and for many years the inseparable companion and friend of Swinburne — sending me, in 1892, by special messenger (the messenger being "my nephew, to whom Swinburne addressed sixty poems when the lad was in short frocks"), a missent epistle beginning "Dear Addie."

"I send it at once," writes Mr. Watts-Dunton, "because I am impatient to get my letter, whose place in my envelope 'dear Addie' has invaded. I am dying to know what it was

about. Only, I hope it contained no more apologies for having forgotten to reply to my enquiries about a young lady who is aspiring to move in the theatrical world. On such little points of etiquette no man is more touchy than I am. (I nearly lost Browning's friendship because a letter from him to me, in answer to one of mine, was lost in the post, and this set up my conceited little back.) But *you* are different from all my other correspondents."

I am glad, for Mr. Watts-Dunton's sake, I was! I grieve to say that the passing of seventeen years does not seem to have made me more cautious about the wrong envelopes; for the second letter in my hand, a letter from Mr. Bernard Shaw, is dated 1909, and convicts me of the same lapse.

"On seeing the words 'Dearest Ida' at the beginning of your letter," he writes, "I read no further, and tried to find out from Edy [my daughter] who Ida is; but she said there are so many Idas that she couldn't guess which was the right one. I should have wired, but Smallhythe is not a telegraph office; and I did not catch Edy (who spends her life now in Bow Street — fortunately not in the dock) until too late. Now, tell Ida to send me my letter, for which I wait with burning impatience!"

By the way, one can never be certain, when one treasures a letter from a distinguished person, that one is treasuring his actual handwriting as well as his sentiments. Busy men who don't give themselves away by employing a typewriter have been known to dictate their letters to secretaries whose writing is just like their own — only better! Perhaps that neat little "G. B. S." penmanship — but perish the thought! Anyhow, give me any handwriting before typewriting, unless it is a business communication. There is something about a typewritten letter that makes it impossible to regard it as a personal thing at all, whatever ideas it may express. Handwriting gives the personal touch, the grace and character, above all, the *emphasis*, of an individual. A typewritten letter may be spontaneous, but it never looks it. It's a cold-blooded affair, revealing nothing and concealing nothing. The machine steps between the sender of the letter and its recipient, and puts an end to speculation. Was the sender well or ill when the letter was written? Was it composed in a hurry, or well considered? Was it the outcome of agitation, which the correspondent tried to hide? The handwriting is often a more faithful key to the state of mind of the letter-writer than the words employed. *Consider*—if we knew our friends only through the telephone and the typewriter, how little we should really know of them!

To go back to my letter-bag. Having tried to recover from the "wrong envelope" revelation, and laughed at G. B. S.'s allusion to my daughter's close association with the militant suffragists, I turn up a dear little letter from a child — just such a letter as any simple, nice child of ten might write; yet my correspondent, at the time, was for her years a finished professional dancer, and earning a salary that ran into three figures.

"*Dear Aunt Imogen:*

"I would love to come and spend a week with you at your farm in summer; it would be lovely. I am very busy packing my dollie's things to take away with me to Manchester.

"With fond love from

"Your little pet,

"ELISE."

We hear a great deal of the evils of stage life, and of recent years the beneficent arm of the law has intervened to raise the age at which children may be employed in the theatre. Children suffer, say those who don't really know, from staying up as late as theatre hours demand, and from other sacrifices of the ordinary healthful conditions under which children should be brought up.

Of course, there have been cases where a child, treated by its parents merely as an instrument of gain, has suffered cruelly, and other cases in which the parents, less deliberately inhuman, have had their sensibilities too much blunted by poverty and fatigue to notice what a strain the theatre was putting on their child; but I doubt whether it is fair to blame the theatre for these cases — happily rare in my experience.

We have to consider whether the unfortunate little victims of parental brutality and indifference would be better off outside the theater. At the Lyceum, in the old days, we used to employ children whose homes were miserable and wretched, whose recreation consisted chiefly in "larking" in the streets and waiting outside public houses for their parents. It can hardly be denied that to such children the theatre is a refining influence, and opens a way for them to rise above their surroundings. The lessons to be learned in a theatre, manners, obedience, the equality of men and women as wage-earners (no suggestion there of women being paid less than men for the same work, simply because they *are* women!), are not, however, only for such children as I have described. They are just as valuable for the curled darlings from happier homes. Apart from the immense practical advantages of being trained for the stage in childhood,— some technical lessons simply *cannot* be learned in

later years,— there is a *moral* advantage. If you begin as a child (I think every one knows by this time that I began when I was eight, so I speak from my own experience), you are able to preserve an entirely natural attitude towards your work through life. It is as a workshop, or say a studio, that you regard the theatre, not as a dazzling world where everything is turned to triumphs and to gold. In my case, acting was originally part of my duty to my parents. I never experienced that diversity from those around me which brings, to the single member of a family who takes to the stage in later life, either despairing sadness or a false sense of superiority and importance.

Although, as you see, I am strongly in favour of children on the stage, I do think that the system of giving two performances a day imposes too great a strain. At Christmas-time it is the custom, in England, to give both a matinée and an evening performance of plays of the type of "Peter Pan" and "The Blue Bird," in which a great number of children are employed. I have always been in favour of a double company in these cases, one to play in the afternoon and the other in the evening. The plan would be good for the "unemployed,"— of which, alas! there are many, even in the child actors' ranks, — and, if necessary, the managers could meet the expense by reducing the salaries a little. It is better for a child to be paid less, and to keep its health, than to earn a big salary at the cost of a broken nervous system.

I think my little correspondent, Elise Craven, with her "dollie's clothes" and the rest, ought to convince most of my readers that the stage need not spoil a child. At any rate, statements to the contrary should not be made without a very close and intimate knowledge of the theatre. A good nature is not easily spoiled, and all the adulation and flattery that a child actress gets will not rub the bloom off her simplicity if she has a simple disposition. If she has a tendency the other way (even very small children sometimes give themselves airs) it is more likely to be corrected than increased in the theatre.

I have spoken rather strongly about this, but I feel it a hundred times more. Instead of dragging children off the stage, protecting them from imaginary evils, and doing a lot of harm to secure an imaginary good, I should like to see their stage education organized and put on the same basis as, say, the imperial schools of dancing in Russia.

I should like to see children go on the stage at the age of seven, when they are pliable in mind and body, and can be taught anything. During these first years on the stage, besides a thorough training in every branch of their profession, which should include a good deal of physical development, they should receive a good grounding in other subjects, of a simple, practical kind. They should learn to submit to control from every one, from manager to dresser, in order to learn decent conduct and how to distinguish good acting from bad. When they arrived at the age when they could no longer play children's parts, and were still too young for grown-up parts, I should send them away from the stage to schools, which, if we *had* state control of theatres, would be in connection with our national theatre. At these schools they should receive a magnificent all-round education,— be taught all sorts of subjects, *with a view* to their future career, but in no sense limited by it, — and they should learn at least one modern language thoroughly. The acting of plays would, of course, be in the curriculum.

I believe that a scheme like this, of which I have merely sketched the baldest outline, would produce a new and greatly improved race of actors and actresses. Not only would the standard of acting in England be raised, but the atmosphere of the theatre would be purged of many unwholesome elements.

Naturally, among the letters before me are several asking me to help stage aspirants. Unless I have had personal experience of a girl's aptitude for the stage, and am convinced that her love for it is of the stuff that endures,— the stuff that is proof against disappointment and disillusionment,— my first move is to discourage the "stage-struck." This is not so cruel as it sounds; for, if there is a real vocation, it will stand any amount of discouragement, any number of refusals. I was interested to hear, the other day, that a similar attitude is taken by religious houses toward girls who wish to become nuns. The authorities always begin with a refusal, and represent the religious life in its most forbidding light. If, after three such refusals, the applicant is still firmly determined, it is assumed that she means business, the difficulties are smoothed away and every sort of encouragement is given. I have no doubt that this is the way to test both the ability and the will in all professions and vocations.

Some of the letters begging me to help aspiring young girls to positions on the stage, or to give advice to older ones who have suddenly discovered that the reason why they have failed in everything else is that they are born actresses, show that the writers have but the remotest idea of the stern fact that something more than a *taste* for the stage is necessary before even "the small part at your theatre" (which is the part generally asked for) can be filled *at all!* There is nothing more extraordinary than the way in

which the outsider ignores this. In a letter before me from the late Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck,— one of the most intelligent and enthusiastic patrons of the theatre I ever knew,— asking me to interest myself in a young friend of hers who wanted to go on the stage, there is absolutely no trace of this light-hearted assumption that any one who wants to can act! The Duchess of Teck speaks in the most kindly way of her protégée, but she writes with a full realization of the difficulties that the stage presents to a beginner. This letter reminds me to be glad that the present Queen of England had such a wise, clever mother. "Princess May," as Queen Mary was in those days, was often brought to the Lyceum, and once, I remember, Henry Irving gave a supper in the Beefsteak Room in honour of her birthday. The Princess had been to see "Charles I." a week or two before, and, when she was asked to choose her birthday treat, she chose "Charles I." again, and the Beefsteak supper was added.

The Princess' young friend joined the Lyceum Company, worked hard, and was very popular, but I don't think she ever had a part — it was not easy to get a part at the Lyceum. But I think the girls who "walked on" in Henry Irving's big productions of Shakespeare had an excellent training. I sometimes wish it could have been possible for them to see more of the acting in the scenes in which they were not concerned; but there are many difficulties in the way of allowing "supers" to stand at the side, however much one may wish it.

The next letter I take out of my box is on this very subject. Its writer is "Lewis Carroll" (Mr. Dodgson). He took the deepest interest in the theatre, and would often write to me, not only about the Lyceum performances, but about all kinds of little details of theatrical life in which one would not have thought an Oxford don would be interested. But, then, this don had written "Alice"!

"*My dear Miss Ellen Terry*" (he writes from Christ Church, Oxford, in 1894): "I hope you won't think me an intolerable correspondent, but I want you to read *one* more letter of mine. It only takes, as I know by experience, two or three minutes to *read* a letter that may have taken a good hour or more to *write*. . . . The matter I want to put before you is, I think, of great importance to the whole of the theatrical profession. I'll try to put it very briefly.

"In every theatre there is, I suppose,

(1) Some four or five lady performers;

(2) Some twenty or thirty minor ones;

(3) A host of 'supers' and understudies with nothing to say, and little or nothing to do except to wait.

"Of course, those in (2) are in training for better things, and many will some day belong to (1). Similarly, many in (3) will some day rise to (2).

"Now, if an actor or actress is to learn the business and rise to higher things, surely one of the most important things is to *see* as much good acting as possible.

"And then, members of (2) and (3) are, night after night, present in a theatre where good acting is going on, and where the greatest possible benefit might be got by simply watching, and yet in many cases are debarred from ever getting that benefit!"

The letter goes on to suggest a plan that would meet the objection that, if supers were allowed to watch, the wings would be inconveniently crowded:

"I would examine the wings" (Mr. Dodgson was always so precise and "meticulous," as became a great mathematician) "and see how many people could stand there without being in the way. Suppose I found room for three on each side" (Mr. Dodgson's letters always remind me of arithmetic: "If cistern A flows at the rate of 6 gallons an hour into cistern B," etc., etc.): "then there might be six watching. I would make strict rules as to who the six should be, and would arrange so that all the minor performers and supers should have the privilege in turn; also, that those who were watching should *not* be those who would be wanted immediately to go on — e. g., a super only wanted in Act III. might safely be watching in Act II.; and I would arrange so that, as far as possible, every one should witness (say in the course of a week or a fortnight) the whole play, bit by bit."

I don't know whether I ever answered this letter, but I do know how I ought to have answered it. With our Lyceum system of lightning-quick changes of scene, those three people on either side would have been impossible. Henry Irving brought those changes of scene to a perfection of which present-day managements might well be envious; but the result was secured only by the perfect adjustment of the different parts of the huge machine of his theatrical staff. Every man had his place, like a sailor aboard ship; and when the Lyceum watch was called, and all the lights went out, and all hands under Skipper Arnott (our despotic and capable stage-carpenter) were engaged in "striking" a heavy scene and setting up another in a minute and a half, without dropping the curtain, I fancy those six eager supers, students

of Mr. Dodgson's imaginary calculations, would have been swept to their death.

My daughter Edy, who was one of the few supers who did watch at the wings, tells me that if she had not known to a tick what the men were going to do at the end of the scene, and calculated where she was going to get out of their way, she must have been hurt, or have interfered with them — "which," she says, with the true spirit of the child of the theatre, "would have been worse, as Arnott would have gone to Henry and said his men couldn't change the scene in the time if they were hindered by people standing about the stage."

I have crowds of other letters proposing that I should suggest certain things to Henry Irving; but, as a rule, I seldom bothered him by passing on the suggestions. There is an old saying about the cobbler sticking to his last, and, really, most of the people who suggested reforms and improvements for me to urge on Henry were in the position of the cobbler and needed similar advice.

In this matter of the supers, I am certain that Henry would have found a way for them to watch at the side, if it had been possible and advisable. But, besides the objection I have mentioned, there was the fear of the "three on either side" whispering to each other, or speaking to some one who was just going on and so delaying his entrance. The slightest noise "behind" will make some actors nervous. I know that Henry would not recover for a whole scene, if he heard talking just before he went on. In what is called a "boxed-in" scene he did not mind the supers being there; and I think that many of them used to come down and listen in "Olivia," which had such a scene.

To my letter-bag once more! Some letters don't *wear* well. I don't mean physically — although, by the way, I see that Madame J——'s curious gold-leaf paper has worn well, and is as bright as a guinea still. (I can't bear these fanciful writing papers myself.) When I said that some letters don't wear well, I was thinking more of the *ideas* than of the paper. When the letter was written, no doubt the thought was fresh and the expression sincere; but, with the years, both have faded like flowers, and signify nothing. Henry Irving's letters, on the contrary, have yielded nothing to time. Vital, forcible, simple, individual, and telling, they are of unfading interest. They simply have no fault, except that the handwriting is most difficult to read. He suggests more sometimes in one sentence than other correspondents do in a very long letter. I have before me a letter of his concerning Shylock, and it opens up a question that I should love to discuss in detail, but it is perhaps too technical for a magazine article. Henry thought that the way he played Shylock was the *wrong* way, but the right way for him. "Shylock was a ferocity — there's no doubt about it," he writes to me; "but *I* cannot play the part on those lines."

What ought an actor to do? There are three, perhaps four, courses open to him. He can play a part as he thinks right, hindered and hampered at every turn by his physique. He can go against his theories in order to adapt the part to his physique and personality and make a success of it (examples, Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth and Henry Irving's Shylock). He can leave an unsuitable part alone altogether. He can find certain characteristics in it that he is able to express, and develop *them* — perhaps in this way finding the highest truth. But the question is too big to discuss in a hurry.

The next letter is from Miss Mary Garden. I remember seeing her in "Griselidis" at Aix-les-Bains some years ago; and, being immensely struck by her talent as an actress, I forgot all about her singing — in my admiration of her acting forgot even that it was an opera I was watching. "What an amazing thing!" I thought; for opera does not generally develop such a gift. It was the *stillness* of her Griselidis. But perhaps she could do only that! How much of it was assumption? Then I saw her in another opera, and she was the acme of vivacity!

From Miss Mary Garden to the Bishop of Ripon! My letter-box makes strange companions — yet not so strange, for Dr. Boyd Carpenter has always taken a friendly interest in the stage. This note from him is merely a note of courtesy, of no particular interest; but it reminds me of a delightful Good Friday I spent at Leeds, where I heard the Bishop give an address to a large audience of workingmen — Mrs. Boyd Carpenter and I were the only two women present. The Bishop spoke splendidly. He was *en rapport* with his listeners at once; his timing was perfect, and his utterance beautifully clear. Suddenly there came a change. He went too fast, and I noticed that he was losing his hold on the audience. But he pulled himself up, altered his pace, and it was all right again. I could not help telling Mrs. Boyd Carpenter afterward that I had noticed it, and had admired the way in which he had recovered.

"I was willing him to do that," she said. "I always let him know when he is going too fast." This seemed to me an interesting case of telepathy. The Zanzigs could hardly have done better.

I remember telling the Bishop of Ripon that I envied him his splendid memory. "I seem to

remember a thing quite well," I told him; "then I get frightened."

The Bishop said: "That's the worst thing you can do. Memory is a very delicate organ, and resents distrust."

I am afraid I must often have provoked my memory to resentment!

> When I was young and in a pet,
> I prayed, "Lord, teach me to forget."
> Now I am old and in December,
> I pray, "Lord, teach me to remember."

A letter from Mrs. Field, that dear Boston lady who in her time has known nearly all the literary giants of the Victorian era, and whose house is as full of literary relics as the Cologne Cathedral of bones, tells me that she likes my Nance Oldfield, and adds: "I wonder if you ever knew Charles Reade?"

This must have been in the early days of my friendship with Mrs. Field, for I don't think I could know any one long without talking of Charles Reade, one of the best friends I ever had,— one of my best critics, too,— and a generous, lovable soul with just enough obstinacy to make him provoking at times.

Another American correspondent — Augustus Saint-Gaudens. He writes about a cast of his Bastien-Lepage that he had made for me. Why hasn't England produced a Saint-Gaudens? Then London might not be full of ugly statues.

William Poel, whose "Elizabethan Stage" performances of Shakespeare have always interested me deeply, writes:

"*Dear Miss Ellen Terry:*

"Can you do a struggling enthusiast of Shakespeare (without scenery!) a friendly service and act Lady Macduff for me at my first performance at Fulham? It is, so far as I know, the first time this lady has been seen on the stage for three hundred years, and I want to honour her reappearance by giving her to some one of repute."

I would gladly have done this for Mr. Poel, but I was prevented, for some reason or other.

Some one said: "But is Lady Macduff a good part?"

It strikes me as a good *little* part, which is always better than a bad *big* part. But then, I know some actresses would turn up their noses at Phoebe, which I think a delightful part, full of character. Some people have such odd ideas about good and bad parts. I was once told that it was time I gave up playing "second-fiddle" parts like Desdemona and Ophelia!

Mr. Poel I admire, even though I may not agree with his theories, because he has gone his own way about Shakespeare, and has constructed something *new*. So many others go through the Lyceum gap like a flock of sheep. There is no variety in Shakespearian productions. I think that the reason why I like a music-hall is because it has *variety*, at any rate. Each performer thinks for himself and works out his own ideas. There is none of that slavish adherence to a certain line of acting and staging which makes some theatres so dull.

My box is not nearly empty yet, but I find that many of the priceless letters tucked away there are — receipts! These, too, could tell a tale. And now I must go and read some letters not written to me—letters in Shakespeare's plays. Most people do not realize how many letters there are, nor how deeply interesting they are. It was my work to "discover" them, to find something in Shakespeare that had not been dug up by the commentators, but which was there for every one to see, like the little herb, in Milton's "Comus," on which the rude hind "treads daily with his clouted shoon."

GREAT CASES OF DETECTIVE BURNS

BY DANA GATLIN

Illustrated by Jay Hambidge

THE MONROE-HEAD COUNTERFEIT

"THE detective has got to have God-given quantities of patience and endurance," said William J. Burns, "and then he's got to cultivate them some more. He is tested nearly every day. Now, the famous mystery of the counterfeit Monroe-head hundred-dollar silver certificate," — Burns paused to hitch himself forward in his chair,— "that was the cleverest and most baffling counterfeit that was ever made. It was the only time that counterfeiters succeeded in making a note so perfect that all of the government experts except one — W. H. Moran — declared it genuine. After we had located the criminals, it took us over a year to get the evidence necessary to convict them.

"Late in '97 the counterfeit was discovered, by chance. While the receiving teller of the Sub-Treasury at Philadelphia was counting money, one day, he happened to lay his dampened finger on the carmine seal of a Monroe-head hundred-dollar silver certificate, and noticed that the ink blurred. He made a microscopical examination of the note, and reached what he considered was the proper solution. He figured that the note was genuine, but that the

seal was counterfeit, and that the notes had probably been stolen while in transit from the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to the Treasury Department. All notes were then printed and completed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, Washington, with the exception of a small carmine seal, which was placed on the notes at theTreasury Department.

Government Experts Declare Counterfeit Note Genuine

"After reaching this conclusion, the Philadelphia Sub-Treasury teller took a train for Washington, and called on the Secretary of the Treasury. He laid the whole matter before that official, who immediately sent for the experts in the Redemption Division. After an examination, they declared the note to be genuine.

"The matter was then taken up by the present Assistant Chief of the United States Secret Service, W. H. Moran, who has been connected with the Secret Service Division for over twenty-five years and is acknowledged to be the greatest expert the government has. He soaked the note in water, and found that it was printed on two pieces of paper, which separated after being placed in the water. It was then determined for the first time that the note was a counterfeit. The Secretary of the Treasury immediately issued a circular recalling the entire issue of that particular currency, amounting to over twenty-seven million dollars.

"A scare then went through the entire banking world, because every banker felt that he might find thousands, or hundreds of thousands, of dollars' worth of these notes in his vault. Nobody knew how many counterfeits had been issued, and consternation reigned.

"At this particular time I had been lent by the government to the State of Indiana to make an investigation of a series of murders wherein five men were taken from the jail at Versailles, Indiana, and hung. Just about the time I was finishing up this investigation, I read, one morning, the startling account of the discovery of this hundred-dollar Monroe-head silver certificate. We had been fearing new developments in counterfeiting for a year previous, or from the time I learned that a number of young men were becoming experts in the photo-mechanical process of engraving. I had suggested to the Chief then that we ought to take up the matter of investigating the progress of the art of photo-mechanical process work. We did intend to go into it, but we were occupied with other matters that seemed to us of more importance, and so this particular matter was delayed.

Burns Works Out a Plan for Tracing the Counterfeiters

"However, our fears had been realized. That night I did not sleep. Hour after hour, I went over the problem of how to locate the counterfeiters. By morning I had formed my theory, and I then wrote a long letter to the Chief of the Secret Service at Washington, stating my view of the matter. My theory was that, in the absence of any of the ordinary clues by which we were able to trace counterfeits back to their makers, we would have to locate all the engravers in the country who were able to do such good work as had been done in this case. The perfection of the note showed that a camera must have been used, and the printing was so expertly done as to indicate the use of a steel plate. The deduction I made from these two facts was that the counterfeiters were able to take a perfect photograph of a genuine note, transfer it to a steel plate, and then etch and engrave the plate successfully. My idea was to locate every expert who could engrave portraits and other portions of the note, and who were at the same time expert with the camera and the photo-mechanical process of engraving. Among them we would find the counterfeiters.

"As soon as possible, I finished my work in Indiana and hurried to Washington. There I found that the Secret Service was undergoing the investigation that all the other divisions of the Treasury Department had passed through, by a committee appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury. The Chief of the Secret Service had been relieved from duty at the office in Washington, and was told by the Secretary to confine his efforts entirely to the capture of the Monroe-head silver certificate counterfeiters.

"On meeting the Chief, he informed me that he had not carried out my suggestion. He insisted that he had a good clue at Chicago, and told me to proceed to that city and join Operative Matthew F. Griffin. Upon investigation, I found this clue led nowhere, and I wired the information to the Chief at Washington, and asked for instructions. I was somewhat surprised to receive a telegram directing me to report at once to Washington, and signed, "John E. Wilkie, Chief." This was the first intimation I had that a change had been made in the head of the service. I immediately proceeded to Washington, met Chief Wilkie, and informed him of my letter to the former Chief. He directed me to proceed in the matter according to the theory I advanced, but asked me first to run out a story that was furnished him from Philadelphia. This proved another failure.

"Acting on my own theory, I immediately

visited the leading engraving establishments, first at Philadelphia, and, without disclosing the purpose of my visit and under a proper pretext, ascertained the names of all the expert engravers who could have done the work on the counterfeit plates.

Running Down the Suspects by a Process of Elimination

"After getting the names of all the engravers possible, I visited the plate-makers in New York, and, meeting their traveling men, got a list of the firms to whom they sold plates that might possibly take a chance of making a counterfeit note, and learned whether or not the suspected persons had been in the habit of purchasing plates of suspicious sizes.

"I then returned to Philadelphia and visited a number of concerns that used the photo-mechanical process, and from them received much valuable information.

"I then began my process of elimination in running out the persons under suspicion, and finally placed the crime upon three men — Arthur Taylor, Baldwin S. Bredell, and a third man whom I afterward eliminated. All of these, I learned, had formerly been employed by one of the largest engraving establishments in Philadelphia, that of E. A. Wright & Co. Arthur Taylor had the reputation of being the best portrait engraver that firm had ever employed; not only that — he was qualified to engrave any other part of a bank-note. In addition to this, he had been experimenting for years on a new scheme for etching on steel, and had partially succeeded. Of course, I had to secure this information without arousing any suspicion that a criminal investigation was going on.

"On further investigation, I found that Taylor and Bredell were operating an engraving and printing plant on the fourth floor of the building on the southeast corner of Ninth and Filbert streets. Their plant, its location, their method of doing business, and the prohibitory prices they were charging for their work, convinced me that these two men fitted my theory perfectly. I felt so elated and so sure of this that I at once wired Chief Wilkie and told him I had located the makers of the hundred-dollar note. The Chief immediately came on, by the first train. He was somewhat crestfallen when he learned that I had absolutely no evidence against these men, but that I had reached my conclusion solely upon the theory I had.

"The first question was, how I proposed to secure the evidence. My reply to the Chief was that we must wait for the men to go back to counterfeiting; that if we were to search their place we would not be able to find a scintilla of evidence tending to show that they were the counterfeiters of the Monroe-head hundred-dollar silver certificate. My idea was that men who had succeeded in making a counterfeit note so perfect that government experts declared it genuine would not entirely cease their operations simply because of this temporary scare; that, sooner or later, they would return to their work; that we would hold them under constant surveillance, and eventually catch them red-handed.

"The Chief, having full confidence in my ability to carry out this suggestion, directed me to proceed on these lines.

Burns "Takes 'Em Out of Bed in the Morning and Puts 'Em Back at Night"

"I knew this would be a long, tireless chase; I also knew that these men were constantly making tests to find out whether or not the government was on their trail. So we had to proceed with extreme caution. We placed operatives in rooms near the residences of Taylor and Bredell, and across the street from their plant. In the words of Secret Service circles, 'We took 'em out of bed in the morning and put 'em back at night.' This unceasing vigil was kept up from February, 1898, until April 18, 1899." (Burns does not have to stop to look up his dates; his complete memory of every detail is amazing.)

"Not long after this watch was begun," he resumed, "and we had thoroughly investigated the antecedents of Taylor and Bredell, one morning they took a train at the Broad Street station and went to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, followed by Operative Griffin. There they communicated with W. M. Jacobs and W. L. Kendig. Jacobs was operating a large cigar manufactory in Lancaster, and Kendig was in charge of what was supposed to be a large tobacco warehouse.

"When Chief Wilkie was notified of this connection, he made an investigation of the revenue stamps used on the boxes of cigars manufactured by Jacobs, and discovered that counterfeit stamps were being used.

"When the Secretary of the Treasury learned that these men were making counterfeit revenue stamps, he naturally wanted their immediate arrest. He was at once shown that there was no evidence to convict Taylor and Bredell at Philadelphia. After a consultation with the Hon. James M. Beck, who was then United States Attorney at Philadelphia, it was decided to continue the investigation, and we therefore permitted Jacobs and Kendig to use their counterfeit stamps until such time as the evidence

could be gathered that would involve Taylor and Bredell with the counterfeit Monroe-head hundred-dollar silver certificate.

"The operations of Jacobs and Kendig were thoroughly 'covered' just as the Philadelphia plant was 'covered.'

The First Find

"It was extremely necessary that I should obtain surreptitious entrance to the large three-story warehouse of Jacobs and Kendig at Lancaster. Secretary Gage was pushing for proof that was beyond doubt, and I had to make good my suspicions that the engravers were experimenting with an improvised paper-making apparatus to counterfeit the distinctive fiber paper used by the government. I found out that during the noon hour Jacobs and Kendig went to lunch at the same time, leaving the place unoccupied, and that there were side doors from an alley, the upper half of glass, and shuttered at night, but merely locked at noontime.

"One day, at noon, I watched the men leave. I was provided with a baseball and a small boy that I'd brought from Philadelphia,— couldn't trust a local product who'd be about all the time,— and, after breaking the glass out of the window with the ball in a nice, natural manner, I boosted the lad through. He went around to the front and opened the spring door from the inside.

"Then I got in and made a hasty examination. I found twenty-seven tons of blue internal revenue stamp paper on the second floor, packed in tobacco-boxes. To the ordinary observer it would look like leaf tobacco. Up here I also found the improvised paper-making machine, while on the top floor was a partitioned-off corner, securely locked. We subsequently learned that the press for printing stamps was in this little room, and that they also had there a paragon paper-cutter, with which they were able to cut their paper as accurately as the government did.

"When the proprietors returned, the place was tight locked, and everything in order but for a weeping little lad and a broken window.

"'It went through,' he sobbed; 'but I'll pay for the glass if I can have my ball.' And it is perhaps as much to their credit as anything they ever did that the revenue crooks told the boy not to mind, and let him come in and find the ball that I had so carefully aimed an hour before.

"I was having my hands full in Philadelphia now; Secretary Gage was insisting that there must be some proof that Taylor and Bredell were doing the work at Ninth and Filbert streets. Somehow or other, I had to get into that engraving establishment; and, as I said, it was on the fourth and top floor of the corner building.

Burns Breaks into the Counterfeiters' Engraving Plant

"There was a fire-escape here on the side," said Burns, getting up and marking off the location, "and about three-thirty one morning I paid it a visit. Operative John E. Murphy, now deceased, but in his day the cleverest of operatives, boosted me up. Just as I reached the top window opening out from the counterfeiters' plant, I looked down and saw Murphy accosted by a policeman.

"'What are you doing hanging around here at this time of the morning?' said the cop.

"'I couldn't get to sleep,' replied Murphy, 'and thought I'd walk around a bit.' He went on talking to the policeman, and walked him

"I CREPT ACROSS THE FLOOR TO HEAR HIM BREATHE"

around the corner. I didn't mind seeing them depart, for I had a lurking idea in my head that I might be seen and shot for a burglar, and the whole investigation would go up in smoke. After cultivating the policeman's acquaintance and probably giving him a couple of drinks, Murphy returned.

"In the meantime I'd tried the window and found it locked. I edged my way across the coping to another window, and found that locked; then I climbed down to think up some other method.

"The counterfeiters had a young boy in their employ who flagged customers in the front office, and who swept out and cleaned up the office in the morning. I thought of a plan. I went to a costumer's and rented a velvet masquerade suit that'd about fit the boy.

"Next, a Secret Service man accosted the boy about five blocks from Taylor and Bredell's place:

"'Want to make a half dollar, son?'

"'Yes,' said the boy.

"'Then take this bundle up to Guy's Hotel and give it to Mr. Matthews.'

"The boy did so — not knowing that Mr. Matthews was also Mr. Burns.

"'What do you do nights, son?' I asked.

"'Nothing,' he replied, and I asked him how'd he like to be a 'super' at the Walnut Street Theater. I then invited him up to see the manager, another Secret Service operative, and told the boy to try on the clothes.

"The boy was taken into another room, where he put on the clothes, and was then taken to see the manager. While he was gone I extracted his keys from his pocket. With them I whirled away in a carriage, which had been waiting, to the Yale Lock Company, about six blocks away, handed the proper key to the man in charge, and asked for a duplicate, which was promptly given, whirled back, and returned the boy's keys to his pocket without his knowing.

"The next morning about three-thirty I again visited the offices of the counterfeiters, this time armed with a key and two operatives. When I opened the door we were nearly scared to death by some sort of racket in an inner room. On investigation, we found it to be only a buzzer set off by opening the door, a contrivance for notifying the counterfeiters when any one was coming, so that they could hide away any contraband articles that were in sight. We didn't get out of the building until six in the morning. The outside street door, which had heretofore been left unlocked, was, for some reason or other, on this particular night locked. I opened it all right with a skeleton key, but in locking the door the key stuck. And we had to get out without leaving a trace, or there'd be no chance of future work and all our past work would have been in vain.

Discovery of the Counterfeit Plate

"After that, every day at noon, when Taylor and Bredell went to lunch, I visited their place. As I turned the corner of Ninth Street, I got my cue from the way the window-shade was arranged at the window where the operatives were watching: if it was pulled down very low, the coast was clear, and I would go to the counterfeiters' plant and examine the situation.

"At noons I always found a small locker locked, but at nights unlocked and empty, from which I deduced that the plates were carried home at night, but left in this locker when the men went to lunch. I secured a blank key, and worked at noons on the lock, and finally succeeded in making a key to fit the locker. There I found a counterfeit plate for a Lincoln-head hundred-dollar note, almost completed.

"These visits were not without their ludicrous incidents. One day, at noon, I received the 'clear' signal, and immediately started up to my usual haunt. As I was preparing to open the door, Bredell stepped out; it was a scratch of an escape.

"'Is this the Eagle Printing Company?' I asked.

"'No; the Eagle Printing Company is on the second floor,' answered Bredell.

"I excused myself, and turned to descend the stairs, thinking on the way that the men on watch ought to have a good scare for their carelessness. So, after I had gone down a few steps, I stopped to tie a shoe-string and gave Bredell a chance to pass me and go on out. As I had foreseen, our men across the street saw him, and then looked for me. They knew I had gone up.

"I kept a man near the door downstairs to start a fight, on some pretext or other, should the counterfeiters return unexpectedly, and thus warn me and give me an opportunity to escape. He knew that I hadn't come out. They were an uneasy and badly scared lot by the time I had gone back, made my usual examination, and come out and down again.

"The fluke had been simple enough, and our operatives were not really to blame. There was a saloon on the ground floor of the building, and its rear door opened into the hall that led upstairs. The counterfeiters had left the shop and gone to the corner all right, but then, when our men were a little off guard, Bredell, evidently having forgotten something, went

through the saloon and up the stairs. He got what he wanted, and came down and out, none the wiser.

"Another time, when I made my usual midnight visit, Chief Wilkie and Operative J. E. Murphy were acting as lookouts. It was my custom to flash an electric searchlight, 'All is well,' when I reached the plant. They watched for the light, but it didn't come. Time went by, and they speculated fearfully on what might have happened. They were just on the point of starting for the plant, when the flash appeared. When I came down, I found them waiting in breathless excitement for my explanation.

"It was a thriller. I had rapped when I reached the door, as was my custom; I was always cautious. There was no response, and I opened the door and went in, approaching cautiously. I had to go through four rooms to reach the room where the actual work of counterfeiting was carried on.

"I was well into the fourth room when I saw the form of a man lying on a couch. The one question that flashed across my mind was whether he were really asleep or feigning sleep. If he were awake, the thing to do would be to arrest him then and there, and raid the place at once. If he were asleep, I would go out as quietly as possible, without disturbing him.

"I stood still for some time, watching, but couldn't determine. The matter was of so much importance that it was necessary to know positively whether or not he was asleep. So, cautiously, on my hands and knees, I crept across the floor to hear him breathe. I knew it would be impossible, if he were awake, for him to breathe naturally. I reached the sleeping figure, and strained my ears. To my horror, I couldn't hear any breathing at all. I wondered if I'd scared him to death.

"Driven to desperation, I lifted my hand and felt his body. What I felt brought me to my feet in a hurry. It was an old working coat.

"But, nevertheless, this was the night I made a big find — even though it turned out not to be a man. At the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in Washington, before the money is printed, the paper is subjected to a process of dampening by placing it between wet sheets of muslin. The counterfeiters had been carrying out the methods of the Bureau. A bolt of muslin had been straightened out, and the coat was thrown over it — the sleeve of the coat was so thrown as to form a perfect outline of a man's head. In the dark the white cloth looked like a face; and the cloth and coat were rumpled up so that they looked like the form of a man.

Arrest of Taylor and Bredell

"I went on visiting and watching. Finally the time came for the arrest. (Officials throughout the country have said that the arrangements for this raid were the most perfect ever made. Elaborate precautions were taken against every possible slip.)

"In my room across the street, two towels were hung in the window, as if they were hung there to dry; but one represented Taylor and one Bredell. I waited with an operative until the two men had gone to lunch, then went up to their door to watch for their return by looking out of the window at the towels in the window opposite.

"I saw Taylor — that is, the towel representing him — withdrawn. So, when he got upstairs, I was ready for him.

"'These are for you, I believe,' said I, indicating some shirt-boxes I had provided myself with as a pretext.

"Entirely thrown off his guard, Taylor opened the door and invited us in. He then looked at the boxes, as if wondering what they contained. I reached into my inside pocket.

"'No, it's not there, Mr. Taylor,' said I; 'here it is,'

"'What?' said he, in surprise.

"'A warrant for your arrest.'

"'My arrest?'

"'Yes, your arrest'; and I offered to let him read the warrant; but he was so dumfounded that he couldn't have read it if he had wanted to.

"We handcuffed him to Murphy and led him into another room, and then I watched the Bredell towel. Before long Bredell appeared, and we went through the same process. Maybe you think Bredell wasn't astonished, when he was escorted into the back room, to see his partner there, handcuffed to a Secret Service man. Almost immediately the full scene was set by the arrival of Chief Wilkie and his assistant, W. H. Moran, and, one by one, a number of Secret Service men — at least twenty — among them W. J. Flynn, now a deputy police commissioner in New York City, who had come from New York to take part in the round-up.

"Bredell said, 'What does this mean?'

"'You are under arrest for counterfeiting,' I replied.

"I then stated, as was our custom in Secret Service: 'I want to inform you of your rights in this matter. You do not have to make a statement, and you must bear in mind that anything you say will be used against you. However, if you conclude, now that you find yourself caught red-handed, that it is best to save the government all further trouble, and desire to

make a statement, it will be conveyed to the District Attorney.'

"Bredell coolly replied (he acted as spokesman always): 'We do not desire to make any statement.'

The Counterfeiters Decide to Make Full Confession

"Now, at this point it will be demonstrated how essential it is that a detective should always be alert to take advantage of every opportunity afforded him. On opening the drawer in their work-bench, I found the Lincoln-head hundred-dollar counterfeit plates about finished, and, in addition, a genuine hundred-dollar Lincoln-head note, which had been used as a pattern piece in making these particular counterfeit plates.

"Turning to Wilkie, who stood beside me, and within the hearing of the two counterfeiters, Taylor and Bredell, I said: 'There is only one of these notes; Jacobs stated that he sent them two.'

"On hearing this, the two counterfeiters simultaneously heaved a half-groan. Bredell, speaking for the counterfeiters, said: 'Mr. Burns, may I ask a question?'

"I told him that he could.

"He then asked: 'Have you made any other arrests in this case besides ours?'

"'Oh, yes; we have arrested a number of people.'

"'May I ask who they are?'

"'Yes; Jacobs and Kendig and Burns (there being a man by that name, but no relation to myself, who acted as confidential workman for Jacobs and Kendig), and an attorney by the name of Hewitt.'

"When I said 'Hewitt,' the two counterfeiters asked in chorus, 'Who?'

"This was a cue to me that they did not know Hewitt in the matter, but knew his partner, Bingham. Bingham and Hewitt were two very prominent attorneys in Philadelphia who had been retained by Jacobs and Kendig to assist in 'fixing' me so that I would permit the counterfeiters to carry out their scheme. When I discovered that Hewitt was not the man they knew, I at once concluded that it must be Bingham, so I immediately said, 'It is a man that doesn't hear well.'

"They said, 'That's right; his name is Bingham, not Hewitt.'

"'Well,' I said, 'I thought that was Hewitt.'

"'No, that's Bingham; we don't know Hewitt.'

"Bredell then said: 'Well, we are satisfied that you have us red-handed, and we may as well make a clean breast of the whole thing.'

"I then said: 'If you care to do that voluntarily, without any promises of reward or immunity, we will be glad to take your statement.'

"They said, 'That's all right,' and added that they thought it their duty to make a clean breast of it.

"I then asked for the other genuine Lincoln-head hundred-dollar note.

"Bredell then took an ordinary pin, went to a cycloid machine, to what I had supposed before to be a solid iron wheel, touched a point in the bottom of the wheel, which connected with a spring, lifted the top off, exposed a hollow interior, and pulled out the hundred-dollar note and a proof of one of the best counterfeit fifty-dollar notes ever made.

"'Where are the plates?' I asked.

"'In Camden, New Jersey,' said Bredell, 'buried in the foundation of my house there.'

"'How do you get to them?'

"'Go to the front of the house, and to the left of the cellar window, remove the stones from the top of the foundation — and there you are.'

"You may be sure that Chief Wilkie and I lost little time in proceeding to Camden. There we followed directions, and found the fifty-dollar plates. In a safe in Taylor's house we found a numbering machine that had been used to number the counterfeit hundred-dollar Monroe-head note.

"KENDIG WAS HANDCUFFED AND SEATED WITH AN OPERATIVE"

Taylor's Story of How He Became a Counterfeiter

"Taylor made a statement that, early in 1896, he was approached by an engraver named John Gratziana, and asked if he would undertake an important piece of work, provided he was well paid; the pay, in fact, was $25,000.

"Poor Taylor!" sighed Burns, with his ever-ready sympathy. "His price had found him out. You can see how a man like him might have gone on for the balance of his life as an honest man, had he not been tempted by this great sum of money.

"He yielded; he was introduced to Jacobs and Kendig, and the arrangements were made for engraving a plate for a counterfeit cigar stamp.

"'THROW HIM OUT,' SAID JACOBS, WITHOUT LOOKING UP FROM HIS DESK"

"'Jacobs and Kendig bought out Gratziana's engraving establishment,' said Taylor, 'setting apart a small office and a couple of rooms for me. I insisted on taking in Bredell.'

"'We finally finished the plates for the revenue stamps. With a transfer machine we succeeded in executing a set of perfect die-rolls just like those used by the government; the machine enabled us to make new plates from the die-rolls whenever the old ones got dim. It was then up to Jacobs and Kendig to obtain the distinctive blue paper used by the Internal Revenue Department, water-marked "U. S. I. R.," and their method in doing this was one of the cleverest I ever heard about.

Cheating the Government Out of $260,000 a Year

"'They went about it in this way. They proceeded to the paper-mill in Connecticut which furnished the government with the genuine paper. They made friends with one of the important workmen, and unfolded a fanciful story.

"'"We wield a powerful influence in Congress," they said, "and are sure to get the contract for furnishing this paper at the next letting. But we want your services. How about taking an interest in our paper-mill and a big salary?" And they whispered an extravagant sum.

"'It was his price, all right; he yielded.

"'"We'd like," they went on to explain, "to furnish paper of the same character in quality and color as the kind this concern is giving now." Thus they induced the man to give them a sample of the paper then in use, and also a copy of the formula used for mixing the color.

"'Then Kendig went to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, to an honest old man who conducted a paper-mill there.

"'"I'm the proprietor of a patent medicine," said Kendig. "I've dissolved partnership, and want to keep my partner from manufacturing and disposing of an inferior article. To protect myself I've thought it a good scheme to arrange for a special wrapper than can't be counterfeited. Water-mark the paper with the initials of the medicine; its name is 'Uncle Sam's Indian Remedy.'

("See?" grinned Burns, interrupting his narrative. "Pretty good, eh?")

"'"I know just what kind of paper and color I want," Kendig told the old man; "I'll attend

to that feature myself." ("And he did," chuckled Burns.)

"'He finally arranged for the entire output of the factory for six months. As fast as the paper was made, it was packed in ordinary paper boxes and shipped to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. There it was transferred to large leaf-tobacco boxes, and shipped on to Lancaster; and the ordinary observer would naturally take it for leaf tobacco.

"'The paper was on hand, and the plate; the next thing was to get a printing-press. They bought one of the finest in the market, and installed a small printing plant on the top floor of their warehouse. Here they could print their own stamps.'

"And cheat the government out of about $260,000 a year," added Burns. "So fascinating did beating the government become that they wanted to play larger. It was in 1897, Taylor said, that Jacobs and Kendig suggested the idea of counterfeiting Mexican money. Later they decided on United States currency. 'Kendig and I,' said Taylor, 'visited Washington, and made many trips to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where we carefully noted the methods of the government in printing their money. We then went to Philadelphia and opened up the plant at Ninth and Filbert streets, and started the engraving of the hundred-dollar Monroe-head silver certificates.

The Counterfeiters Change a One-Dollar Note into a Hundred-Dollar Note

"'The arrangement was that Bredell and I should make the plates in denominations ranging from $5 to $500, but that nothing further should be done until they were successfully finished; then an effort would be made to secure the distinctive fiber paper used by the government. Jacobs and Kendig undertook to get the paper. They went up to Dalton, Massachusetts, and visited the Crane paper-mill, which manufactures the distinctive fiber paper for the United States currency. But they found themselves up against it this time. The establishment was so perfectly conducted that they found it impossible to secure a scrap of the paper, or the slightest information as to how it was made. As ordinary visitors, they had to note the character of the stock from a distance, without getting to see how the fiber was distributed in the pulp.

"'But Bredell' ("Bredell was a mechanical genius," interrupted Burns, "and could conjure up almost anything") 'he built an improvised paper-machine on which we experimented in manufacturing distinctive fiber paper during the summer of 1898.

"'In the meantime Bredell conceived the idea of bleaching the green from a number of one-dollar notes,' continued Taylor. 'It's hard to do, but Bredell did it. Then he split the dollar notes, and pasted the two pieces with the bleached sides together. The outside was perfectly white, and on this we printed the hundred-dollar Monroe-head silver certificate.'

("It was a devilish piece of ingenuity," said Burns, "for it gave them the government paper. During my investigation I had called on the Hon. Murray Crane, at Dalton, Massachusetts, and showed him a spurious note. He made a minute and careful examination of the paper. 'It beats me,' he confessed. 'It bears every ear-mark of our stock, but I am absolutely sure that it never came from our mill.' It did, however, although in an elaborately roundabout way. His tribute to the paper only made the thing more serious; it was really government paper, and the only other places in could be obtained were at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, or where the paper is stored in the Treasury Department. A thorough investigation here deepened the mystery, as the stamp of the government showed that every sheet of paper was checked — not a possible chance of a leakage.)

"'We printed one hundred of the notes,' went on Taylor, 'and as fast as we made them we deposited them in the bank and checked out in the ordinary way. Meantime Bredell had succeeded so well with his fiber-paper experiments that we were getting ready to go into it big. Just before you arrested us, we bought a paper-mill near Lancaster; we could have printed large amounts of the money.'

"Just think of it!" exclaimed Burns. "Caught in the nick of time, and kept from flooding the country with millions of dollars in bad money so well executed that the counterfeiters themselves could scarcely distinguish it. Devilish ingenuity! But we got them.

Rounding Up the Accomplices of the Two Counterfeiters

"After I got all this from Taylor, we left him under guard at the shop in Philadelphia, and went to Lancaster with the keys for the Lancaster warehouse that I'd found in Taylor and Bredell's office. At Lancaster we immediately proceeded to the warehouse of Jacobs and Kendig, and all of us, including Chief Wilkie and every operative, went in to spend the night.

"About six-thirty in the morning we got a signal from one of our operatives that an im-

portant man was approaching. It was James Burns, an employee in the warehouse. He came in, opened the office, went to the window, and was about to raise the blind.

"'Good morning, Jim.'

"More from fright than anything else, he mechanically turned and struck at me as I stepped out from the rear and addressed him. He was scared tremendously, and none the less so when we overpowered him, handcuffed him to a Secret Service man,— who, no doubt, looked like a desperate outlaw to poor Jim,— took him into the back room, and all sat about —silent.

"In about half an hour Kendig appeared; the same scene was enacted.

"'Good morning, Mr. Kendig.'

"The man had never seen me in his life, but he turned pale, because he recognized me from descriptions. In great agitation he answered: 'That is all right, Mr. Burns. I'll make no trouble; I understand what the situation is.'

"Kendig and Jacobs had had a scare about their stamps a few months before. That's a little story by itself, but the sum of it was that a crooked deputy revenue collector had warned them that I was investigating their stamps. He didn't know any more than that, so he couldn't tell any more, and Kendig and Jacobs were soon led to believe that he was blackmailing them. They had posted themselves, however, as to my personal appearance.

"Kendig was handcuffed and seated with an operative," Burns went on, "and once more we sat about — silent.

"It was Jacobs we were waiting for. So far, not a cog had slipped in the carefully prepared plan. But now we waited and waited. I knew it was Jacobs' custom to come to this place the first thing every morning; but I didn't know that on this night his child had been sick, that he'd been awake much, and that he didn't get up until so late that he decided not to come to the warehouse, but to go straight to the cigar factory, about a block away.

"MAYBE YOU THINK BREDELL WASN'T ASTONISHED TO SEE HIS PARTNER THERE"

Arrest of the Chief Conspirator

"We had reached the supreme moment of the whole situation. Every part of it had been pulled off with precision. Everybody had been landed except the arch-conspirator, W. M. Jacobs. After waiting for some time, I determined to go to the cigar factory. Some men were left at the warehouse with Kendig, and the others were placed about the factory in such a way that they wouldn't be noticed; Chief Wilkie stood in a position where he could command a view of the entrance. At the proper time I was to give the signal, and they were to come up slowly.

"One man went with me — Schuyler Donnella, an old seasoned Secret Service operative, and one of the best that ever lived. He is still in the service, now in charge of the Louisville, Kentucky, district.

"Now, I had been up some forty-eight or fifty hours, and was dressed in old clothes, so I did not make a very favorable impression on a stranger. When I presented myself at Jacobs' office and inquired for that gentleman, the clerk, naturally enough, viewed me with some suspicion.

"'Have you a card?' he asked languidly.

"I wrote 'James W. Martin' on a piece of paper, and the same was carried in to Mr. Jacobs. The offices proper, several in the suite, were partitioned off by an iron grating from the reception-room in which I waited. To a window in this grating came a fresh, breezy young man.

"'What is it you want?' asked he.

"'Mr. Jacobs,' said I.

"'Well, tell me the nature of your business,' he said. 'I can attend to the matter.'

"I saw that my looks were against me, and decided not to parley about it. So I quickly brought him to terms another way.

"'Why,' I began in an offended tone, 'I was negotiating with Mr. Jacobs yesterday for the purchase of a large number of cigars, but ——'

"At this point, however, I was interrupted by the clerk's opening the iron door and politely inviting me in. I stepped in, determining quickly the character of subterfuge necessary to bring Jacobs on the scene.

"The young man began to show me samples of cigars.

"'How much is this brand?' I asked; and, when he told me, I contradicted him, saying that Mr. Jacobs had offered me this brand for some dollars less. It was my purpose to pick a quarrel with the clerk, start a fight, and thereby bring Jacobs out.

"'No,' said the young man, 'you're mistaken. Mr. Jacobs never offered them for that price.'

"'You're a liar,' I returned promptly, and evidently much to the clerk's surprise.

"'What do you mean?' he asked. 'I won't be insulted in that way.'

"'And I don't intend to have my word doubted,' I retorted. 'Supposing you go and see what your boss has to say about it.'

"He started off to find Jacobs. I followed. He went right through the string of offices, and reached Jacobs in the extreme rear. I noticed a window that opened into a court, from which it would have been so convenient at any time for Jacobs to drop and walk down to the alley, and out to the railroad station. Jacobs was sitting at his desk as the clerk entered.

"'There's a —— man outside,' said the young man, characterizing me with an adjective, 'who claims he has been offered this brand of cigars at a special price.'

"'He's a damned liar; throw him out,' said Jacobs, without looking up from his desk, and going on making out the deposit slip for a pile of checks and currency on the desk, which he was evidently preparing to take to the bank. From the corner of his eye, however, he noticed the shadow of a man in the doorway. He looked up suddenly; then rose from his chair.

"'Burns!' he gasped.

"That was the first time that he had ever seen me, but he had been carrying the description of me around in his guilty mind. And, when I came, he knew me.

"'Go,' he said to the clerk, and pointed to the door.

"'Let this man stay where he is,' I said. 'This is a pinch, Jacobs.' The man quickly got back his nerve.

"'Now, don't be foolish,' he said meaningly. 'Let this man step out. I want to make a proposition to you.' I shook my head. He pointed to the money on the desk and named a large sum.

"'Don't be foolish, now, Burns. This is the greatest opportunity you ever had in your life. There's $14,000 there, and I can double it in ten minutes if —' and he glanced significantly toward the window.

"'Sit in that chair,' I commanded the young man; and then I whistled for Donnella. Jacobs went on pleading with me to accept his proposition. Then he started crawfishing.

"'I don't quite understand this,' he said. 'I can't imagine what has happened.'

"Suddenly a commotion was heard in the outer office, and a demand to open the gate. One of the clerks came running in.

"'There's a crazy man out there!' he gasped. 'He's trying to break in!'

"'Have the gate opened,' said I to Jacobs.

"THEY AGREED THAT IT WAS A BEAUTY"

"'Open the gate and let him in,' he ordered the clerk. When Donnella came in, I walked over to Jacobs' desk and pulled open the bottom drawer. There lay the die-rolls I described a while ago. There were several safes in this office, and we searched them all; but there was no trace of the plates from which the Monroe-head hundred-dollar silver certificate had been printed. These were the principal objects of the search, as it is always most important to get hold of the plates from which counterfeits have been printed and put in circulation.

The Contest for the Hidden Counterfeit Plates

"I put Jacobs through a severe grilling for over an hour. But he'd make no admissions, except on condition that some consideration be given him for the surrender of the plates. This was promptly refused.

"Everything having failed, I played my last card.

"'We have twenty-eight men in Lancaster, Jacobs,' I said; 'and we'll send for that many more, and tear down your factory and your houses, brick by brick, if necessary. We're going to find those plates.'

"'Go ahead and do as you please, Mr. Burns,' replied Jacobs coolly. 'You probably know your business.'

"I then said to Wilkie, 'Come on.'

"He said, 'Where?'

"'To see Kendig.'

"The Chief said that he was exhausted for sleep, and would go to the hotel and go to bed; but, if I found anything, to let him know. I informed him that I would not sleep until I had recovered the plates.

"When I entered the door of the warehouse, Kendig was in a most abject mood. He was still handcuffed to the operative.

"'For God's sake, Mr. Burns, won't you please have these handcuffs removed? It is the first time in my life that any such thing ever happened to me.'

"'I am sorry, Kendig,' said I; 'but if you feel so badly over this I am afraid you will be greatly shocked at what I am going to tell you.'

"'For God's sake, what's that?' said Kendig.

"'We are compelled to arrest your poor old father.'

"'My God, don't do that!' Kendig replied. 'You can kill me, or lock me up forever, but don't do that.'

"I then said that we had not yet recovered the counterfeit Monroe-head silver certificate plates.

"He said, 'If you will unlock me I will lead you to the hiding-place.'

"He did — to the top floor of the warehouse. He pulled aside some bricks, and there, in the side of the wall, we found not only the Monroe-head hundred-dollar silver certificate plate, buried in paraffine, but also some reserve stamp plates. They were turned over to me.

"The counterfeiters were taken to Philadelphia and all placed in jail. They realized the utter hopelessness of a legal battle before a court of justice, and especially before a federal court. At once they announced their intention of pleading guilty; all made a full confession.

"These men had accomplished a great deal,

and had surmounted obstacles innumerable, but"—and Burns readjusted himself in his chair, and the look of anticipation on his face betrayed that he was approaching the climax of his story—"all pales into insignificance in the light of what subsequently happened.

Taylor and Bredell Make a Perfect Counterfeit Note in Prison

"After Taylor and Bredell had been safely incarcerated in Moyamensing Penitentiary for some months, awaiting trial, a perfect counterfeit twenty-dollar note again appeared in circulation. This discovery brought about great excitement. One was sent to Chief Wilkie at Washington, who immediately wired me at New York to meet him in Philadelphia. He showed me the note.

"'What do you think of it?' he asked.

"'It's a good one,' I replied.

"'Who could have done it?' he asked.

"'Arthur Taylor.'

"'Impossible. He's in prison.'

"'He executed it in prison.'

"Of course the Chief thought I was crazy, but I took the note to Moyamensing prison, sent for Taylor and Bredell, and, while I discussed immaterial things, studied their faces. I satisfied myself that they knew the purpose of my visit.

"'By the way,' said I, in a careless manner, 'I have a new counterfeit here that we've just discovered; it's a twenty.'

"They took the note and examined it with eager interest.

"'It's a beauty,' they agreed.

"'Have you any idea who could have made it?' I asked. They had none. Then I exploded. I told them just how they had made it, just how they had put it in circulation, and I succeeded in frightening them into a partial confession; for the facts I told them — which were only points in the theory I had formulated — proved to be the facts sure enough.

"Their plan was based on a Sunday newspaper story which appeared about this time, giving the history of the makers of the Monroehead silver certificates, and of the capture of the great counterfeiter, William E. Brockaway, by William J. Burns in the early '90's. The statement was made that the ten-year sentence Brockaway was then serving was the first time he'd ever been imprisoned by the government for counterfeiting, as always before he'd been able to make the government capitulate, receiving immunity for the surrender of his dangerous plates.

"The confession revealed that this last chance had caught the attention of a cheap lawyer who had achieved some notoriety in certain directions, and this lawyer had appeared at the jail and prevailed upon Taylor and Bredell to let him represent them, saying that he would be able to make better arrangements and secure less time for them. He quoted the Brockaway article, and won them over to his plan.

"The attorney then went up to Trenton and interviewed Brockaway, who told him that unquestionably the government would be forced to capitulate and let the counterfeiters go in return for the surrender of their plates, if they hadn't surrendered them.

"He returned to Taylor and Bredell, and suggested their getting out on bond, making another plate and putting more counterfeit money in circulation, and then holding out the plates on the government. But, on investigation, they found that their fifty-thousand-dollar bond would probably be raised to one hundred thousand dollars, and they couldn't possibly meet it.

"It was here that the wonderful ingenuity of these counterfeiters showed itself. They concluded to carry out the scheme in their prison cell.

How the Prison Authorities were Hoodwinked

"Piece by piece, they managed to get the implements for engraving from members of their family who visited them. They discovered a method of bleaching the entire one-dollar note, obviating the necessity of splitting the bill. In a subsequent confession they stated that the attorney had secured a large number of new one-dollar bills for them. They fastened a blanket covered with black paper muslin across one corner of the cell, and one would work behind this shield, with the aid of a tiny alcohol lamp, while the other slept. All was dark and quiet; and, when the guard came, there was the bed occupied by one man and a dummy, and he would hear the sound of steady breathing. Every night for two months this continued, and a perfect twenty-dollar note was engraved.

"But first they had to take a photograph of an original, and they had no camera. They discovered a method, however, and secured the photographs *without a camera*."

"But how?" I asked, mystified.

"Ah, no," Burns replied, with a smile. "I'd be making a counterfeiter of you, perhaps."

There were many details of this case that Burns could not testify to, even at the trial; his general statements were taken, as the truth would have let loose dangerous information.

"They also succeeded in printing the note —

these wonderful men," he continued. "But that process, too, I must not explain. After the notes were completed, Taylor gave them to his brother to distribute; also, so he said, he gave a number to his attorney, who purchased a gold match-box for himself with three of the notes.

"In this first interview the counterfeiters made only a partial confession. While they admitted making the twenty-dollar note, they insisted that it had been made and printed previous to their arrest, and that the plates had been thrown into the Delaware River.

("I don't know what could have been the matter with them," commented the detective, almost sadly. "They must have been rattled; they were far too clever and ingenious to fall down on a little point like that. It really hurt my feelings to have them try to work that on me.)

"'Oh, come!' I protested. 'That's too hard on me. You've admitted your scheme was that your lawyer should negotiate with the government and surrender plates on condition you two be treated leniently; and now you say they were made months ago and destroyed.'

"'Why, Mr. Burns,' they said, 'it's impossible to engrave plates in a prison cell.'

"'Not for Taylor and Bredell,' I answered.

"I reported the result of my interview to Chief Wilkie to the effect that they had admitted making the plates.

"'When?' said the Chief.

"'Well, they claim previous to their arrest."

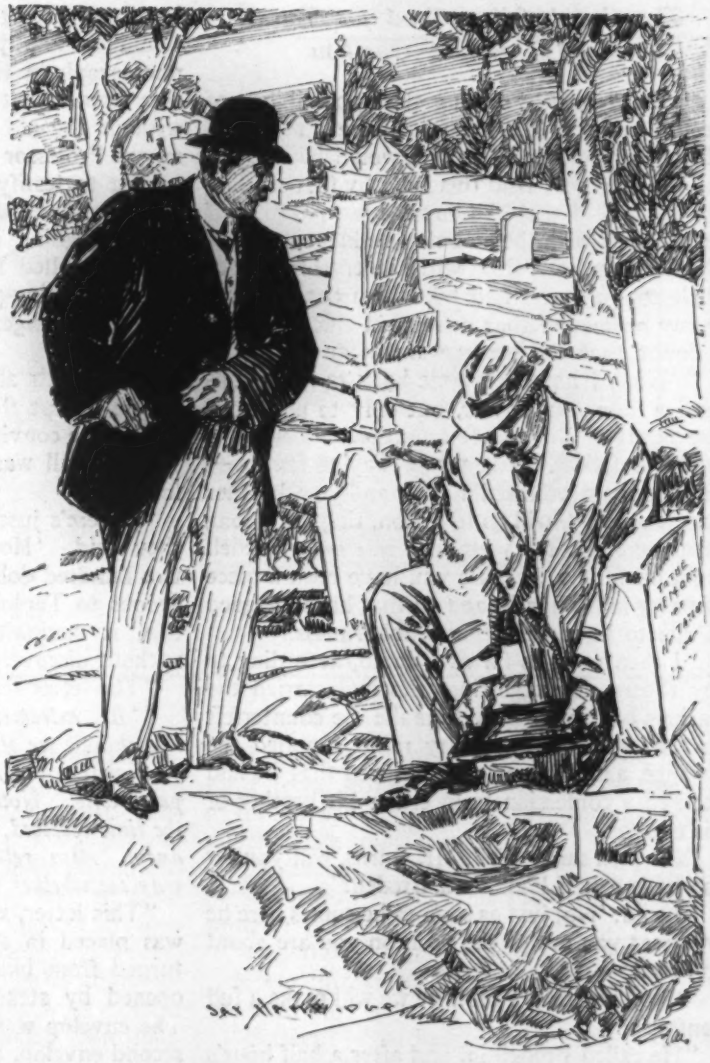
"'That so?' the Chief remarked, not being willing to admit the possibility of their making these cleverly executed counterfeit plates in a prison cell.

"Chief Wilkie and I then repaired to the office of United States Attorney James M. Beck, to whom the matter was explained, and Mr. Beck and the Chief and myself visited Taylor and Bredell at Moyamensing prison.

"We spent a couple of hours with Taylor and Bredell. They repeated, for the benefit of Chief Wilkie and Mr. Beck, just what they had previously told me. So emphatic and earnest was their manner, in detailing their confession, that the other two were thoroughly convinced.

"In order to impress Mr. Beck and the Chief, Bredell fell on his knees and declared that they had told the whole truth, but that they had lied so often to Mr. Burns he would no longer believe them, no matter what they told.

"When we passed out to the prison yard, I said to the Chief and Mr. Beck: 'Now, I am thoroughly convinced in my mind that these men made those plates in prison, and I am going back to remain with them until I get a confession.'



"WE DUG UP THE PLATES, WHICH WERE HIDDEN IN THE GRAVE OF TAYLOR'S FATHER"

The Counterfeiters Send for Burns to Ask Him a Question

"I went back, knowing the impossibility of securing a confession by appealing in any way to these men, and concluding it would be only by working a ruse. And this I did by first sending for Taylor. I told him he need not pat himself on the back with the idea that he had convinced the Chief and Mr. Beck with the truthfulness of their story; that I had told them certain facts in my possession that convinced them beyond a doubt that the plates were made in prison.

"'Now, I have not come back to get a confession from you, Taylor, but only to point out the result of this whole situation and what is going to follow. The whole Taylor family — your poor old widowed mother and your brother and yourself — will go to prison, they for a long term and you for your life; but only Bredell from his family, because you have been a piece of putty in his hands, and all that has happened is due to his dominating stubbornness.'

"I then went as far as I dared, according to my theory, in suggesting who had carried the various parts necessary to make the counterfeit to the cell, and the guilty mind supplied the balance, and Taylor was convinced that we had secured a confession from either his brother or his mother.

"He then said, 'Well, Mr. Burns, will you let me have a half hour with Bredell?'

"I said: 'No; just as soon as he comes here he will beat you out of the position you are about to take.'

"'No,' he said; 'I promise we will make a full confession.'

"He called Bredell in, and after a half hour's conference they sent for me and admitted that they still had the plates.

"I got Chief Wilkie, and we went to the cemetery and dug up the plates, which were hidden in the grave of Taylor's father.

"When the facts — as many as could be given — were given to the public, the prison authorities were made the laughing-stock of the whole country. They felt it incumbent upon them to insist that the counterfeiting had not been done in the cell, and endeavored in every way to prove it. They even went to the length of copying the visitors' book, and leaving out a number of visits that were known to have been made by the attorney.

"They had arranged, in the trial of the case, to introduce the testimony of Professor Ives, inventor of color-photography, showing that it would be a physical impossibility to take a photograph in the cell's limited light. When they learned that the photograph had been taken without the aid of a camera at all, they dismissed Professor Ives. They also had an expert printer to testify that, in order to get the impression, it would be necessary to use a printing-press weighing at least eighty pounds. But when I pulled from my pocket the counterfeiters' printing-press, made on the principle of a clothes-wringer, they withdrew their expert testimony.

"At length all the men concerned pleaded guilty, except the two attorneys, and both of these were convicted.

"After all was over, the counterfeiters sent for me.

"'There's just one thing we'd like to know,' they said. 'How did you know about that two hundred dollars, in that letter mailed from Jacobs to Taylor? Jacobs had prepared it so that it couldn't possibly be tampered with without discovery.'

"The letter read like this," explained Burns:

"'*Be extremely careful in your movements. Watch and see if you are shadowed; also watch your mail closely and see if that is being tampered with. Note the time the letter was mailed, the time received, and see if there is any discrepancy. Also return this envelop to me, that I may see whether it has been tampered with.*'

"This letter, with two hundred-dollar notes, was placed in an envelop which would have turned from black to blue had the flap been opened by steam or the dampening process. The envelop was then addressed and put in a second envelop, and a thin strip of white paper was placed along the covers. A peculiar wax seal on the outside of the flap warned Taylor, so he took out his knife and opened the end of the envelop carefully. He then examined the envelop, held it up, and looked at it. It was all right. So he mailed the two envelops back to Jacobs, and inspection showed conclusively that the envelops had not been tampered with in transit.

"'How did you get that information?' asked Taylor.

"'You're a counterfeiter,' I replied; 'I mustn't tell you.'"

"But how did you know?" I persisted.

Burns smiled his happy, jolly smile.

"You might want to become a counterfeiter," he laughed. "I mustn't tell you."

THE TEST

BY FRANCES A. LUDWIG

DRAWINGS BY CYRUS FOSMIRE

THEY talked about it in lowered tones, each according to his light and understanding, clustered in little self-conscious groups in different parts of the shipping-room, and it was noticeable that in these groups there was no commingling of the sexes. On the faces of the men and boys there was, most frequently, an expression of amused cynicism, slightly contemptuous; and they spoke briefly and with careless reference, in a manner that befitted their dominant sex.

With the girls it was different. Laurene rested her elbows on the bill-clerk's desk and gazed into space with a softening of her bold black eyes, while her brisk volubility was for the time subdued. Isabel's pretty face was troubled, and she spoke words of vague, uncomprehending pity. But Marie Elizabeth's thin red lips were set in a straight line, and her blue eyes held a stern conviction of outraged precept and conscious virtue; such judgment Hester Prynne may have challenged when she stepped from her prison into the sunshine, that bright spring morning so many years ago.

Only Nell Schwartz was silent. Being hampered by a halting and conscious method of speech, the result of conversing in one language at her home and in another at her work, she had no desire to cross swords with Marie Elizabeth. Absently she drew fantastic curlicues on the back of a ruined bill-head, and listened. Marie Elizabeth was speaking:

"I don't pity her; not one bit. She knew right from wrong — you needn't tell me! I never did have any use for her, anyway — impudent little snip."

A vision of bobbing curls and impish laughter passed before Isabel, and she cried softly, in protest:

"Oh, Mary Liz, she was only sixteen."

Marie Elizabeth's chin lifted defiantly, and she went on:

"Sixteen! I've been sixteen. How long is it since you were sixteen? Do you suppose, if she'd been the right sort of girl, this would have happened to her? Such things don't happen to us, do they? She has nobody to blame but herself — no one! What did she want to run after that Joe Matthias for, anyway? I've seen her — whispering in corners, and making fun of people who were minding their own business — like she ought 'a' been!"

She paused, and the three others were silent. It must have seemed an accusing silence, for Marie Elizabeth's cheeks flamed redder still, and she continued, almost tearfully:

"No, I'm not *hard*-hearted; not a bit! I'd do anything in the world to help a girl who deserved it — but not the style of her. Such things are dreadful! I can't understand 'em. But I think she's got just what's comin' to her."

"Oh, Mary Liz," breathed Isabel again, a note of distress in her voice, "Bessie's only sixteen."

"And Joe's eighteen," added Laurene.

She brought her two hands down on the desk with a slap. "I tell you what: if I was that child's mother, I'd make Joe Matthias do the right thing, or I'd — I'd ——"

"She tried," said Isabel, succinctly. "She got him fired."

"That did a lot of good," said Laurene. "She'd ought to have taken him in hand herself. I would! And they said he was as ugly about it as could be — didn't seem to care a bit. He must be an awful bad boy."

Nell stopped drawing curlicues and thoughtfully punctured the air with the tip of her penholder.

"No," she said, with slow decision; "Joe Matthias ain't a bad boy. You're wrong; you *are* wrong. I've known him a long time already. He ain't a bad boy; he just don't understand."

"Understand!" echoed Marie Elizabeth. "He understands the difference between right and wrong, don't he? And her, too. If she'd 'a' stayed home nights and said her prayers and gone to bed, this wouldn't have happened."

She shook her head sadly over the iniquities of the world in general, and moved toward her desk.

"Say her prayers and go to bed," repeated Laurene softly, her black eyes, with a world of sophistication in their sparkling depths, following Marie Elizabeth's retreating figure. "Poor kid; poor little kid!"

Bob Jackson, the shipping-clerk, strolled up, his hands in his pockets and a meaning smile on his face.

"Seems to me there's a large amount of conversation being handed around this morning," he observed. "If you girls don't get busy, the whole lot of us'll be canned."

Isabel encountered his glance, and there was that in it which made her face burn with furious resentment. Controlling a strong desire to efface his leer with the contents of the ink-bottle in front of her, she turned and walked quietly to her place.

Laurene lingered a minute beside Nell, after Marie Elizabeth had gone.

"There's some things she won't never understand," said Nell softly.

Nell took a handful of checks from the spindle on her desk and spread them before her like a fan, while her pen, which she gripped flatly between the first and second fingers of her right hand, began gliding swiftly over a block of bill-blanks. It was all done so quickly and unconsciously that it seemed like one motion, and she bent to her task, apparently oblivious to everything else. She could make out a thousand bills a day, and drew a good salary, for a woman.

Nell Schwartz was the chief support of her mother and several younger sisters; and at first glance the reason for her universal popularity might not have been apparent. She was dressed shabbily in black. A plain black collar encircled her throat, with no softening color to relieve her skin from the merciless contrast. She was short, and her broad, powerfully built shoulders stooped; while her lifeless hair was dressed in a fashion requiring the least possible expenditure of time and indicating a complete absence of vanity. Her mouth was wide and had no pretensions to symmetry. Her face, broad, and waxen-dun in color from many years' toil under sputtering arc-lights, would have betokened a stolid German passivity, had it not been for her eyes. They were her only beauty, and wonderful eyes they were — deep, and gray, and lustrous, they spoke of a wide experience and a catholic understanding.

Nell gained and held the confidence of all who chanced in her vicinity. This may have been due to a diplomacy partly inherent and partly a habit born of long necessity; it may have been her slow, wide smile, which brought with it, be the recipient saint or sinner, the very essence of fellowship; or it may have been because she could listen, sympathize, and not condemn.

When she left the store that night, it was raining — a fine, impalpable drizzle which surrounded the street-lamps with a sticky haze and turned dark corners and alleys into places of mystery. Stoically regardless of her damp skirts, she sat and steamed in a crowded street-car until she reached the cross-street that was her destination. She lived up two long flights of stairs over a shoe store, but her home, once it was entered, was pleasant and radiated a cheerful content.

After Nell had eaten her supper and helped her mother clear away the evidences of the meal, she remarked:

"I better get Trixie's shoes, Ma."

"To-day I send Emma, and they are not done," said Mrs. Schwartz. "To-morrow she can go."

"No; it's raining," objected Nell. "It's damp likely to-morrow, and Trixie'll take another cold." She glanced to where her sister, the spoiled darling of the family, sat huddled in a scarlet dressing-gown no redder than her cheeks.

"She's gotta be awful careful, Ma. It's best that I get 'em to-night."

As she went downstairs, she called in parting:

"Maybe I won't be home so quick. If they ain't ready, I'll wait — so don't worry."

Nell went first to the cobbler's shop, where, as she had expected, she found her sister's shoes still awaiting repair. Bidding the shoemaker hasten, and telling him that she would be back in an hour, she hoisted her umbrella and tramped briskly off in a westerly direction. Several blocks this way, in a poorer section of the city, was the home of Joe Matthias. Before Nell had been earning her present wage, her family and his had been neighbors, and her thoughts now were on the sordid little tragedy in which he played a part. She knew that he lived with his father and two brothers; his mother had died when he was little.

Then, there was Bessie. She was the age of Trixie — just sixteen. As Nell hastened on, this thought was uppermost in her mind, and it seemed to bring with it a sense of responsibility.

"'WHAT ARE YOU IN SUCH A HURRY FOR? ARE YOU GOING MY WAY?'"

As she neared Joe's house, she paused and

"'YOU STAY HERE!' SHE WHISPERED FIERCELY"

hesitated. She had no wish to seem to be seeking him, and, for all she knew, she might be on an entirely fruitless errand. Nell reasoned, from her understanding of Joe's nature, that he would stay indoors as much as possible, and that, if he went out at all, it would probably be on just such a night as this. So she walked back and forth, always keeping an eye on the house where he lived, for what seemed to her a weary length of time.

In the street she was following the walks were old and made of boards, not the kind to tempt idle pedestrians. The fine, gray drizzle of the rain merged everything into one hazy background, and Nell, in her solitary vigil, was neither noticed nor molested. She passed the house that was her objective point many times, and even her patience was about exhausted when the boy appeared. Nell quickened her pace until she was directly opposite him as he slouched along, his hat drawn down over his eyes, and about him an air of sullen furtiveness.

"Why, hello, Joe," she called across to him.

He glanced up, not recognizing her, muttered some word of greeting, and walked on.

"Wait a minute." She hurried to catch up to him. "What are you in such a hurry for? Are you going my way?"

"I'm going any old way," he answered. "I — I didn't suppose you'd want to walk with a desperate character — like me," with a lame attempt at jocoseness. "What're you doing here?"

"I had to go up here a few blocks on a business matter," explained Nell. "I missed the Acton Avenue car, and thought I'd take a short cut and not wait. You better get under my umbrella." She took hold of his sleeve and pulled him toward her. "Why wouldn't I want to walk with you? Ain't you a friend of mine?"

"I didn't know whether I was or not — any more," the boy answered.

She made no pretense of misunderstanding him. "You mean on account of Bessie?"

He turned his face away from her. "Yes," he muttered.

"Oh, that," said Nell, with perfect cheerfulness. "That's your own funeral. You never did nothin' to me."

"Did you know I was fired?" he asked, biting off his words sullenly.

"Yes; I heard so," she replied equably.

"I s'pose every old hen in the store's got somethin' to cackle over now," he burst out fiercely.

"Well, yes; there was a little talk," admitted Nell. "I heard some myself. I said you probably had your own reasons — for doin' as you did. That's what I thought. Probably she wasn't all straight?"

He stopped still and stared at her. "What makes you think that?" he inquired, in a tone of surprised remonstrance. "She was, too. Why, she's nothin' but a kid — just a little kid."

"Oh!" said Nell.

There was a moment's pause; then, "I thought that must be the reason why you didn't marry her, Joe," she added softly.

"Marry her!" he repeated, with a scornful

laugh. "I'd make a pretty sort of family man, wouldn't I?"

She looked him over thoughtfully, but made no reply. He jammed his hands deeper into his pockets, and the defiant slouchiness of his gait increased.

"Luck always had me for a Jonah," he went on morosely. "If it'd 'a' been any other guy — why, Jackson told me a long time ago to dig out. Offered to stake me to railroad fare. He said it was the only thing for me to do."

"Yes," said Nell, in a tone absolutely devoid of expression; "yes, I think Bob Jackson would do just about that."

"I was a fool I didn't," muttered Joe.

"Why didn't you?" she inquired.

He turned his face toward her, and she saw, even through the mist, the forlorn misery in it.

"I don't know why I didn't," he cried. "I don't know why! I — I couldn't."

Again Nell surveyed him thoughtfully. "She's a pretty little thing — Bessie," she said, after a minute.

Ignoring her remark, he continued, as if communing with himself:

"*I* don't want to get married. What would I do with a wife? And now I've lost the job I had, and a great chance I've got to get another — with this over me. I couldn't keep her. If she'd 'a' let me alone"— his voice rose with his grievance —"her mother, I mean — maybe I could 'a' done somethin' then. But now! And Carlisle — she went to Carlisle — and he told her to have me arrested. Him!"

He doubled up his fists, and the words came with a snarl.

"He's a peach, he is — to be preachin' to me. A skate like him!"

"Yes," said Nell, with entire acquiescence; "he certainly is."

"Then the old man gave me the devil — and Heck and Bill gave me the laugh." He straightened his shoulders a trifle and laughed sardonically. "Oh, it's been joy all around."

"Bessie's mother's a dressmaker, ain't she?" inquired Nell.

"Yes," he answered. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing; only that she'll be able to — to make the clothes. It'll have to have clothes, you know. They're pretty poor, ain't they?"

"Who ain't?" he snarled.

"And her father's dead," went on Nell. (Mentally she added, "And it's a lucky thing for you he is!") "How do you suppose they'll get along — afterwards? Bessie'll have to stay home — you know — for quite a while."

"See here," he growled; "I've had enough Bible talk. I don't stand for any more. Cut it out."

"I don't call that Bible talk," said Nell, with offended dignity, "wondering how they are going to live."

"We'd starve if I married her — that's one sure thing," said he. "We waited because — she — we didn't know — we thought —" He halted lamely. "*I* couldn't take care of her, and this way — folks'll be sorry for her — and help her."

There was an ominous glitter in Nell's gray eyes, but she said calmly:

"I suppose Bob Jackson told you that, too."

"Yes," Joe confessed miserably, "he did."

For a minute Nell considered the craven object at her side, and wondered, wearily, if he were worth a further effort. Then there came to her the picture of Trixie, her much-loved sister; Bessie was just the age of Trixie. She tried again.

"Joe," she asked gently, "did you ever see a little baby — a real little baby?"

He shot a suspicious glance at her, but she was apparently as free from guile as the proverbial lamb that cherished Mary.

"No," he answered; "I don't know as I have. Why?"

"They're awful sweet," went on Nell, a trifle wistfully.

"Stop!" he snarled, his face distorted with anger. "I *told* you I wouldn't stand for that. Cut the rest of it! Good night; I'm goin'."

"I was thinking of my sister's baby," said Nell, her voice quivering. "Wait a minute, Joe. How long has it been since you seen her — Bessie?"

"What's that to you?" he asked, still incensed. "I thought you was a friend of mine."

"I'm the best friend you've got," said Nell earnestly, laying a hand on his arm. "See here, Joe. You ain't looked where we are. She lives in that second house. Come with me and see her — and talk to her — if for only this once. See if you can't think of some way out of it. Talk to her; let her know you care."

He glanced quickly around, noticing for the first time whither their footsteps had been tending. He stopped short, took off his hat, and weakly wiped the perspiration from his brow, using the sleeve of his coat.

"This is a plant!" he whispered hoarsely. Recovering himself, he turned on her fiercely. "You — you — why did you come *this* way? I don't fall for any of your games. I'm goin' t' get out of this as quick as I can."

"Then you're a coward, Joe Matthias; just a coward," she said.

The words were not spoken heatedly, but with

complete finality, as if, against her will, she had at last been forced to this conclusion.

"I'm no coward, neither," he remonstrated sullenly. "What's the use of goin' there — just to stir up trouble?"

"Trouble!" She laughed jeeringly. "Who made the trouble? You're nothing but a coward — that's what you are. You're afraid — afraid to face an old woman and a little girl. Oh, you — you hero!"

What manhood there was in him rose at her taunts.

"I ain't afraid," he said, between his teeth. "I'll go — if you'll feel any better. Come on."

In Meekin Street the houses were old and battered, two-story and of frame — relics of a past era in the city's progress. They had been divided and subdivided, and it was seldom indeed that a householder could boast a whole floor to himself. When he reached a state of affluence that made this possible, he no longer dwelt in Meekin Street. Nell went to the rear of one of these houses, and rapped gently. There was no response, and she turned the knob of the door. It opened under her pressure, and she stepped in, followed doggedly by Joe.

They stood in a little room that was kitchen and dining-room combined. It was neat and clean, and a kerosene lamp burned steadily on a table at one side. By this table sat a gray-haired woman. Her head was bowed upon it, and her hands were pressed tightly to her ears. She did not look up as they entered, nor otherwise heed their presence, but sat silent, a mute portrayal of the nethermost depths of grief and shame.

A sound came from the inner room,— the door of which was ajar,— a sound of pain. The woman pressed her hands more tightly to her ears, and her body quivered as if she had been struck a blow.

Joe's face turned ash-white, and, panic-stricken, he turned to flee; but Nell laid one capable hand on his shoulder.

"You stay here!" she whispered fiercely. "I must go; the folks don't know where I am. But *you* stay here! You got a *right* to be here!"

Hyacinths and tulips do not bloom in Meekin Street, but the feel of them was in the air, almost the very breath of them, it seemed to Nell, and in her fancy she saw their dainty, vivid splotches on the fresh spring grass in the parks. She was hurrying along Meekin Street, and even that unlovely thoroughfare, clean-smelling from the night's rain, was, in some inexplicable fashion, in keeping with the mood of the morning.

Nell was an hour early for her work, and hastened thus that she might know the outcome of her adventures of the night before. She walked along, her deep eyes glowing, and a faint flush came to her sallow cheeks, such was the vivifying influence of the morning of that perfect day. Little smoky spirals met above the horizon, and, because the day was young, though they came from monstrous, belching chimneys, they were but a soft violet tracery against the rain-washed azure of the sky. Even the street-lamp on the corner, tipped at its base and with its directing signs forlornly shattered, had lost its resemblance to a tipsy human derelict, and seemed, instead, to nod in cheerful greeting.

As she had done the night before, Nell gently pushed open the door, and walked in. The gray-haired mother was clearing away the remains of breakfast, and the table had been set for two. Her face was sweet and peaceful, and as she worked she hummed a little tune. She looked up as Nell entered, and nodded shyly, seeming to recognize her.

Stepping softly, the girl pushed open the inner door and entered the other room, where all was quiet now. Bessie lay asleep upon the bed, her little face, purged of all its frivolous dross by suffering, pale and clear-cut as a cameo against the background of her tumbled hair.

By the window, with the shade half drawn, sat Joe, cradling in his arms a little wrapped-up bundle which he rocked gently back and forth. When he saw Nell, he beckoned eagerly for her to come forward. With infinite caution he turned back a portion of the flannel wrappings and disclosed the diminutive and extremely pink features of a child a few hours old.

"Ain't she pretty?" he whispered. "It's a little girl." The words were uttered with the most complacent satisfaction. "We're goin' t' call her Evangeline."

Nell's mouth opened weakly, and she was obliged to steady herself by catching hold of the foot of the bed.

"She's — she's lovely," she managed to whisper.

Joe rose and with the utmost gentleness laid the new-born baby beside its sleeping mother. Then he paused, frowned, and considered; then cautiously lowered the shade a fraction of an inch, and tiptoed from the room, followed by Nell. As he walked, holding his shoulders square and erect, she watched him in amazement. Where was the sullen, loutish boy of the night before? This was a man.

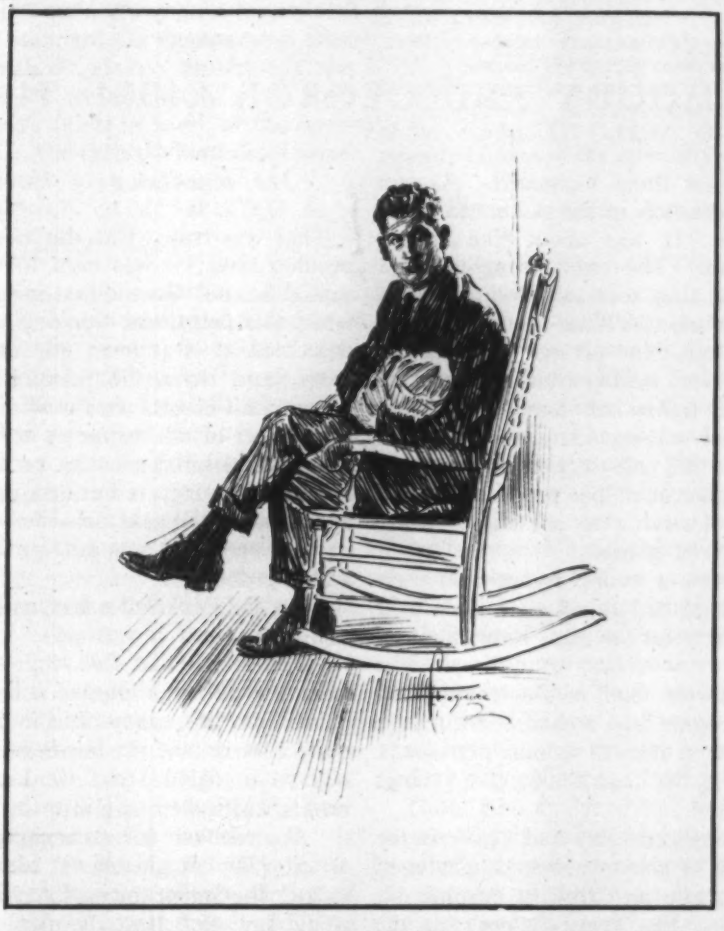
On some pretext, the mother withdrew, leaving them alone.

"You know that doctor, Nell?" began Joe.

He paused, and, jamming his hands deep in his pockets, continued, in a voice heavy with feeling: "He's certainly one white guy. After everything was over, he made me tell him all about it,— he got it out of me somehow,— and I don't mind tellin' you, confidentially, that he had me blubberin' like a two-year-old." Joe looked a trifle ashamed. "I was pretty well worked up, I guess.

"He talked to me like a father, and he told me a lot of things — good and straight, too. "I'm so glad! It's all just fine."

"And that ain't all," went on the boy. "He says he can get me a job — a good job. He's great pals with a superintendent at one of the mills, and he says I'm big enough and strong enough to do the work there. "We'll stay here — all of us — until I can do better." He indicated, largely, the surrounding atmosphere. "He — he — I can't tell you all he said. I never seen a man like him before, Nell — never."



"CRADLING IN HIS ARMS A LITTLE WRAPPED-UP BUNDLE WHICH HE ROCKED BACK AND FORTH"

I knew 'em before, most of 'em, but somehow it all seemed different when he said it — and he didn't rub it in, neither. They're comin' here this afternoon, he and a friend of his, that's a minister, and we're goin' to be married — me and Bessie. He's even goin' to get the license for me — this morning." He choked and turned his face away from her, reiterating with emphasis: "He's certainly one white guy, Nell."

Nell knew that, in his language, there was no higher praise. She nodded and said beamingly: "No?" said Nell. "I guess maybe you didn't. I didn't see many myself."

She rose to go. "I'll come and see Bessie in a day or two," she said. "Good-by."

"Say, Nell"; he stopped her awkwardly. "I'll never forget it. Shake, old girl. You meant it all the time, didn't you?"

Nell smiled her wide, lazy, heart-warming smile.

"Oh, I knew you just didn't understand, Joe," she said.

THE MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY—BANKERS

BY

JOHN MOODY AND GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

IN 1859 a new thing happened. A man had drilled a hole in the earth and found petroleum. It was about like finding liquid gold. The stuff brought $20 a barrel, and they took out twenty barrels a day. In a few months' time the narrow valley in northwestern Pennsylvania where it was found swarmed with madmen tearing open the ground, in the frenzy of competition that comes to all new mining districts. So far as known, this was the only section in the world where petroleum could be produced. And every one was hurrying to snatch his share before it should be gone.

In the late '50's a young commission merchant in Cleveland had saved up a little over $700 in the Society for Savings — nursing it up from nothing, a few dollars at a time. The account had started him in the commission business. In 1860 he took a chance, with three other men, in the venture of refining petroleum. He put something less than the $700 of savings into it.

In 1862 the experimenters had $4,000 in the enterprise. One of the men was a master of refining; they made an excellent burning oil; and their profits, like every refiner's at the time, were amazing. In a half dozen years they were running into the tens of thousands of dollars annually. The partners — there were several by this time — had the usual desire to draw the money out and spend it. John D. Rockefeller, the ex-commission merchant, who from the first dominated the business, was insistent night and day that they leave it in.

"Take out what you've got to have to live on; leave the rest," he kept urging his partners. "Don't buy new clothes and fast horses; and let your wife wear her last year's bonnet. You can't find any place where money will earn what it does here."

"The Importance of Having Cash"

That was true. But this new business had peculiar risks; it was hard to tell just how it should be run. In the first place, no one knew when this petroleum would give out; in fact, it seemed as if it must give out before many years, and leave the manufacturer with his plant on his hands. In the second place, it had the danger of all businesses with one hundred and two hundred per cent profits — the same risk that the bicycle business had fifteen years ago, and that the automobile business has today. Everybody was getting into it at once, and overdoing it.

John D. Rockefeller has analyzed the situation like this:

"You see, it was this way. All of us men from the different lines of other business had gotten into this, many of us in the beginning in quite a hurry, and the business in the beginning was so profitable that we kept putting our profits which we made into the plant.

"As a rule, our friends engaged in the refining of oil [Mr. Rockefeller's competitors] overlooked the importance of having cash, as we would say, to ballast the manufacturing interest. We deemed it very important, and began to consider it of great importance, in 1867, that we should recognize what seemed to us to be apparent: that we could not continue always at this rate of constructing refineries, that there would come the hard times — the same as we get in overbuilding blast-furnaces, or any other department of our business here in this country where we go so rapidly."*

And so, by 1867, this policy was established. They depreciated their plants as fast as possible on their books, and they laid aside all the cash they could. If the oil should fail they

* Testimony, November 20, 1908.

would still have their cash assets to divide; if their competitors kept on overbuilding, as competitors are likely to do "in this country where we go so rapidly," they could pick up what plants they wanted at bankrupt sales. "Not satisfied with that effort to increase our capital," Mr. Rockefeller continued, "you see, three years later we added still more." They used their credit, too, to get resources. But most remarkable of all were their cash accumulations. Refining was, in fact, from the first a cash business. The refiner paid cash for his crude oil, and got cash, always, for his refined.

In 1870 the Standard Oil Company of Ohio was formed, with $1,000,000 capital. It was the capitalist of the oil business; it stood waiting, with its ready funds in hand, at the opening of the '70's. And then the hard times came.

From $1,000,000 to $55,000,000 in Twelve Years

All other capital kept away from this new business. It had proved too unstable and precarious. For just that reason, the need of capital was greater, and the rewards for it most extraordinary. The Standard Oil Company bought the weaker refineries, one by one, establishing a chain of plants, properly arranged across the country where plants should be. This brought down its cost of refining and distributing oil to a fraction of the cost to its competitors. The company bought the pipes which gathered from the wells all the crude oil in the country. This forced the railroads to give it rebates on all crude oil shipped, not only to itself, but to its competitors. It controlled all the trunk pipe lines for carrying crude oil to the sea-coast and the Great Lakes, as soon as these lines were built. It thus got its freight for a small part of what the railroads were charging its competitors for handling oil. It built all the tanks for storing the overproduction of oil. This gave it the opportunity of getting oil for half its actual value. In 1879 this company, with its subsidiaries, was practically the only bona-fide buyer, the only gatherer, and the refiner of all but five per cent of the petroleum of the country. One by one, under the strain of competition, all the branches of the business without sufficient capital had fallen into the hands of the one interest supplied with cash. And, all the time, this interest kept piling up its ready resources higher and higher.

John Rockefeller still fought for his early policy of keeping every possible cash resource in the corporation — in the face of continued opposition from many of his partners. The structure grew with startling rapidity. In 1870 there was $1,000,000 capital; in 1875 $3,500,000 nominal capital and $10,000,000 actual assets; in 1882 these assets had grown to $55,000,000. In seven years the company had given out some $11,000,000 in dividends. In these same seven years it had laid by $45,000,000 of new assets, all paid for with the earnings of a three-and a half million dollar corporation. Mr. Archbold, the present head of the company, is very explicit on this point in recent testimony:

Q. All of the acquisitions subsequent to 1875 [up to 1882] were cash purchases?

Mr. Archbold. Practically all, yes.

Q. Where did the money come from that was used in making these cash purchases?

Mr. Archbold. It came either from the treasury of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, or from the treasury of some of the subsidiary companies.

The First Gigantic Accumulator of Cash

When the Standard Oil Trust was formed, in 1882, to hold together this accumulation of property, and even before that time, it was evident that an instrument had appeared, out of this new business, which had never been seen before in the commercial life of this continent, or of the world — an accumulator and concentrator of cash resources. There were larger corporations; many of the railroad companies were many times its size; but, previously, every great enterprise upon this continent had been an absorber and not an accumulator of ready resources. Here had suddenly appeared a gigantic gatherer of cash, an engine which moved forward at a tremendous speed by the sheer power of ready money. From 1862 to 1882 it had grown from $4,000 to $55,000,000,— fourteen thousand times in twenty years,— almost entirely by its collections from its business.

Those who analyzed this new growth began to see that it was the inevitable result of the peculiar enterprise it had sprung from; that the oil business presented an exaggerated form of the alternate glut and famine which gives capital so great an opportunity in this young country "where we go so rapidly"; and that, with the appearance of this new substance, petroleum, had come the greatest opportunity for capital in the history of the world.

America's Greatest Gambling Game

The oil business is, in fact, and has been for the last fifty years, the greatest gambling game in America.

In the first place, no one had then and no one now has ever learned to tell where petroleum can be found by indications on the surface of the

ground The only way to learn is by drilling a hole in the ground. And every hole costs hundreds and thousands of dollars.

In the second place, everybody bores for oil at once, and must always do so, as long as our present land laws stand. Oil lies in great subterranean deposits; the right to drill for it is vested in the owners of the many lesser areas of land that overlay it. One hole might draw out the entire deposit; so every one with rights upon the surface must drill at once the number of holes that he believes will produce the greatest quantity of oil. There are two and three and ten times the number of drillings necessary. And even then it is impossible to tell which one of these holes will strike into oil.

This work is the province of the gambler. Three generations of gamblers have swarmed to it since it started, fifty years ago. Quite naturally; for it is the greatest gambling opportunity in America. It is a game a man may come into for $25 and go out of in a few months' time a millionaire. A young mechanic working on the drill of an oil-well may acquire inside information, for example, that a certain territory is likely to produce oil. He rushes out and secures an option from a neighboring farmer to drill for oil upon his land, paying a few dollars down and making the usual agreement to give the farmer a percentage of the oil. In many regions an oil-well can be drilled for $600. The owner of the lease can often, within twenty-four hours, peddle out six eighths of his right, at $100 for each eighth, and have the other quarter free. If oil is struck, his gamble makes him overnight a wealthy man. If it is not, his loss is practically nothing. But, once struck, oil must continue to flow — at times in tremendous streams, for it is not safe or practical to stop it.

The investigation of the Federal Department of Commerce and Labor has described this enterprise very exactly in the following words:

"The peculiarly speculative character of the oil business brings it about that, on the average, crude oil has probably been sold for less than it cost to produce it — at least, over considerable periods of time."

But it is not the average that interests the gambler, but the exceptional great prize. Hundreds of men — a special class of "wild-catters" — have tramped the United States from end to end, through half a century, stampeding to each new field. And, when they find the oil, they pour it out at once in the shortest possible time. And always the Standard Oil stands ready, waiting to receive it at the prices of the glut, and to sell it at the prices of the famine that is sure to follow. The gambler frequently loses; the capitalist never can.

Organizing the Standard as a Great Bank

It was not until the discovery of the first great oil-field, at Bradford, Pennsylvania, in the late '70's, that any one conceived how tremendous a task was offered for capital in this new work. In storing oil, in laying gathering pipes and trunk-line mains, not less than $20,000,000 investment was required of the Standard Oil within five years. It was a strain that required every resource that the company had. And it fixed forever the policy of the corporation — the plan of gathering and piling up cash — which John Rockefeller had established in the '60's.

The Standard Oil Company almost from its beginning had been primarily a financial institution; it was soon necessary to organize it as such. In 1876 or 1877, Joel Freeman, an expert accountant of Cleveland, was sent on to New York to do this work. The branch office in New York was already the financial headquarters of the main company; but the various concerns that had been acquired from time to time were conducting their financial operations with the local banks in the cities where their own headquarters were. They were even borrowing money at high rates, when the New York office was putting out its surplus on call loans at two and three per cent. Freeman put into effect a new system by which the surplus funds of the many sudsidiary concerns drained into the main office at New York, and, in turn, their loans were all made to them by the New York headquarters. In doing this he really made a bank — one of the three or four greatest in America.

In 1886 the Chemical National of New York was the largest bank in the United States. It had a capital and surplus of about $6,000,000 and outstanding loans of $19,000,000. In 1886 the New York office of the Standard — now incorporated as the Standard Oil Company of New York — had $8,000,000 in cash and $9,500,000 in government bonds,— that is, $17,500,000, all practically in cash,— besides a million dollars in loans to outside corporations. The Standard had, also, over $15,000,000 worth of crude oil of its own, which for all practical purposes was as good as gold bullion.

The peculiarities of the oil business had made this structure necessary. The Standard Oil concern had surrounded the small area that produced the petroleum of the continent, but it held it on only one set of terms. It furnished all its great machinery — its storage, its gathering pipes, its pipe-line transportation. It was its only capitalist. But the nature of the enterprise was so shifty, and its possible demands so tremendous and so sudden, that there was only one possible insurance against it — a cash sur-

plus greater than had ever before been accumulated by any industry on earth, ready at any moment to be thrown into it. Twenty or thirty million dollars cash was as truly a tool of the oil business as a derrick or a drill.

The Concentric Circles

The sight of this mass of ready assets, so new for that earlier period, was alarming not because of its size alone, but because of its extraordinary wieldiness and the secrecy of its movement. No similar amount of cash resources, absolutely without responsibility to any person but its owners, existed on the continent, perhaps not in the world. Its use was concentrated in the hands of a small group of men, practically in the control of one man — John D. Rockefeller, who now had a world-wide reputation for his policy of secretiveness.

From the first, John Rockefeller had been the Standard Oil Company. In the '70's, it is still recalled, one of his partners demanded strenuously, but vainly, for an explanation of some of Rockefeller's business policies. As he talked, John Rockefeller was engaged in drawing concentric circles on a pad. The man finished talking, and Rockefeller quietly looked up at him.

"This," he said, pointing to the concentric circles, "is the Standard Oil Company. Here," he continued, pointing to the ring between the two outer lines, "are So-and-so and So-and-so," naming small stockholders. "Here," and he touched his pencil to the space inside, "are So-and-so," naming larger stockholders. "And here," in the space next to the center, "are Henry Flagler and John Huntington and Henry Rogers and Samuel Andrews. But here" — he placed his pencil-point in the center circle — "is John D. Rockefeller."

The Standard Oil Company, from that day to this, has been exactly as Mr. Rockefeller described it — concentric circles of silence and control; and the men in the outer margin have had scarcely more knowledge and power in its affairs than the general public. In the center, dominating and shaping the structure for twenty years, and still commanding in spirit and ownership, has been John D. Rockefeller.

In 1879, and again in 1882, Mr. Rockefeller appeared as the owner of a little more than a quarter of the stock of the Standard Oil. There were only forty odd owners of the corporation's stock in 1882, and with Rockefeller, on the formation of the trust in that year, appeared eight other men, who owned together considerably more than a quarter. But none of them had any ownership approaching his. The concentration of wealth upon this one man and his few associates was startling in itself, but the apprehension of the power of the new and unheard-of massing of cash assets in their control was greater still.

The Popular Alarm of 1888

The oil regions had from the first been clamorous against the powers of this new aggregation of capital. A feeling of alarm was now arising throughout the United States at the sight of this new corporate creature, grown suddenly, through the discovery of this new substance, to such enormous and unparalleled power. The report of the New York Senate Committee on General Laws on the subject in 1888 expressed this alarm as follows:

"The actual value of the property in trust control at the present time is not less than $147,000,000,* according to the testimony of the trust president before your committee. This sum in the hands of nine men, energetic, intelligent, and aggressive (and the trustees, as has been said, own a majority of the stock of the trust, which absolutely controls the $147,000,000), is one of the most active, and possibly the most formidable, moneyed power on the continent. When it is remembered that all this vast wealth is the growth of about twenty years, that this property has more than doubled in value in six years, and with this increase the trust has made aggregate dividends during that period of over $50,000,000, the people may well look with apprehension at such rapid development and centralization of wealth."

This outcry of the '80's seems almost amusing from the standpoint of the present day. The Standard Oil in 1888 showed earnings of only $16,000,000 for the year. The net value of its property, according to the conservative policy of its bookkeeping, was only $97,000,000. The earnings of to-day are $80,000,000 a year.

The decade following the foundation of the trust, in 1882, when the most fresh and violent apprehension came upon the public mind, as a matter of fact was a less startling period of progress for the Standard Oil concern than any other of its existence. The statements of its books — forced out of its traditional silence from time to time by the courts — show a remarkably steady period of net earnings. They reached $12,000,000 in the first year of the trust's formation. As late as 1895 they were only $15,000,000, and only twice in the intervening time had they run as high as $19,000,000. From the end of 1882 to the beginning of 1895 the net value of property on its books was only a little more than doubled, running from

* This figure was apparently arrived at by a calculation from the selling value of the trust certificates.

$65,000,000 to $135,000,000. In the first thirteen years following the formation of the trust the dividends were only $115,000,000 and the increase of the property valuation but $80,000,000. It was a small and level period compared to the time between 1875 and 1882, or to the gigantic growth that was now to come to it.

The Sudden Growth of 1895

In the last of the '90's the few men who had the chance to see knew that John Rockefeller was increasing his holdings of Standard Oil securities. From a quarter, his interest rose to over forty per cent. He himself had retired from active management; the Standard Oil was being attacked more violently than ever before; the trust arrangement had been broken up. But something more fundamental than government attacks had come — another great expansion in the oil business.

At first, and almost up to that time, petroleum had been useful almost solely for supplying light. Now, suddenly, it began to supply power; the gasolene engine had arrived. The use of petroleum products as lubricants had grown tremendously; and, only lately, the processes had been perfected for using its poorer oils for making gas. The effect was the same as if, all at once, the material had doubled in value. From that time on the profits were to come more and more from the newly useful products, especially from gasolene. From 1895 there was a general growth of business. It was not only the Standard Oil Company that received it; its proportion of the refining business rather showed a decrease. There was profit enough for all, and the great refining corporation and the small ones that had grown up during the preceding fifteen years all grew fat together.

In 1895 the net earnings of the Standard Oil began to grow. That year they ran up to $24,000,000, from $15,000,000 the year before. In 1903 they were $81,000,000. The net value of the concern's property — $135,000,000 on the last day of 1894 — was $276,000,000 at the end of 1903. It had been more than doubled in nine years.

The Standard Oil in Danger

Then, for the first time in the history of the Standard Oil Company, the disaster which it had feared from the first came to it. It faced a shortage in crude oil. The exact form of the early apprehension had not come: it had not, as Mr. Rockefeller expressed it, "wakened up the next day to find the oil was all gone." But it was facing the time when it would not have enough oil to feed its factories; and the fields that supplied its oil were apparently drying up — slowly but surely.

In 1882 the Standard had required 16,000,000 barrels to feed its plants. In 1903 it used 52,000,000 barrels, and its markets were constantly increasing. It had taken the Ohio field in the late '80's, and practically appropriated it all. From the Pennsylvania field, which it first held, it had extended its pipe lines southwest through West Virginia and Kentucky. All these fields were dwindling. The great field in Pennsylvania, which had been its main reliance, was falling away sharply. It had actually not enough oil for its own use, and its surplus stocks above ground were almost gone.

Oil had appeared in great quantities in California, but it was of a poor quality, almost useless for refining; the Standard had not paid serious attention to it. There had been great strikes in Texas; the Standard had not taken the section up, partly because of the poor quality of the oil, partly because an attempt to receive concessions from that trust-baiting State had failed. And now the concern was sending agents the world over for oil — to Japan and Russia and Rumania, and everywhere on this continent. Refining plants worth $50,000,000 at the least, pipe lines worth as much more, a total permanent investment of $150,000,000 at the very least, waited upon the finding of the oil. There were men, long experienced in the oil trade, who, watching this anxious hunt, believed that the anxiety of the search, not less than other financial anxieties of his own, hastened the death of Henry H. Rogers, who was the head of the great oil company at that time.

$100,000,000 Surplus Earnings in Three Years

In the meanwhile, the Standard Oil Company played out its customary game. The oil was not in sight, but it went on religiously setting aside its cash assets against the time when it should suddenly appear. It had thrown $20,000,000 upon the Bradford field in the late '70's, as much more upon the big Ohio field in the late '80's. But the oil business had grown tremendously since then; and these sums were small compared to what it must have for its next oil territory. Business was exceedingly profitable now; the company's dividends had risen to over $40,000,000 a year, and its surplus earnings were enormous.

From 1903 to 1906, three years, the management of the Standard Oil put away almost $100,000 000 from earnings, and the net value of its property, on its conservatively kept books,

ran from $276,000,000 to $371,000,000. The process of accumulation was hastening. Not all of this increase went into cash, of course; millions went into plant, and millions more, as it came about, had now gone for oil. But tens of millions of it appeared in cash, in the various treasuries of the company. This was simply the wise and necessary continuation of the traditional policy of the company.

No Bank Great Enough for the Standard Oil

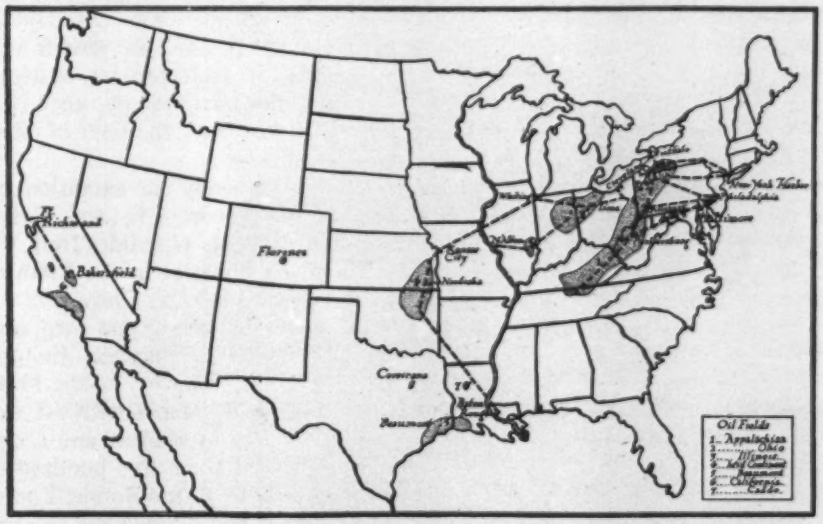
"This interest [the Standard Oil Company] is now so large," said Mr. Rockefeller, in 1908, "that they cannot rely upon funds which they could secure — they cannot surely rely upon the funds which they can secure from the banking institutions, and consequently they are obliged — in view of the fact that the very nature of the business requires it — every year, in order to perpetuate cash returns of modest dividends, they are obliged to continue very large investments of money — millions of dollars in each year."

What the "very nature of the business required" was exactly what the Standard Oil Company had built up — a huge secret bank, an instrument in the hands of a little council of silent men, which could at any moment concentrate a larger amount of ready money, in a shorter time, for a given purpose, than any other financial agency on earth could be relied upon to do.

There was, as a matter of fact, no bank in America that could approach the financial power which the Standard Oil Company must and did have. The National City Bank of New York, the greatest product of a period of tremendous growth of banking interests, could satisfy only a fraction of the requirements that might arise. Its capital was $25,000,000. By strict interpretation of the law, it could lend only ten per cent of it to one borrower; and if, by any of the various plans of technically observing the letter of the banking laws which could be used, it should exceed this, it could scarcely lend more than a portion of the $25,000,000 capital.

Cash Assets of $55,000,000 in Sight

The federal government, in the course of its present prosecution of the Standard Oil, has brought out a partial statement of that company's finances at the end of 1906. In this statement all of the company's cash resources were not evident; but some of them were clear enough. There was over $55,000,000 in sight — assets that were practically cash, ready for use at any time. Unquestionably there were many millions more which did not appear.



THE STANDARD OIL'S GREAT PIPE-LINE SYSTEM. THESE TRUNK PIPE LINES FOR THE CARRYING OF CRUDE OIL NOW EXTEND FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC

In 1906 the various operations of the Standard Oil had for seven years been in the possession of the present holding corporation — the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Under this, as before, the New York office — now the Standard Oil Company of New York — became the banking agency. At the close of 1906 the other Standard Oil corporations had deposits of $50,000,000 surplus in its hands.

Thirty-three million dollars of this amount appeared as loans placed on the most conservative collateral, and in large part subject to immediate call at any time. Where the remainder of the $50,000,000 had gone is not entirely clear. But this is certain: there were held, in various companies' hands, $11,000,000 of cash — either directly named as such or covered into special funds. Eleven million dollars more appeared in low-interest-bearing and immediately convertible securities — United States, State, and municipal bonds. Here alone were $55,000,000 of resources which were practically cash.

The largest bank in the United States might possibly, by some evasion of the law, apply as much as $10,000,000 or $15,000,000 to one purpose. This bank of the Standard Oil corporation had four and five times that amount, to use at any moment. Not only that, but all this capital could be directed secretly — an advantage for capital almost as essential as concentration. All public banks must be examined and make reports to the government. The Standard Oil Company had neither examination nor report. All corporations whose securities are listed on the New York Stock Exchange must make some financial statement to the public. The Standard Oil has never listed its stock there. It preferred to hold its silence. The tens of millions that it hoarded and held in wait for oil were as unknown to the public, and as absolutely in the control of the men in the inner council of the corporation, as the change in their vest pockets.

The Flood of Oil Appears

But now, before 1906, the event that all these resources were assembled for had come. A great new oil territory had been discovered in Kansas and Oklahoma — the so-called Mid-Continent field. The usual horde of rough adventurers with drills and derricks had swarmed upon it, and again oil was pouring out of the earth in rivers. Instantly the tens of millions were gathered together and thrown upon it.

In 1904 the Kansas-Oklahoma field came in; by 1908 it was flowing 47,000,000 barrels of oil a year. In 1906 the Illinois field appeared; in 1908 it flowed 34,000,000 barrels. These two new fields produced more oil in 1908 than did the whole United States in any year before 1902. But when this came the Standard Oil was ready for it. In the four years following 1906 it threw into these new fields considerably more than $100,000,000 in cash, surrounded the new oil territory with its gathering machinery, and mapped out a new and ideal arrangement for the distribution of its products, covering the entire United States.

First of all, it saved and gathered up the flood of oil. At its height, this ran more than 200,000 barrels a day in the Mid-Continent and Illinois fields alone. The Standard in four years' time laid away 90,000,000 barrels,— more oil than had ever before been stored in the history of the world,— and paid out in Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma, and California some $22,000,000 for iron tanks to keep it in. The oil it brought and stored in these two fields and in California required an investment of over $40,000,000 more. In five years' time it spent probably $20,000,000 buying leases of oil-producing lands.

In order to gather up this oil, it laid several thousand miles of small gathering pipe through the various fields. The cost could not have been less than $7,500,000. And from these gathering lines it built out its system of trunk-carrying lines for crude oil, until it crossed the United States from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Atlantic.

This was merely an extension of its long-established system. In the early '80's the Standard built its pipe lines from the Pennsylvania oil regions east to the Atlantic and west to the Great Lakes at Cleveland. In the late '80's, when the great Ohio field was found, it sent them west to Chicago. In 1905, immediately upon the discovery of the Mid-Continent field, it pushed them southwest five hundred and fifty miles to Kansas and Oklahoma. In 1909 it pushed them five hundred miles more, southeasterly to Baton Rouge, Louisiana. And meanwhile it had hitched the great new Illinois field northward to Chicago and westward to the Mississippi River. The additions to this trunk-line system since 1905 have cost $12,000,000 or $14,000,000 more.

The principal refineries of the Standard Oil in 1906 were located on the Atlantic seaboard or on the Great Lakes. Immediately upon the establishment of the new fields, the Standard built large refineries — with the possibility of great expansion — at North Alton, just above St. Louis on the Mississippi, at Kansas City, and at Baton Rouge, just north of New Orleans. It already had similar plants in Colorado and California. In the hard times of 1907, always having ready money, it built another great Atlantic coast refinery at Bay Way on the Newark Bay in northern New Jersey. Some $12,000,000 more went into these new refineries. With them and its pipe lines, it covered the area of the United States as it had never been covered before.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE IN 1910

$100,000,000 Cash and Its Profits

In five years' time the Standard Oil had thrown $100,000,000 and more into these new oil-fields. It had scarcely spent it before it came flowing back. The enterprise had grown in a most astonishing way between 1875 and 1882. But it was a little thing, comparatively, then, with its profits of $12,000,000 a year. It began suddenly to increase again in 1895, the profits doubling and trebling. But by 1906 and 1907 had come the wonderful machine which pours out now in profits every year more than the whole value of the old Standard Oil Trust that was the disturber of the popular imagination in the early '80's.

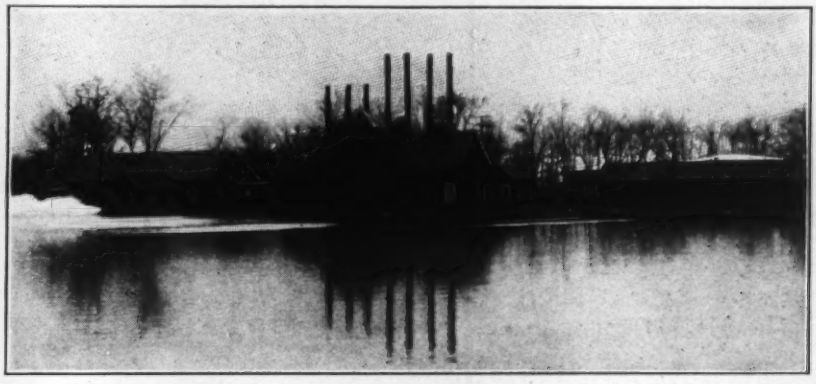
The thing that has happened now is simply this: the production of crude oil has suddenly doubled within half a dozen years; and the Standard Oil has surrounded and taken it — not all of it, but all that it desired. Never, in its long running fight with governmental agencies, has it been so harassed as at this time. The federal government and half a dozen States are hunting it. The oil-producers in the great new fields have been making the same old clamor they have made for fifty years, with the same net results. They have called on every possible governmental power to interfere, proposed State pipe lines, agitated the building of State refineries. The Standard Oil has gone steadily forward, on its old formula — taking advantage of its mass of capital. And to-day it holds the future of the business of refining oil in America more completely than it ever has before, and may be counted on still to hold it, even if it is resolved to its component parts by the United States Supreme Court.

In the last six years the Standard Oil has purchased 270,000,000 barrels of crude oil from the Illinois and Mid-Continent fields alone. It got this for $80,000,000 less than it was actually worth. It is still buying oil in these two fields, at prices that net it, under present conditions, a saving of $20,000,000 a year — due entirely to its simple old receipt, which gives it its supplies of oil always at forced sale.

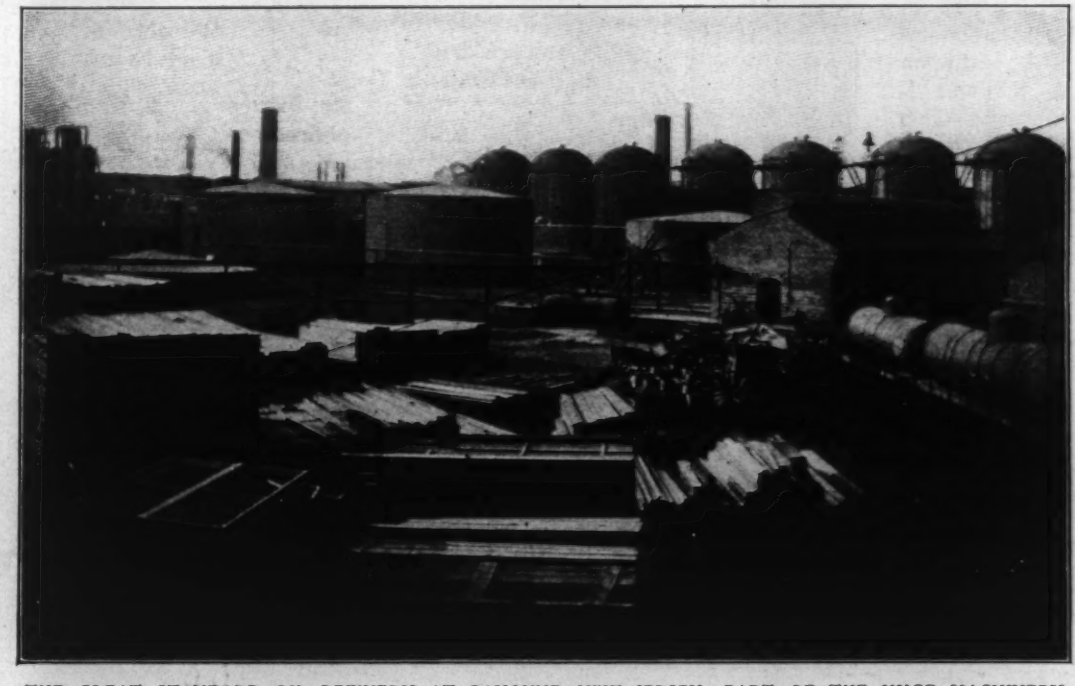
This advantage will continue for an indefinite time. In Illinois, the Standard Oil and its affiliated companies have bought the leases of land that now produces two thirds of all the oil the field is giving out. In Oklahoma and Louisiana it has bought the leases of more immense tracts, and it is still continually buying. The price it pays for leases is based upon the present price of oil; consequently it will have the benefit of that price as long as the territory produces oil.

In pipe lines and in refineries the company's position has been entirely changed in the last half dozen years. From these alone it can make two additional great profits over its competitors — one from the difference between the cost of taking oil to the refineries by pipe lines and by freight, another in the distribution of the refined oil from the plants to the consumer. The cost of hauling a barrel of oil by freight two hundred miles is equal to the whole cost of refining it; and the Standard Oil refining plants are now distributed throughout the country in such a way as to secure the cheapest possible freight and the shortest possible haul.

The Standard Oil owns ninety per cent of the great mass of refinable crude oil now in storage; it holds by lease a territory producing probably a third of the really refinable oil in the United States; its pipe lines cross the country from the Gulf of Mexico to the North Atlantic in such a way that any new oil-field that may be found will be immediately appropriated by some extension of these lines; its refineries cover the entire United States in locations that are commercially



A PIPE-LINE PUMPING STATION. ONE OF HUNDREDS WHICH PUMP CRUDE OIL ACROSS THE COUNTRY THROUGH THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S PIPES



THE GREAT STANDARD OIL REFINERY AT BAYONNE, NEW JERSEY—PART OF THE HUGE MACHINERY WHICH REFINES TWELVE MILLION BARRELS OF CRUDE OIL EVERY YEAR

perfect. No government, having absolute control of the resources of the country, could improve on its arrangement. It holds the refining industries of the United States with a grip stronger than it ever had before.

The Refiners Who No Longer Count

Up to a year ago this was not understood. The independent refiners were prospering. The Standard had not hunted them seriously for nearly fifteen years. Many more were appearing in the new fields. The independent distributers of oil were growing rapidly. Suddenly, at the beginning of 1910, the price of kerosene began to fall; by October it had been cut to pieces — thirty per cent or more. Then the price of other products of petroleum followed suit. And, all at once, the situation was quite clear.

Half of the independent refiners lie east upon the old Pennsylvania and Ohio fields. The Pennsylvania petroleum now costs them $1.30 a barrel; it cannot go much lower, because it cannot be produced much cheaper in that old and worked-out region. The Ohio oil costs 85 cents, and is failing rapidly. It is now apparently too late for these Eastern refineries to get the cheap oil of Illinois by pipe lines. The Standard owns most of that field. In the meanwhile, the Standard Company is buying, in Oklahoma, an oil not much inferior, under existing market conditions, to Pennsylvania oil, and better than the Ohio oil, for 45 cents a barrel.

Under these conditions, the Standard Oil, if it cared to do it, could quickly wipe out its competitors. It will not do so, for it would cost too much money. The refiners of the high-priced petroleum are making much of their kerosene at a loss; some of the low qualities of it they sell for actually less a gallon than the crude oil cost. But they are still making some profit from the other products. The Standard is not really forcing them. The change of 1910 has, in fact, come from perfectly natural conditions — the great flow of cheap oil produced in the past few years. The Standard has most of this oil. Half of the independent refiners of the country, in point of output, are outflanked and left behind in a slowly drying field. They will not die at once, but never again will they be a serious factor in the Standard Oil Company's campaign.

"TWENTY-SIX BROADWAY," THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

A Sudden Blow to Independent Distributers

Following the prosecutions of the Standard Oil Company, in 1906, by the federal government

for receiving illegal freight rates, more independent distributers of oil sprang up than had ever before existed in the history of the country. In 1909 they prospered exceedingly, especially in the so-called "insurgent States" west of the Mississippi, which had passed special legislation aiding them. In 1910 they lost money almost as rapidly as they had made it the year before. The Standard Oil was selling off its kerosene. Its crude oil was so low in price, its new arrangement of pipe lines and refineries made its shipping so much less expensive, that it put its product on the local markets at a price that no independent refiners and distributers could afford to meet. All this, apparently, was not a move to crush the independents: the Standard Oil had simply taken advantage of the new conditions of the business.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER AT THE AGE OF TWENTY

The distribution of refined oil in the United States now belongs to the Standard Oil, with possibly two or three large independent companies — which, when it chooses, it can easily buy out, if, indeed, it has not already bought an interest in them.

The huge business machine that still grips the petroleum trade is great really through the growth of a great fundamental natural product of the country. In 1910 the product of petroleum was four times what it was in 1882, when the Standard Oil was formed; the Standard Oil now refines four and almost five times as much oil; its profits are six times what they were in 1882 — considerably more per barrel than they were in the earlier time when the trust had a more complete monopoly of the trade than the holding company has to-day.

There are many popular misapprehensions of the Standard Oil Company. It is believed to be always a savage enemy. It is so, when it pays it to be; otherwise it is the easiest and most reasonable of competitors. It is believed that it depends for its profits upon a grinding monopoly controlling the sale of one of the prime necessities of life, kerosene, to the poor of America. In 1906 its profits were $83,000,000; its gross receipts from the sale of all the kerosene delivered to the American consumer — at the impossibly high price of $5 a barrel — would have been but $45,000,000. It draws its profits now from the rich man and the corporation rather than from the poor — from gasolene and lubricants and gas oils rather than from kerosene. In point of fact, the Standard Oil is, first of all, a financial institution. Its chief interest and importance to America is as the appropriator of one of the greatest natural resources of the continent, and the builder, with a growing product, of an enormous financial power to whose increase there is yet, apparently, no end.

A Billion and a Quarter from Petroleum

In the half century from 1859 through 1908, $2,500,000,000 worth of gold was produced in the United States, and $1,800,000,000 worth of petroleum. The gold was scattered into thousands of hands; out of the petroleum one corporation, largely held by a small group of men, secured more than $1,200,000,000 of net profits — two thirds the value of all the petroleum, one half the value of all the gold. By a singular chance, a new substance, unknown to commerce until it was discovered upon this continent, has furnished the first great source of American capital and the first thoroughly American financial power.

It was not entirely the tremendous profits from this new material that made its seizure so important in the history of the United States; it was the remarkable concentration of these which the nature of the business required. Other industries, steel and some of the railroads, have made profits approximately as great. These profits were absorbed again into plant, or their possessors took their dividends and scattered. But here was a business which demanded concentration — a gathering mass of ready capital, kept fluid to the greatest possible degree.

The $1,200,000,000 of profits were massed first in the corporation. From 1870 to 1882 there was an accumulation from $1,000,000 to $55,000,000 in net value of the plant and assets; from 1882 to 1894 there was a growth from $55,000,000 to $135,000,000; from 1894 to 1903, from $135,000,000 to $275,000,000; and from 1903 to 1910, from $275,000,000 to approximately $525,000,000. It was a steadily hastening process of geometrical progression; the vaster

A "TANK FARM" FOR THE INVESTMENT IN IRON AND OIL REPRESENTED IN TANKS OF THIS SIZE (THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS APIECE, ACCORDING

the figures became, the faster, in these recent years, the process has gone on.

The other fifty-five or sixty per cent of the profits have massed themselves — still more in cash — largely in the same half dozen hands that managed the great property — men who had grasped the new business at its beginning and had grown up with it. One of these, John D. Rockefeller, has held generally about a quarter of the stock. At one time he had considerably more, but more recently his holdings have gone back, apparently to about the earlier figure. And, with this one man, half a dozen more have always taken, on an average, about half of the dividends. Four living men have had easily a third.

From 1870 to 1882, twelve years, the enterprise gave dividends of some $11,000,000. From 1882 to 1895, thirteen years, the dividends were $118,000,000; from 1895 to 1903, eight years, $275,000,000; from 1903 to 1911, eight years, $314,000,000 — in all, a distribution of $718,000,000 cash in forty years. Of this, John D. Rockefeller had approximately a quarter — practically $180,000,000. The other living men — Oliver H. Payne, Henry M. Flagler, and William Rockefeller — have had $70,000,000 more. Between the four $250,000,000 in cash has been shared. With interest at four per cent — if they had had nothing more — John Rockefeller's share of this would now be $265,000,000; and the share of the four men $365,000,000. But these men were not confined to four-per-cent investments. The opportunities of a continent lay before them for their taking.

The Men Who Had a Billion of Cash

Tremendous power had accumulated in the hands of many men in the United States, but none exactly like that which came to the half dozen men who managed this great mill of ready money. Others were developers of railroads, of great industrial enterprises — all huge absorbers, not producers of liquid capital. At the best, they might be agents of other people's money. But these men, by the very nature of their business, were not seekers, but investors of hundreds of millions — not the money of ten thousand other people, but money that was absolutely theirs, by personal ownership or by undisputed control.

Nearly a billion dollars' worth of cash had passed under their personal control. Now, every year, $80,000,000 of cash is turned out by this machine of theirs. Forty millions of it, $110,000 a day, must be reinvested for the corporation, in oil or the machinery for handling it, or set away for future use. Twenty millions more a year, approximately $55,000 a day, is the personal property of half a dozen men. For one of these alone, John D. Rockefeller, the wheels of

STORING CRUDE OIL
THOUSAND BARRELS) VARIES FROM TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND TO SIXTY THOUSAND TO THE VALUE OF THE OIL

the machine grind out one half of this great mass — $10,000,000 every year, $27,500 every day, $19 every minute — of cash for reinvestment.

Nearly a billion dollars of cash has come to them, and with it they have received a training and experience that have never been exactly duplicated in the world. They were trained in the exact uses of great bodies of cash capital. Ready money was their chief tool; it soon became to them a real thing, almost tangible to the hand; and they learned to gauge its power as no one else had done.

They were trained, these men, in the most savage speculative game in the world. They had learned how readily a huge financial power could master it. They were given, in their experience in investing their tens of millions of dollars of cash, an unusual insight into the value of collateral and of the properties it represented; they saw the inevitable consolidation of the railroads and the industries of America which has taken place in the past twenty years; they saw the ebb and flow of bad and good times in this young country "where we go so rapidly"; and they knew the power of capital. They possessed a power never held before, and they used it, as individuals, in exactly the way they had used it for their corporation — to absorb the unearned increment of a young and growing continent.

And so, about the time of the panic of 1893, these men began to appear in the great finances of the United States — employing their old formula. They were bankers in every essential sense: lenders of moneys; sellers of tens of millions of foreign exchange; experts in collateral. They were men of different minds and temperaments, varying from the most conservative to the most daring. They made use of their ready masses of capital in many and ingenious ways. But nothing was more normal or more notable than the extension and multiplication of the power of their ready resources, through the natural instrument of money and credit — the bank; and especially in the great movement of banking consolidation which they helped to inaugurate. And now, in fifteen years, the command of ready resources, which they and others have by this means developed, has grown and centralized, until the fear of it is oppressing a continent, and menacing, as many men believe, the whole present organization of society.

With them the third great supply of capital for the development of America had centralized in New York City. The English capital had come more and more into the control of J. Pierpont Morgan; the German capital to Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; the great accumulation of American capital was in the Standard Oil men's hands. The use of all this money, through the great banks of New York, will be the subject of the next article in this series.

THE TOOTH OF ANTAR

BY

LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

AUTHOR OF "THE RUG OF HER FATHERS"

OF the many trials of Nazileh Sewaya's strange new life, the Dutch baker lady's daughter was perhaps the most bothersome. To be sure, the chubby Geraldine was really only a part of the bewildering ordeal of going to public school when one longed ardently to go back to the classes in Father Shiskim's little basement church. In public school the little Americans laughed impudently at one's halting, prettily guttural English; they did not know how hard it was to talk English when one still thought in a hybrid Arabic Syrian. In public school one's bitterest enemies, "cheesemadic" (schismatic) Syrians, made noses at one unrebuked. But Father Shiskim said he could not go on teaching one little nine-year-old, when twenty were clamoring for her place, that they too might learn to speak "Ameercan En'leesch," and so Nazileh could only sigh and endure.

The Dutch baker lady's daughter had a maddening way of teasing her all the way home from school. And she wore huge bows on flaxen hair, a stiffly starched apron, shiny boots, and

the hat! On top of the gorgeous ribbons, the red-and-yellow hat!

Nazileh hid her own curly braid with its "elasteeck" band under her shabby old coat, and pulled the brown veil tightly over her ears. The comparison was altogether too painful; she couldn't pretend not to care.

"Why do you not mit the other dagos walk?" asked her tormentor. "Why do they not talk mit you at recess?"

"They ees cheesemads; me, I ees oth'dox," explained Nazileh politely. "Eet ees nod good thad I should walk weeth cheesemads!"

"But they is dagos, chust the same like you, aind't they?" persisted Geraldine.

"They ees nod dag-go; no mor' ees I a dag-go," Nazileh protested, lifting her darkly fringed eyes to the insipidness of Geraldine's blue orbs. "Oxcuse, bud you nod onde'stan'. Een Syreeah, een Beirut, the dag-go do nod leeve; the dag-go leeve een Etalee. Me, I——"

"Mein papa, he says you is all dagos," interrupted Geraldine stolidly, "und he knows."

Nazileh shook her curly head; her thick lips pouted mournfully.

"The cheesemads ees cheesemadic," she explained slowly. "They ees of a truth ver' bad, those ones. Once, las' year, some cheesemads they ees keel my fathaire! They ees nod oth'dox leeke me—they go nod to Fathaire Shiskim's choorch; bud, leeke me, they have leeve before een Syreeah, een Beirut."

Against this Oriental persistence even Teutonic stubbornness had to give way.

"Maybe it makes like some folks calls me Dutch und I is Cherman," Geraldine suggested.

Nazileh paled under her lovely, dusky skin.

"A ger-rm leeke teecha tells—a ger-rm! A diszees ger-rm!" she gasped. "*Aie!* Gee-raldeen, you ees nod! They ees small, those ones. Eef thad we eat them, they geeve us scarlat fev' an' black deeth an'——"

Geraldine stood still and laughed until her pink cheeks looked like a ripe pomegranate.

"A Cherman!" she snickered; "I said a Cherman! They aind't the same like a cherm."

Nazileh gave it up in despair. It was one of those things one could not understand, this germ business. One could not feel them, one could not see them; one simply had to accept them, like the evil eye.

"Mein mama," boasted Geraldine, skipping elaborately over the sidewalk cracks, "she makes it to-day a lofely birthday cake mit five lights for a rich lady's little boy's birthday that is five years old."

"Ees he yust got hees tooth?" asked Nazileh, in amazement. "An' feeve year?"

"Tooth?" demanded Geraldine. "Course he's got lots of teeth! This is his birthday und his party."

"Een Beirut," said Nazileh, "eet ees nod of a beerthday we makes a par-rty for leedle boy; we makes eet a par-rty when thad he attain hees tooth."

Geraldine, for once, was tremendously impressed.

"Honest?" she asked. "What for? What kind of a party?"

"Hones'," said Nazileh solemnly; "weeth *sneinatt*, an' weeth *baklawa*, an' weeth *pilau*——"

"Don't talk dago," objected Geraldine; "I don't know what you say."

"Thad ees nod dag-go," the little Syrian answered; "thad ees theengs to eat—eet ees cake an' meat." Her dark eyes were shining with delight, and her words tumbled awkwardly in her eagerness to tell. "Eet ees put een all the bowls, an' all the people thad one know, they geets a bowl of *sneinatt;* they say, 'Blessin' on hees tooth!' An' when they eat thad cake, then they take thad bowl 'ome to thad babee's mothaire, weeth some othaire cakes for thad babee!"

"Are you going to have some when your baby gets a tooth?" demanded Geraldine. "Will you give us a piece?"

The joyous light died in Nazileh's eyes; she sighed deeply. In this strange land of Brooklyn, where one's mother only wept and made endless yards of lace, would one ever see *sneinatt?*

"He nod got thad tooth now," she answered cautiously; "he too leedle now."

"Going to get him out?" asked Geraldine. "I'm going to get mine out."

The dark eyes shone again. In the matter of brothers Nazileh felt entirely superior to the Dutch lady's daughter. For Antar—darling, dimpled, dusky Antar—was the pride of her heart; the Dutch baby was as nothing beside him.

Did the Dutch baby have a glorious red-and-green sweater, a wonderful red tasseled cap, or altogether amazing yellow shoes? Of a truth, that Dutch baby possessed nothing but silly white clothes that even a schismatic baby would scorn. At the very thought of her heart's treasure Nazileh entirely forgot the Dutch lady's daughter, and scuttled down the street in her eagerness to embrace the beloved Antar.

He was lying on his rug, crying lustily.

"Soon thou wilt laugh!" she murmured in Syrian, as she bent over him. "Soon thou wilt laugh with me! I take him out," she explained to her mother, who was bending over the lace; "I take him out now."

Her mother shrugged her shoulders. "It makes nothing if you do," she answered wearily; "he howls like a jackal all day."

"He howls for me," insisted Nazileh proudly; "now that I come, he does not howl."

Antar had undoubtedly ceased his wailing for a moment, though the tears still flowed from his great brown eyes and his mouth quivered weakly. He only whimpered fretfully while Nazileh pulled the wonderful sweater over his queer little acorn-shaped head.

But out on the sidewalk, in spite of the numerous attractions of Dix Street, he resumed his lusty cries with fresh vigor.

Nazileh cradled him in her thin arms and sat on the curbing to rock him.

"*Aie—aie—aie!*" she sang in strong, nasal tones to the tuneless tune that her people have intoned for generations, that uncanny little tune that may mean joy or sorrow, love or hate. She crooned a strange medley of Syrian and American words.

"Hush, oh, hush, my little heart!" she sang in Syrian; and, when he would not hush, she tried the American lullaby she had learned in public school:

"Sail, babee, sail,
Out upon leefe's sea;
Only don' forgeet to sail
Back again to me!"

But Antar would not be comforted. He howled and howled until his swarthy little face assumed a queer garnet hue. He beat his thick red lips with his chubby fists; the sound of his wailing rose above the strident clamor of the street.

Nazileh grew pale with terror. Had Antar swallowed a "diszees ger-rm"? In Beirut there had been no dreadful germs, but, in this strange land of Brooklyn, who could tell? With sudden inspiration, she got up and lugged the heavy baby across the street to the priest's house. Umn Salim, who kept house for Father Shiskim, she knew all things; she would know what to do if Antar had swallowed a "diszees ger-rm."

The priest's house was very imposing outside; it quite overshadowed the little basement church that stood next door, which, save for its modest cross above the low doorway, might have been almost anything but a church. But Father Shiskim lived in back rooms on the top floor of the great house, and the stairs seemed endless to Nazileh, with the heavy baby in her arms. Once she stumbled in the darkness on the ragged oilcloth, and a savage-looking woman opened a door and sharply bade her to stop crying.

"Eet ees nod I," Nazileh explained patiently; "eet ees thees babee thad cries — I take heem to Umn Salim."

The woman only grunted, but she held the door open carefully until Nazileh reached the top, so that the last flight was not nearly so bad.

Umn Salim herself opened the door. She was very old, was Umn Salim, and the curly tendrils that escaped from her gaudy head-kerchief were snowy white; her deep-sunken eyes flashed good-humoredly, and she laughed with much shaking of her fat cheeks.

"Leetle Ameercan ge-url," she teased. "No more Syreean, now thad she goes ad thad poob-leeck school."

She stooped to take the baby from Nazileh's tired arms.

"He deed nod leeke thad dar-rk stair," she said, pushing a chair toward the little girl; "thad dar-rk make heem cry."

"He cry nod of the stair," panted Nazileh; "he cry an' cry. Me, I theenk he deed eat a diszees ger-rm. Whad you theenk?"

Umn Salim was swaying her fat self in a way that soothed the whimpering baby, for he dropped his head on the cushiony shoulder with a long sigh of relief, and his wailing died away in a petulant "yah-yah-yah" as he gnashed his aching gums together.

"Whad mighd thad be?" asked Umn Salim. "Whad ees thad?"

Nazileh explained anxiously.

"Oh, ho!" chuckled Umn Salim. "Me, I theenk thad yust fooleesch! Thad too seelly! Me, I am old — I nevaire eat such a one!" She touched the little string of beads at Antar's throat.

"*Masballah!*" she murmured. "Eef thad diszees ger-rm came, would eet nod be scare off, leeke the evil eye, by these beads?"

Nazileh put her hand to her own beads swiftly. Long ago, in Beirut, her grandmother had placed them around her neck to ward off the evil eye of envy that brings sickness; and the little girl herself had divided her chain with her wee brother, that he too might be safe.

"Teecha say," she answered doubtfully, "thad the waxnate keep off the black deeth, an' thad the evil eye ees nod so." She sighed wonderingly. "Once thad teecha say, 'Pr-retty beads! I geeve you feefty cen's on those beads!'"

Umn Salim sat down on the sofa and laid the fretful baby across her knees.

"*Schut!*" she sputtered softly. "Why she geeve thad feefty cen's eef thad she nod know they keep off thad evil eye? She craft-tee, thad one; don' you let her fool you!"

"But Antar! They nod keep thad seeckness off Antar!" began Nazileh doubtfully.

Umn Salim ceased jogging her knees, and regarded the baby thoughtfully. She poked his red cheeks, she felt of his hot, dirty fists, and

"NAZILEH STOOD, TRYING TO CHOKE BACK THE FRIGHTENED SOBS"

Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda

nodded wisely. Then she leaned over and tucked her forefinger into his mouth.

And Antar bit!

"*Wullah!*" cried Umn Salim. "He 'owls of a tooth, thad one!"

Nazileh knelt swiftly and pushed her thumb between the moist lips.

"Eet ees!" she cried delightedly, "bud eet shows nod! Why does eet show nod?"

"Eet ees nod yet all come," said Umn Salim sagely; "eet ees leeke the bud an' the flower. The theengs leeke thad come when thad eet ees time — when thad Allah decide!"

Nazileh sat back on her ankles in an anxious little heap. The baby's eyelids drooped heavily; he drew a long, sighing breath, and fell asleep.

"Umn Salim," whispered the child, "eef thad tooth comes, weel my mothaire make *sneinatt?*"

The old woman shook her head doubtfully.

"Little one," she answered in Syrian, "thou shalt not learn too soon that in this land of Brooklyn things are not as they are in Syria. And, of a truth, thy mother is too sad for rejoicing." She sighed and looked out of the window into the dingy court beyond.

"Een thees land," she went on, speaking swiftly again in English, her voice growing sharp with the vehemence of her feeling, "we laugh nod; we remember onlee the sad theengs — we forgeet the pr-retty theengs of our fathaires." She got up abruptly and put the baby on the sofa. In spite of her flesh and her age, she moved rapidly across the room and swept back tempestuously to put a heavy hand on Nazileh's shoulder.

"Twelve year I leeve een thees land," she said passionately; "een all thad time my neighbors breeng me nod *sneinatt*. They care nod, those laz-ee ones! They weel nod boil thad whead — they weel nod cut those feegs — they ees shame to carry *sneinatt* as they deed een the land of Syreeah!"

Nazileh jumped up with her eyes glistening.

"Me — I ees nod shame!" she cried eagerly. "I weel carry *sneinatt* ——"

They were so intent that neither of them was aware, until his hearty guttural voice rang out, that Father Shiskim had come into the room. Then they stood, with eyes downcast, while they made the pretty Syrian obeisance, with their right hands touching lightly their hearts, their lips, and their foreheads in one swift, graceful gesture.

Father Shiskim seemed very big indeed, standing there in the center of the shabby, low-ceilinged room. Even when he had handed Umn Salim his beloved silk hat, and tucked his biretta over his closely cropped curls, Nazileh was still awed by his bigness. He went into the little room beyond to don his tightly buttoned cassock, with its thin purple sash, and came back smiling from the depths of his great curly beard.

"Oh, ho!" he laughed, when he saw Antar. "Thad one mighd break thad sofa eef thad he nod be careful."

"Come!" he said, when he was comfortably settled in his arm-chair. "Come, leetle one, an' say thad En'leesch thad you learn een poob-leeck."

"I nod learn En'leesch," Nazileh sighed; "I learn 'reethmedeecs, an' spellin', an' thad pheeseeck cult, an' thad chog-raphy — thad ver' hard, thad one!"

Father Shiskim laughed.

"Well, Antar, he learn good En'leesch yet?" he teased.

Nazileh forgot her timidity. Her dark eyes shone with fun. "Thad's nod to laugh now," she said merrily; "thad Antar — whad you s'pose? Thad Antar mos' nearlee got hees tooth!"

"Oh, ho!" breathed Father Shiskim, "I am fairlee terreefy!"

Nazileh smiled happily. Then she stooped to lift the sleeping boy.

"Me, I theenk I go 'ome," she murmured politely. "Goo'-by."

The big priest got up suddenly, and lifted the baby tenderly. Then he held out his hand to the little girl.

"I go down to geet some air," he said cheerfully, "while thad laz-ee woman geet my sooper — eh?"

"Oxcuse!" protested Nazileh. "Thad one, he too heavy for you!" But she clung gratefully to the big, comfortable hand all the way down the dark stairway, and she sighed happily as she trudged homeward.

"Thad Fathaire Shiskim," she murmured dreamily, "he can haf me, all righd!"

"Antar — hees tooth ees nearlee een!" she announced joyously to her mother.

Umn Antar did not look up from the lace that grew so swiftly in her nimble fingers.

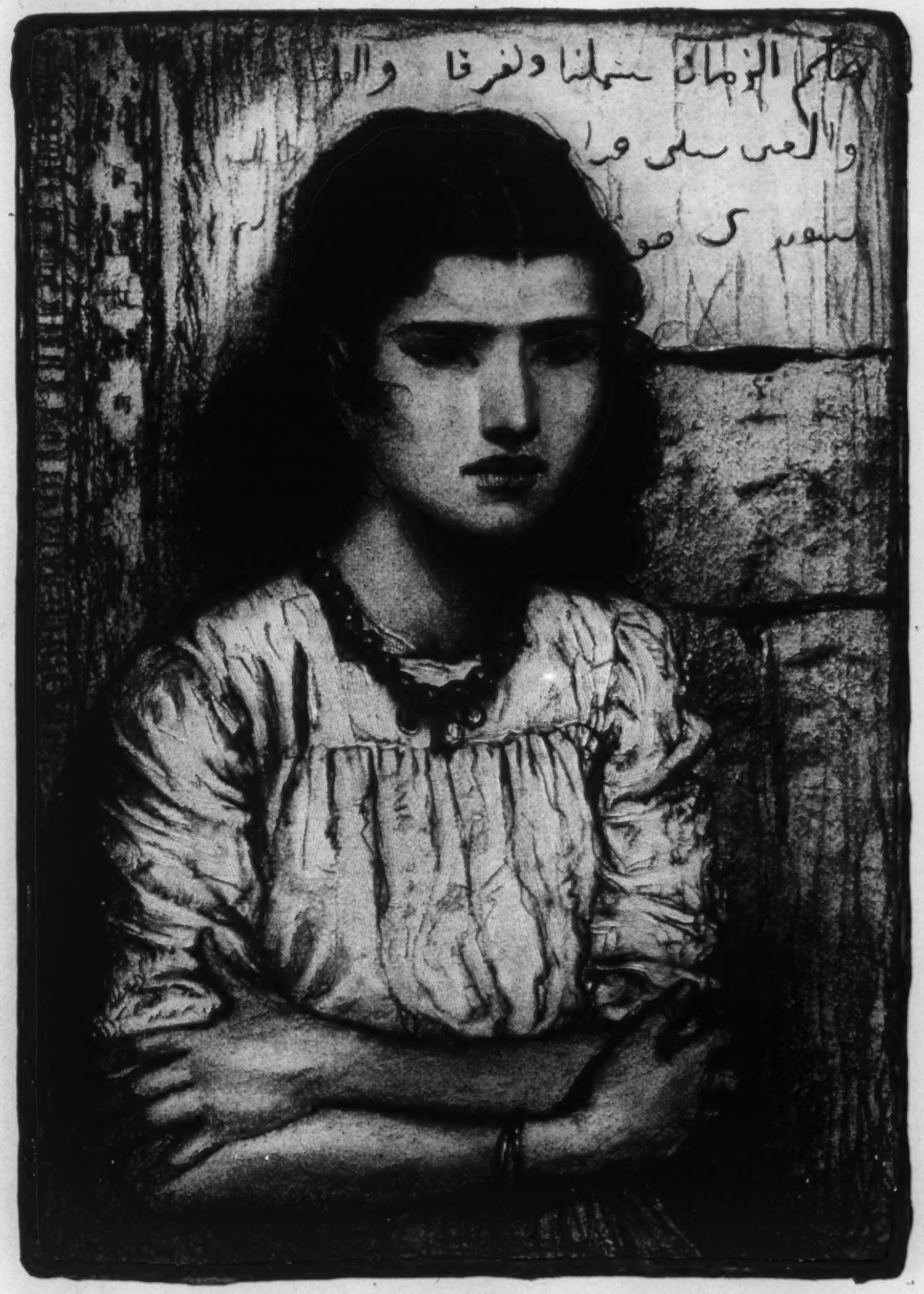
Nazileh put the baby on his rug, and knelt gently before the busy woman.

"Wilt thou make *sneinatt?*" she asked shyly, in her prettiest Syrian.

The mother's eye lifted dully from the lace.

"*Sneinatt?*" she asked blankly. "What have we to do with feasting? *Aie* — geet sooper," she added sharply, in English.

Nazileh sighed and obeyed. Her mother did not seem to see her; she did not speak at all. She ate her supper, fed the baby, and then sat down again to her lace. When it grew darker, she lighted the lamp, stared out into the street an instant, and then sat down, with a curious twist of her thick lips.



NAZILEH

Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda

Nazileh left Antar wrapped closely in his rug, and slipped out again into the noise of Dix Street. She fingered her beads nervously as she crossed the roadway and ran breathlessly down the side street toward the public school. Teacher lived around the corner from the great brick building, Nazileh knew, for once she had proudly carried a message for her; but her heart thumped madly when she rang the bell.

"Please, teecha!" she stammered pitifully, when the maid had brought Miss Graham to the door, "I leeke thad you geeve me those feefty cen's for those beads!"

The teacher smiled down at the little maid. "Why, it's Nazileh. Come in, dear!" She held the door to the sitting-room open. "Now tell me what it is you want."

The dark-fringed eyes dropped bashfully.

"I leeke thad you geeve me those feefty cen's ——"

"Oh, you do want to sell your beads," said the smiling lady. "Then just wait until I get my purse!"

Nazileh stood, trying to choke back the frightened sobs, fingering the beloved beads with her dirty, slender little hands. Teacher came back with another lady — a tall, stern-looking lady, who stared at the little girl through formidable eye-glasses.

The tall lady watched teacher unfasten the beads with very evident disgust.

"You do the craziest things, Pris," she said languidly; "those things are worth about ten cents, I should say, and they are probably covered with germs."

Nazileh lifted horror-stricken eyes to her.

"They ees the evil-eye beads!" she stammered.

"They look it," said the tall lady dryly.

But teacher held the pretty trinket in the light, where the colors shone gayly.

"Just you wait, Madge," she laughed. "When they are cleaned and have a new clasp, you won't know them. Here's your money, kiddy, and a shiny penny for a peppermint stick, besides, so run along."

Nazileh did run along; she ran as if the evil eye pursued her. Now that the mysterious protection of the beads was gone, danger seemed to lurk in every step. She scudded along under the street-lamps with terror in her fast beating heart. It seemed to her that she would never get back to the blessed familiarity of Dix Street.

Outside the shop of Abu Nageeb, she paused, and sobbed convulsively. The money was tight in her hot little hand, and she sat down on the step and opened her fingers slowly to stare down at it.

Abu Nageeb's shop was quite wonderful. All the delectable dainties of the East were to be found in his shining glass jars — pistachio nuts, pine seeds, figs stewed with annis, the round cakes of *baklawa*, and the queer little slabs of conserves made from what Umn Nageeb alone could tell.

Nazileh's voice quivered with emotion as she stood before him.

"I leeke to buy those ones thad make *sneinatt* — thad whead an' thad feeg an' thad nut," she faltered.

Abu Nageeb stared at her in amazement. His swarthy hands clutched his apron.

"*Sneinatt?*" he asked, his lips parted in glistening wonder. "Thad's funnee — nobudee makes *sneinatt* in thees land!"

"I make eet!" answered Nazileh staunchly; "I make eet for my brothaire Antar."

Abu Nageeb smiled dreamily, and stared across the shelves at the gayly wrapped packages of dates. Then he sighed.

"Thad's long time ago thad I carry *sneinatt* for my brothaire — my leedle brothaire." He put his hand to his throat and coughed.

He weighed out the wheat and the nuts like one in a dream.

"Blessings on thy brother's tooth," he murmured in Arabic, as he handed her the packages.

The excitement of handling the bundles took away the great fright that had possessed her. She reached the top of the stairs quite breathless. But she stepped into the room shyly, holding the packages behind her until she could drop them quietly on the oilcloth-covered table.

Her mother did not look up; she was still bending over the lace, under the flickering light of the carelessly trimmed lamp; her fingers never seemed to stop their restless twisting of the shining hooks.

Nazileh went over and stood at her shoulder.

"Now wilt thou make *sneinatt?*" she asked bravely. "I have brought the wheat, all cracked, and the figs, and the nuts."

The woman dropped her lace in amazement, and stared at her daughter. She was no longer pretty, this tired little mother of Nazileh and Antar; her dusky hair had lost its lovely gleam, and her eyes were heavy with weariness and weeping. In the first days of her widowhood she had clung to her children like a wild creature, but of late a dull resentment that they existed had possessed her. The burden of caring for them stupefied her; she was sinking into a frightful apathy that deadened her to every feeling except that of unutterable weariness. She stared at the girl like one suddenly roused from sleep.

"Wilt thou?" pleaded Nazileh, her dark eyes shining softly. "Wilt thou make *sneinatt*, little mother of my heart? And I will take it to Father Shiskim and Umn Salim and Abu Nageeb

"THE DUTCH BAKER LADY'S DAUGHTER HAD A MADDENING WAY OF TEASING HER ALL THE WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL"

Drawn by Wladyslaw T. Benda

and"— she broke into English with a swift little burst of giggles —"an' to the Dootch ladee's funnee daughter — eh?"

She ran across the room, caught up the parcels, and came back quickly to put them in her mother's lap.

"Ah!" she sniffed delightedly; "thad smell mos' nice leeke anytheeng!"

The woman fingered them oddly.

"Who gave thee these?" she asked curiously.

Nazileh stirred uneasily.

"I have bought them een the shop of Abu Nageeb," she said slowly.

"But thad monee?" demanded her mother. "Where deed you geet thad monee?"

Nazileh trembled.

"Now thad I am waxnate,"— her voice faltered, but she began again courageously: "Now thad I am waxnate, the evil eye an' the black deeth may come nod. Thad nice teecha — she make thad she leeke those leedle beads; she geeve me ——"

"*Masballah!*" exclaimed the woman, in horror. "You haf sell your beads!"

The child nodded dumbly.

"For *sneinatt* — for Antar!" she whispered.

The lamplight shone on Nazileh's frightened face; she stretched out her upturned hands pleadingly.

"Now weelt thou make eet?" she beseeched. "Umn Salim — she say we do too mooch forgeet to do leeke we do een Syreeah — the theengs of our fathaires we do forgeet — an' eef we make *sneinatt*, thad weel be leeke they do een Syreeah — an' thad Antar, he mos' bes' babee we got, my mothaire!"

The night wind blew in from the bay, where the gleaming lights of the ferry-boats shone softly; from the street below them the Babel of voices sounded faint and far-away.

Something stirred in the heart of the woman, something that seemed to lift the weight of poverty and woe. She nodded her head slowly.

"On the morrow, little one," she said softly.

Then suddenly she stretched out her arms, mutely, and gathered her daughter to her breast.

"Thou art a little fool!" she murmured, her lips against the soft curls, "a little fool!"

Nazileh snuggled happily against her shoulder.

"Thad's whad you say long ago een Syreeah," she giggled merrily — "een Syreeah — een Beirut — on the 'ousetop. My fathaire, he too deed laugh; thad's thad time I was scare of a leezard — do you remember?"

Her head drooped heavily now; she was very tired, was Nazileh.

"Thad's one good theeng — we nod leeve where thad leezard could scare Antar," she murmured drowsily. "Bud thad Syreeah — thad's mos' bes' land I know — we mus' nod forgeet ——"

Umn Antar's tears flowed swiftly, yet a strange peace filled her soul.

"We nod forgeet," she whispered, hugging Nazileh closer; "we nod forgeet, my heart of hearts!"

INTERIOR

(Ireland)

BY PÁDRAIC COLUM

THE little moths are creeping
Across the cottage pane;
On the floor the chickens gather,
And they make talk and complain.

And she sits by the fire
Who has reared so many men;
Her voice is low as the chickens
With the things she says again:

"The sons that come back do be restless;
They search for the thing to say;
Then they take thought like the swallows,
And morrow brings them away.

"In the old, old days, upon Innish,
The fields were lucky and bright,
And if you lay down you'd be covered
By the grass of one soft night."

THE CASE OF RICHARD MEYNELL

A Serial Novel

by

Mrs Humphry Ward

VII

"I *CANNOT* get this skirt to hang as Lady Edith's did," said Sarah Fox-Wilson discontentedly.

"Spend twenty guineas on it, my dear, as Lady Edith did on hers, and it'll be all right," said a mocking voice.

Sarah frowned. She went on pinning and adjusting a serge skirt in the making, which hung on the dummy before her. "Oh, we all know what *you* would like to spend on your dress, Hester!" she said angrily, but indistinctly, as her mouth was full of pins.

"Because really nice frocks are not to be had any other way," said Hester coolly. "You pay for them — and you get them. But as for supposing you can copy Lady Edith's frocks for nothing, why, of course you can't, and you don't!"

"If I had ever so much money," said Sarah severely, "I shouldn't think it *right* to spend what Lady Edith does on her dress."

"Oh, wouldn't you!" said Hester, with a laugh and a yawn. "Just give *me* the chance — that's all!" Then she turned her head. "Lulu! you mustn't eat any more toffy!" — and she flung out a mischievous hand and captured a box that was lying on the table, before a girl who was sitting near it with a book could abstract from it another square of toffy.

"Give it me!" said Lulu, springing up and making for her assailant. Hester laughingly resisted, and they wrestled for the box a little, till Hester suddenly let it go.

"Take it, then — and good luck to you! I wouldn't spoil my teeth and my complexion as you do — not for tons of sweets. Hullo!" — the speaker sprang up — "the rain's over and it's quite a decent evening. I shall go out for a run, and take Roddy."

"Then I shall have to come too," said Sarah, getting up from her knees and pulling down her sleeves. "I don't want to at all, but Mamma says you are not to go out alone."

Hester flushed. "Do you think I can't escape you all — if I want to? Of course I can. What geese you are! None of you will ever prevent me from doing what I want to do. It really would save such a lot of time and trouble if you would get that into your heads."

"Where do you mean to go?" said Sarah stolidly, without taking any notice of her remark. "Because, if you'll go to the village, I can get some binding I want."

"I have no intention whatever of going out for your convenience, thank you!" said Hester, laughing angrily. "I am going into the garden, and you can come or not, as you please." She opened the French window, as she spoke, and stepped out.

"Has Mamma heard from that Paris woman yet?" asked Lulu, looking after Hester, who was now standing on the lawn, playing with a terrier puppy she had lately brought home as a gift from a neighbouring farmer — much to Lady Fox-Wilson's annoyance. Hester had an absurd way of making friends with the most unsuitable people, and they generally gave her things.

"The Rector expected to hear to-day."

"I don't believe she'll go," said Lulu, begin-

ning again on the toffy. She was a heavily made girl of twenty, with sleepy eyes and a dull complexion. She took little exercise, was inordinately fond of sweet things, helped her mother a little in the housekeeping, and was intimately acquainted with all the gossip of the village. So was Sarah; but her tongue was sharper than Lulu's, and her brain quicker. She was, therefore, the unpopular sister; while for Lulu her acquaintances felt rather a contemptuous indulgence. Sarah had had various love affairs which had come to nothing, and was regarded as "disappointed" in the village. Lulu was not interested in young men, and had never yet been observed to take any trouble to capture one. So long as she was allowed sufficient sixpenny novels to read and enough sweet things to eat, she was good-humoured enough, and could do kind things on occasion for her friends. Sarah was rarely known to do kind things; but as her woman friends were much more afraid of her than of Lulu, she was in general treated with much more consideration.

Still, it could not be said that Lady Fox-Wilson was to be regarded as blessed in either of her two elder daughters. And her sons were quite frankly a trouble to her. The eldest, Sarah's junior by a year and a half, had just left Oxford suddenly and ignominiously, without a degree, and was for the most part loafing at home. The youngest, a boy of fifteen, was supposed to be delicate, and had been removed from school by his mother on that account. He, too, was at home, and a tutor who lodged in the village was understood to be preparing him for the Civil Service. He was a pettish and spiteful lad, and between him and Hester existed perpetual feud.

But, indeed, Hester was at war with each member of the family in turn — sometimes with all of them together. And it had been so from her earliest childhood. They all felt that she despised them and the slow, lethargic temperament that was in most of them an inheritance from a father cast in one of the typical moulds of British Philistinism. There was some insurmountable division between her and them. In the first place, her beauty set her apart from the rest; and beside her Sarah's sharp profile and round apple-red cheeks, or Lulu's clumsiness, made, as both girls were secretly aware, an even worse impression than they need have made. And, in the next, there were in her strains of romantic, egotistic ability to which nothing in them corresponded. She could play, she could draw,— brilliantly, spontaneously, up to a certain point,— while neither Sarah nor Lulu could stumble through a "piece" or produce anything capable of giving the smallest satisfaction to their drawing-master. She could chatter, on occasion, so that a roomful of people instinctively listened. And she had read voraciously, especially poetry, where they were content with picture-papers and the mildest of novels. Hester brought nothing to perfection; but there could be no question that in every aspect of life she was constantly making, in comparison with her family, a dashing or dazzling effect all the more striking because of the unattractive milieu out of which it sprang.

The presence of Lady Fox-Wilson, in particular, was needed to show these contrasts at their sharpest.

As Hester still raced about the lawn with the dog, that lady came round the corner of the house, with a shawl over her head, and beckoned to the girl at play. Hester carelessly looked round.

"What do you want, Mamma?"

"There is a letter from Paris by the second post. Come here; I want to speak to you."

Hester ran across the lawn in wide curves, playing with the dog, and arrived, laughing and breathless, beside the newcomer. Edith Fox-Wilson was a small, withered woman in a widow's cap, who more than looked her age, which was not far from fifty. She had been pretty in youth, and her blue eyes were still appealing, especially when she smiled. But she did not smile often, and she had the expression of one perpetually protesting against all the agencies — this-worldly or other-worldly — that had the control of her existence. Her weak fretfulness depressed all the vitalities near her; only Hester resisted.

"Well?" said Hester, a note of something that might be either mockery or defiance in her clear young voice.

"I wish you wouldn't romp with the puppy in that way, Hester. He is always doing some damage to the flowers. I want to speak to you, because the Rector and I have just heard of a very suitable place in Paris, and we should like to send you there as soon as possible. You had better read the letter. The Rector thinks the recommendations excellent."

Hester looked at the speaker.

"Do you know, Mamma," she said slowly, "that I happen to be eighteen this week?"

"Why do you ask such silly questions? Of course I know!"

"Well, you see, it's rather important. Am I, or am I not, obliged to do what you and Mr. Meynell want me to do? I believe I'm not obliged. Anyway, I don't quite see how you're going to make me do it, if I don't want to."

"You can behave like a naughty, troublesome girl, without any proper feeling, of course! — if

you choose," said Lady Fox-Wilson warmly. "But I trust you will do nothing of the kind. We are your guardians till you are twenty-one, and you ought to be guided by us."

"Well, of course I can't be engaged to Stephen if you say I mayn't — because there's Stephen to back you up. But, if Queen Victoria could be a queen at eighteen, I don't see why *I* shouldn't be fit at eighteen to manage my own wretched affairs! Anyway, I — am — not — going to Paris — unless I want to go. So I don't advise you to promise that lady just yet. If she keeps her room empty, you might have to pay for it!"

"Hester, you are really the plague of my life!" cried Lady Fox-Wilson helplessly. "I try to keep you — the Rector tries to keep you — out of mischief that any girl ought to be ashamed of — and ——"

"What mischief?" demanded Hester peremptorily. "Don't run into generalities, Mamma."

"You know very well what mischief I mean!"

"I know that you think I shall be running away some day with Sir Philip Meryon!" said the girl, laughing, but with a fierce gleam in her eyes. "I have no intention at present of doing anything of the kind; but if anything could make me do it, it would be the foolish way in which you and the others behave. I don't believe the Rector ever told you to set Sarah and Lulu on to dog me wherever I go!"

"He told me you were not to be allowed to meet that man; you won't promise me not to meet him — and what can we do? You know what the Rector feels; you know that he spent an hour, yesterday, arguing and pleading with you, when he had been up most of the night preparing papers for the Commission. What's the matter with you, Hester? Are you quite in your right senses?"

The girl had clasped her hands behind her back, and stood with one foot forward, "on tiptoe for a flight," her young figure and radiant look expressing the hot will that possessed her. At the mention of Meynell's name she clearly hesitated, a frown crossed her eyes, her lip twitched. Then she said, with vehemence:

"Who asked him to spend all that time? Not I! Let him leave me alone — he does not care twopence about me, and it's mere humbug and hypocrisy, all his pretending to care."

"And your Aunt Alice! — who's always worshipped you? Why, she's just miserable about you!"

"She says exactly what you and Uncle Richard tell her to say — she always has. Well, I don't know about Paris, Mamma — I'll think about it. If you and Sarah will just let me be, I'll take Roddy for a stroll, and then after tea I'll tell you what I'll do." And, turning, she beckoned to the collie lazily sunning himself on the drawing-room steps, and he sprang up, gambolling about her.

"Promise you won't meet that man!" said Lady Fox-Wilson, in agitation.

"I believe he went up to Scotland to-day," said Hester, laughing. "I haven't the smallest intention of meeting him. Come, Roddy!"

The eyes of the two met — in those of the older woman impatience, a kind of cold exasperation; in Hester's defiance. It was a strange look to pass between a mother and daughter.

Hester wandered away down a wood walk into some fields that lay between the Fox-Wilson property and the borders of the Chase. It was a brilliant September afternoon, and the new grass in the shorn hayfields was vividly green. The hills of the Chase in front were dyed purple by the heather, while far to the left the colliery wheels and chimneys could be seen, and she heard the rattle and hum of its machinery. She pressed on and on through the fields. It was evident that her brush with Lady Fox-Wilson had left her by no means impassive. From time to time her breast heaved, her eyes winked furiously to keep back the tears, from which she could save herself only by a wild burst of racing with Roddy. She passed on into a plantation of dark and closely woven trees, the path through them almost lost in the magnificence of the bracken. Beyond this, a short climb of broken slopes, and she was out on the bare heath, with the moorland wind blowing about her.

She sat down on a bank beneath a birch tree, twisted and tortured out of shape by the north-westerly gales that swept the heath in winter. All round her a pink and purple wilderness, with oases of vivid green and swaying grass. Nothing in sight but a keeper's hut, and some grouse butts far away; an ugly red building on the horizon, in the very middle of the heath — the Markborough isolation hospital; and round the edge of the vast undulating plateau in all directions the faint smoke of the colliery chimneys. But the colour of the heath was the marvel. The world seemed stained in crimson, and in every shade and combination of it. Close at hand, the reds and pinks were diapered with green and gold as the bilberries and the grasses ran in and out of the heather; but on every side the crimson spread and billowed to the horizon, covering the hollows and hills of the Chase, absorbing all lesser tones into itself. After the rain of the morning, the contours of the heath, the distances of the plain, were unnaturally clear; and as the sunshine, the high air, the freshly moving wind, played upon

Hester, her irritation passed away in a sensuous delight.

"Why should I let them worry me? I won't! I am here! I am alive! I am only eighteen — I am going to manage my life for myself, and get out of this coil. Now, let me think!"

She slid downwards among the heather, her face propped on her hands. Close beneath her eyes was an exquisite tuft of pink bell-heather intergrown with bunchberries. And while a whole vague series of thoughts and memories passed through her mind she was still vividly conscious of the pink bells, the small bright leaves. Sensation in her was exceptionally keen, whether for pleasure or pain. She knew it, and had often coolly asked herself whether it meant that she would wear out, life and brain, quicker than other people — burn faster to the socket. So much the better if it did.

What was it she really wanted? — what did she mean to do? Proudly she refused to admit any other will in the matter. The thought of Meynell, indeed, touched some very sore and bitter chords in her mind, but it did not melt her. She knew very well that she had nothing to blame her guardian for; that, year after year, from her childhood up, she had repelled and resisted him, that her whole relation to him had been one of stubbornness and caprice. Well, there were reasons for it; she was not going to repent or change.

Of late his conduct with regard to Stephen's proposal had stirred in her a kind of rage. It was not that she imagined herself in love with Stephen; but she had chosen to be engaged to him, and that any one should affect to control her in such a matter, should definitely and decidedly cross her will, was intolerable to her wild pride. If Stephen had rebelled with her, she might have fallen fiercely in love with him — for a month. But he had submitted — though it was tolerably plain what it had cost him; and all her careless liking for him, the fruit of years of very poorly requited devotion on his part, seemed to have disappeared in a night.

Why shouldn't she be engaged at seventeen — within two months of eighteen, in fact? Heaps of girls were. It was mere tyranny and nonsense. She recalled her interview with Meynell, in which the Rector had roused in her a new and deeper antagonism than any she had yet felt towards his efforts to control her. It was as if he did not altogether believe in his own arguments, as if there were something behind which she could not get at. But, if there were something behind, she had a right to know it. She had a right to know the meaning of her father's extraordinary letter to Meynell — the letter attached to his will, in which she had been singled out by name as needing the special tutelage of the Rector. So far as the Rector's guardianship of the other children was concerned, it was almost a nominal thing. Another guardian had been named in the will, Lady Fox-Wilson's elder brother, and practically everything that concerned the other children was settled by him, in concert with the mother. The Rector never interfered, was never, indeed, consulted, except on purely formal matters of business. But for her — for her only — Uncle Richard, as she always called her guardian, was to be the master — the tyrant! — close at hand. For so Sir Ralph had laid it down in his testamentary letter: "I commend Hester to your special care. And in any difficulties that may arise in connection with her, I beg for our old friendship's sake that you will give my wife the help and counsel that she will certainly need. She knows it is my wish she should rely entirely upon you."

Why had he written such a letter? Since Sir Ralph's death, two years before, the story of it had got about; and the injustice, as she held, of her position under it had sunk deep into the girl's passionate sense, and made her infinitely more difficult to manage than she had been before. Of course, everybody said it was because of her temper, because of the constant friction between her and her father; people believed the hateful things he used sometimes to say about her.

Nor was it only the guardianship — there was the money, too! Provision made for all of them by name, and nothing for her! She had made Sarah show her a copy of the will — she knew! Nothing, indeed, for any of them — the girls, at least — till Lady Fox-Wilson's death, or till they married; but nothing for *her* under any circumstances.

"Well, why should there be?" Sarah had said. "You know, you'll have Aunt Alice's money. *She* won't leave a penny to us."

All very well! The money didn't matter; but to be singled out and held up to scorn by your own father!

A flood of bitterness surged in the girl's heart. And then they expected her to be a meek and obedient drudge to her mother and her elder sisters — to open her mouth and take what they chose to send her. She might not be engaged to Stephen — for two years, at any rate; and yet, if she amused herself with any one else, she was to be packed off to Paris, to some house of detention or other, under lock and key.

Her cheeks flamed. When had she first come across Philip Meryon? Only the day before that evening when Uncle Richard had found her fishing with him. She knew very well that he was badly spoken of; trust Upcote Minor for

gossip and scandal! Well, so was she! — they were outcasts together. Anyway, he was more amusing to walk and talk with than her sisters, or the dreadful young men they sometimes gathered about them. Why shouldn't she walk and talk with him? As if she couldn't protect herself! As if she didn't know a great deal more of the world than her stupid sisters did, who never read a book or thought of anything beyond the tittle-tattle of their few local friends.

But Philip Meryon had read a few books, and liked those that she liked. He could read French, too, as she could. And he had lent her some French books, which she had read eagerly, at night or in the woods — wherever she could be alone and unobserved. Why shouldn't she read them? There was one among them, "Julie de Trécoeur," by Octave Feuillet, that still seemed running, like a great emotion, through her veins. The tragic leap of Julie, as she sets her horse to the cliff and thunders to her death, was always in Hester's mind. It was so that she herself would like to die, spurning submission and patience, and all the humdrum virtues.

She raised herself, and the dog beside her sprang up and barked. The sun was just dropping below a bank of fiery cloud, and a dazzling and garish light lay on the red undulations of the heath. As she stood up, she suddenly perceived the figure of a man about a hundred yards off emerging from a gully — a sportsman with his gun over his shoulder. He had apparently just parted from the group with whom he had been shooting, and they were disappearing in another direction!

Philip Meryon! Now she remembered. He and two other men had taken the shooting on this side of the Chase. Honestly, she had forgotten it; honestly, her impression had been that he had gone to Scotland. But, of course, none of her family would ever believe it. They would insist that she had come out simply to meet him.

What was she to do? She was in a white serge dress, and with Roddy beside her, on that bare heath, she was an object easily recognised. Indeed, as she hesitated, she heard a call in the distance, and saw that Meryon was waving to her, and quickening his pace. Instantly, with a leaping pulse, she turned and fled, Roddy beside her, barking his loudest. She ran along the rough track of the heath as if some vague, wild terror had been breathed into her by the local Pan. She ran fleet and light as air — famous as a runner from her childhood. But the man behind her had once been a fine athlete, and he gained upon her fast. Soon she could hear his laugh behind her, his entreaties to her to stop. She had reached the edge of the heath, where the wood began, and the path ran winding down it, with banks of thick fern on either hand.

If it had not been for the dog, she could have slipped under the close-set trees, whence the light had already departed, and lain close amid the fern. But with Roddy — no chance! She suddenly turned towards her pursuer, and, with her hand on the dog's neck, awaited him.

"Caught — caught, by Jove!" cried Philip Meryon, plunging to her through the fern. "Now, what do you deserve — for running away?"

"A *gentleman* would not have tried to catch me!" she said haughtily, as she faced him, with dilating nostrils.

"Take care! Don't be rude to me — I shall take my revenge!"

As he spoke, Meryon was fairly dazzled, intoxicated, by the beauty of the vision before him — this angry wood-nymph, half vanishing like another Daphne into the deep fern amid which she stood. But, at the same time, he was puzzled — and checked — by her expression. There was no mere provocation in it, no defiance that covers a yielding mind, but, rather, an energy of will, a concentrated force, that held at bay a man whose will was the mere register of his impulses.

"You forget," said Hester coolly, "that I have Roddy with me." And, as she spoke, the dog crouching at her side poked up his slender nose through the fern and growled. He did not like Sir Philip.

Meryon looked upon her, smiling — his hands on his sides. "Do you mean to say that when you ran you did not mean me to follow?"

"On the contrary, if I ran, it was evidently because I wished to get away."

"Then you were very ungrateful and unkind; for I have in my pocket at this moment a book you asked me to get for you. That's what I get for trying to please you."

"I don't remember that I asked you to get anything for me."

"Well, you said you would like to see it, which — for me — was just the same. So, when I went to London yesterday, I managed to borrow it, and there it is." He pointed triumphantly to a yellow paper-bound volume sticking out of his coat pocket. "Of course, you know George Sand is a sort of old Johnnie now; nobody reads her. But that's your affair. Will you have it?" He offered it.

The excitement, the wild flush in the girl's face, had subsided. She looked at the book, and at the man holding it out.

"What is it?" She stooped to read the title, "Mauprat." "What's it about?"

"Some nonsense about a cad tamed by a sentimental young woman." He shrugged his shoulders. "I tried to read it, and couldn't. But they say it's one of her best. If you want it, there it is."

She took it reluctantly, and moved on along the downward path, he following, and the dog beside them.

"Have you read the other book?" he asked her.

"'Julie de Trécoeur'? Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"It was magnificent!" she said shortly, with a quickened breath. "I shall get some more by that man."

"Well, you'd better be careful!" He laughed. "I've got some others; but I didn't want to recommend them to you. Lady Fox-Wilson wouldn't exactly approve."

"I don't tell Mamma what I read." The girl's young voice sounded sharply beside him in the warm autumnal dusk. "But if you lent me anything you oughtn't to lend me, I would never speak to you again!"

Meryon gave a low whistle.

"My goodness! — I shall have to mind my p's and q's. I don't know that I ought to have lent you 'Julie de Trécoeur,' if it comes to that."

"Why not?" Hester turned her great, astonished eyes upon him. "One might as well not read Byron as not read that."

"H'm — I don't suppose you read *all* Byron." He threw her an audacious look.

"As much as I want to," she said indifferently. "Why aren't you in Scotland?"

"Because I had to go to London instead. Beastly nuisance! But there was some business I couldn't get out of."

"Debts?" she said, raising her eyebrows.

The self-possession of this child of eighteen was really amazing. Not a trace in her manner of timidity or tremor. In spite of her flight from him, he could not flatter himself that he had made any impression on her nerves; whereas her beauty and her provocative way were beginning to tell deeply on his own.

"Well, I daresay!" His laugh was as frank as her question. "I'm generally in straits."

"Why don't you do some work and earn money?" she asked him, frowning.

"Frankly — because I dislike work."

"Then why did you write a play?"

"Because it amused me. But if it had been acted and made money, and I had had to write another, that would have been work, and I should probably have loathed it."

"That I don't believe," she said, shaking her head. "One can always do what succeeds. It's like pouring petrol into the motor."

"So you think I'm only idle because I'm a failure?" he asked her, his tone betraying a certain irritation.

"I wonder why you *are* idle — and why you *are* a failure?" she said, turning upon him a pair of considering eyes.

"Take care, Mademoiselle!" he said, gasping a little. "I don't know why you allow yourself these *franchises!*"

"Because I am interested in you — rather. Why won't the neighbourhood call on you? Why do you have disreputable people to stay with you? It is all so foolish!" she said, with childish and yet passionate emphasis. "You needn't do it!"

Meryon had turned rather white.

"When you grow a little older," he said severely, "you will know better than to believe all the gossip you hear. I choose the friends that suit me — and the life, too. My friends are mostly artists and actors; they are quite content to be excluded from Upcote society — so am I. I don't gather you are altogether in love with it yourself." He looked at her mockingly.

"If it were only Sarah — or Mamma —" she said doubtfully.

"You mean, I suppose, that Meynell — your precious guardian, my very amiable cousin — allows himself to make all kinds of impertinent statements about me. Well, you'll understand some day that there's no such bad judge of men as a clergyman. When he's not ignorant he's prejudiced, and when he's not prejudiced he's ignorant."

A sudden remorse swelled in Hester's mind.

"He's not prejudiced! — he's not ignorant! How strange that you and he should be cousins!"

"Well, we do happen to be cousins. And I've no doubt you would like me to resemble him. Unfortunately, I can't accommodate you. If I am to take a relation for a model, I prefer a very different sort of person — the man from whom I inherited Sandford. But Richard, I am sure, never approved of him, either."

"Who was he? I never heard of him." And, with the words, Hester carelessly turned her head to look at a squirrel that had run across the glade and was now peeping at the pair from the first fork of an oak tree.

"My uncle? Well, he was an awfully fine fellow — whatever Meynell may say. If the abbey wasn't taboo, I could show you a portrait of him there, by a Frenchman, that's a superb thing. He was the best fencer in England, and one of the best shots. He had a beautiful voice — he could write — he could do anything he pleased. Of course, he got into scrapes — such men do; and if Richard ever talked to

you about him, of course he'd crab him. All the same, if one must be like one's relations,— which is, of course, quite unnecessary,— I should prefer to take after Neville than after Richard."

"What was his name?"

"Neville — Sir Neville Flood." Hester looked puzzled. "Well! — if you want the whole genealogical tree — here it is! There was a Sir Ralph Flood, my grandfather, a regular bad lot — oh! I assure you, the family history doesn't give me much of a chance! He came from Lincolnshire originally, having made the country too hot to hold him, and bought the Abbey, which he meant to restore and never did. He worried his wife into her grave, and she left him three children: Neville, who succeeded his father, and two daughters — Meynell's mother, who was a good deal older than Neville, and married Colonel Meynell, as he was then; and my mother, who was much the youngest, and died three years ago. I was only thirteen when Sir Neville was drowned ——"

"Drowned?"

Meryon explained that Sir Neville Flood had lost his life in a storm on an Irish lough — a queer business, which no one had ever quite got to the bottom of. Many people had talked of suicide. There was no doubt he was in very low spirits just before it happened. He was unhappily married, mainly through his own fault. His wife could certainly have got a divorce from him if she had applied for it. But very soon after she had separated from Flood she became a Catholic, and nothing would induce her to divorce him. And against her there was never a breath. It was said, of course, that he was in love with some one else, and broken-hearted that his wife refused to lend herself to a divorce. But nobody knew anything.

"And, by Jove, I wonder why I'm telling you all these shady tales! You oughtn't to know anything about such things," Meryon broke off suddenly.

Hester's beautiful mouth made a scornful movement.

"I'm not a baby — and I intend to know what's *true*. I should like to see that picture."

"What — of Sir Neville?"

Meryon eyed her curiously, as they strolled on through the arched green of the woodland. Every now and then there were openings, through which poured a fiery sun, illuminating Hester's face and form.

"Do you know," he said at last, "there is a most strange likeness between you and that picture?"

"Me!" Hester opened her eyes in half-indifferent astonishment. "People say such absurd things! Heaps of people think I am like Uncle Richard — not complimentary, is it? I hope Sir Neville was better looking. And anyway I am no relation of either of them."

"Neville and Richard were often mistaken for each other — though Neville was a deal handsomer than old Richard. However, nobody can account for likenesses. If you come to think of it, we all are descended from a small number of people. But it has often struck me." He looked at her again attentively. "The setting of the ear — and the upper lip — and the shape of the brow. I shall bring you a photograph of the picture."

"What does it matter?" said Hester impatiently. "Besides, I am going away directly — to Paris."

"To Paris — why and wherefore?"

"To improve my French — and" — she turned and looked him in the face, laughing — "to make sure I don't go walks with you!"

He was silent a moment, twisting his lip.

"When do you go?"

"In a week or two — when there's room for me."

He drew a long breath.

"A little respite, then — time for a few more talks. Read 'Mauprat,' and tell me how you like it! And, listen — you think I'm so idle; but — I've never told you yet — I've nearly finished another play. I can't show you the whole of it; it's not a play for *jeunes filles*. But I could read you a few scenes — that might interest you. You shall criticise them! The managers are all after it. It's going to be a huge success! Can we meet — can I read you some?"

Her face had kindled, answering to the vivacity, the peremptoriness, in his. Her vanity was flattered, at last; and he saw it.

"Send me a line!" he said under his breath. "That little school-room maid — is she safe?"

"Quite!" said Hester, also under her breath, and smiling.

"You beautiful creature!" He spoke with low intensity. "You lovely, wild thing!"

"Take care!" Hester sprang away from him as he put out an incautious hand. "Come, Roddy! Good night!"

In a flash the gloom of the wood closed upon her, and she was gone.

VIII

SEPTEMBER was near its end; and the Commission of Enquiry into the alleged heresies and irregularities of the Rector of Upcote Minor was sitting at Markborough.

The meetings of the Commission were held in the library of the Cathedral, once a collegiate church of the Cluniac order. All trace of the great monastery formerly connected with it had disappeared, except for the library and a vaulted room below it which now made a passageway from the deanery to the north transept.

The library offered a worthy setting for high themes. The walls were, of course, wreathed in the pale golds and dignified browns of old books. A light gallery ran round three sides of the room, while a large Perpendicular window at the farther end contained the armorial bearings of various benefactors of the see. Beneath the window was a bookcase containing several chained books — a Vulgate, a St. Augustine, the *Summa* of St. Thomas — precious possessions, and famous in the annals of early printing. And, wherever there was a space of wall left free, pictures or engravings of former bishops and dignitaries connected with the Cathedral enforced the message and meaning of the room.

A seemly, even beautiful, place — pleasantly scented with old leather, and filled on this September afternoon with the sunshine which, on the Chase, was at the same moment kindling the heather into a blood-red magnificence. Here the light slipped in gently, subdued to the quiet note and standard of the old library.

The Dean was in the chair. He was a man of seventy, who had only just become an old man, submitting with difficulty, even with resentment, to the weight of his years. He wore a green shade over his eyes, beneath which his long, sharp nose and pointed chin — in the virtual absence of the eyes — showed with peculiar emphasis. He was of heavy build, and suffered from chronic hoarseness. In his youth he had been a Broad-Churchman and a Liberal, had then passed, through stages mysterious to his oldest friends, into an actively dogmatic and ecclesiastical phase. It was rumoured that he had had strange spiritual experience; a "vision" was whispered. But all that was really known was that from an "advanced" man, in the Liberal sense, he had become champion of high orthodoxy in the Chapter, and an advocate of disestablishment as the only means of restoring "Catholic liberty" to the Church. His enemies, of whom he had not a few, brought various charges against him. It was said that he was a worldling with an undue leaning to notabilities. And, indeed, in every gathering, social or ecclesiastical, the track of the Dean's conversation sufficiently indicated the relative imporance of the persons present. Others declared that, during his long tenure of a country living, he had left the duties of it mainly to a curate, and had found it more interesting to live in London, conferring with Cabinet Ministers on educational reform; while the women-folk of the Chapter pitied his wife, whose subdued or tremulous aspect certainly suggested that the Dean's critical and sarcastic temper sharpened itself at home for conflicts abroad.

On the Dean's right hand sat Canon Dornal, a man barely forty, who owed his canonry to the herculean work he had done for fourteen years in a South London parish — work that he never would have relinquished for the comparative ease of the Markborough precincts but for a sudden failure in health, which had pulled him up in mid-career and obliged him to think of his wife and children. He had insisted, however, on combining with his canonry a small living in the town, where he could still slave as he pleased; and his sermons in the Cathedral were generally held to be, next to the personality of the Bishop, all that was noblest in Markborough Christianity. His fine head, still instinct with the energy of youth, was covered with strong black hair; dark brows shadowed Cornish blue eyes, in general simple, tranquil, almost naïf, until there rushed into them the passionate or tender feeling that was in truth the heart of the man. The mouth and chin were rather prominent, and, when at rest, severe. He was a man in whom conscience was a gadfly, remorseless and tormenting. He was himself overstrained, and his influence sometimes produced in others a tension on which they looked back with resentment. But he was a saint, open, pure, and loving as a child, but often tempest-driven with new ideas, since he possessed at once the imagination that frees a man from tradition and the piety that clings to it.

Beside him sat a university professor, the young holder of an important chair, who had the face, the smile, the curly hair of a boy of twenty — or appeared to have them, till you came to notice the subtleties of the mouth and the crow's-feet that had gathered round the eyes. And the paradox of his aspect only repeated the paradox within. His "Studies in the Gospels," recently published, would have earned him excommunication under any Pope; yet no one was a more rigid advocate of tests and creeds, or could be more eloquent in defence of damnatory clauses. The clergy who admired and applauded him did not read his books. It was rumoured, indeed, that there were many things in them that were unsound; but the rumour only gave additional zest to the speeches in which, at Church congresses and elsewhere, he flattered clerical prejudice and encouraged clerical ignorance. To him there was no more "amusing" study — using "amusing" in the French sense as meaning something that keeps a man intellectually happy

and awake — than the study of the Gospels. They presented an endless series of riddles, and riddles were what he liked. But the scientific treatment of these riddles had, according to him, nothing to do with the discipline of the Church; and to the discipline of the Church this young man with the old eyes and mouth was rigorously attached. He was a bachelor, and a man of means — facts which, taken together with his literary reputation and his agreeable aspect, made him welcome among women, of which he was well aware.

The Archdeacon, Dr. Froswick, and the Rural Dean, Mr. Brathay, who completed the Commission of Enquiry, were both men of middle age: the Archdeacon fresh-coloured and fussy, a trivial, kindly person of no great account; the Rural Dean broad-shouldered and square-faced, a silent, trustworthy man, much beloved in a small circle.

A pile of books, manuscripts, and letters lay at the chairman's right hand. On the blotting-pad before him was the voluminous written report of the Commission, which awaited only the signatures of the Commissioners and — as to one paragraph in it — a final interview with Meynell himself, which had been fixed for noon. Business was now practically over till he arrived, and conversation had become general.

"You have seen the leader in the *Oracle* this morning?" asked the Archdeacon, nervously biting his quill. "Perfectly monstrous, I think! I shall withdraw my subscription."

"With the *Oracle*," said the professor, "it will be a mere question of success or failure. At present they are inclined to back the rebellion."

"And not much wonder!" put in the Dean's hoarse voice. "The news this morning is uncommonly bad. Four more men joined the League here — a whole series of League meetings in Yorkshire! — half the important newspapers gone over or neutral — and a perfectly scandalous speech from the Bishop of Dunchester!"

"I thought we should hear of Dunchester before long!" said the professor, with a sarcastic lip. "Anything that annoys his brethren has his constant support. But, if the Church allows a Socinian to be put over her, she must take the consequences!"

"What can the Church do?" said the Dean, shrugging his shoulders. "If we had accepted disestablishment years ago, Dunchester would never have been a bishop. And now we may have missed our chance."

"Of what?" Canon Dornal looked up. "Of disestablishment?"

The Dean nodded.

"The whole force of *this* Liberal movement," he said slowly, "will be thrown against disestablishment. There comes the dividing line between it and the past. I say again, we have missed our chance. If the High-Churchmen had known their own minds — if they had joined hands boldly with the Liberation society and struck off the State fetters — we should at least have been left in quiet possession of what remained to us. We should not have been exposed to this treachery from within. Or, at least, we should have made short work of it."

"That means that you take for granted we should have kept our endowments and our churches?" said Canon Dornal.

The Dean flushed.

"We have been called a nation of shopkeepers," he said vehemently, "but nobody has ever called us a nation of thieves."

The Canon was silent. Then his eye caught the bulky manuscript report lying before the Dean, and he made a restless movement, as if the sight of it displeased him.

"The demonstrations the papers report this morning are not all on one side," said the Rural Dean slowly, but cheerfully, as if from a rather unsatisfactory reverie this fact had emerged.

"No; there seems to have been something like a riot at Darwen's church," observed the Archdeacon. "What can they expect? You don't outrage people's dearest feelings for nothing. The scandal and misery of it! Of course we shall put it down — but the Church won't recover for a generation. And all that this handful of agitators may advertise themselves and their opinions!"

Canon Dornal frowned and fidgeted.

"We must remember," he said, "that it is not only their opinion; they have the greater part of European theology behind them."

"European theology!" cried the Archdeacon. "I suppose you mean German theology?"

"The same thing," said the Canon, smiling a little sadly.

"And what on earth does German theology matter to us?" retorted the Archdeacon. "Haven't we got theologians of our own? What have the Germans ever done but set up one mare's nest after another, for us to set right? They've no sooner launched some cock-sure theory or other than they have to give it up. I don't read German," said the Archdeacon hastily, "but that's what I understand from the Church papers."

Silence for a moment. The professor looked at the ceiling, a smile twitching the corners of his mouth. The green shade concealed the Dean's expression. He also knew no German, but it did not seem necessary to say so. Canon Dornal looked uncomfortable.

"Do you see who it was that protected Darwen from the roughs outside his church?" he said presently.

Brathay looked up.

"A party of Wesleyans? — class-leaders? Yes, I saw. Oh, Darwen has always been on excellent terms with the dissenters!"

"Meynell, too," said the professor. "That, of course, is their game. Meynell has always gone for the inclusion of the dissenters."

"Well, it was Arnold's game!" said the Canon, his look kindling. "Don't let's forget that. Meynell's dream is not unlike his — to include everybody that would be included."

"Except the Unitarians," said the professor, with emphasis — "the deniers of the Incarnation. Arnold drew the line there. So must we."

He spoke with a crisp and smiling decision — as of one in authority. All kinds of assumptions lay behind his manner. Dornal looked at him with a rather troubled and hostile eye. This whole matter of the coming trial was to him deeply painful. He would have given anything to avoid it; but he did not see how it could be avoided. The extraordinary spread of the movement had, indeed, made it impossible.

At this moment one of the vergers of the Cathedral entered the room to say that Mr. Meynell was waiting below. The Dean directed that he should be shown up, and the whole Commission dropped their conversational air and sat expectant.

Meynell came in rather hastily, brushing his hair back from his forehead. He shook hands with the Dean and the Archdeacon, and bowed to the other members of the Commission. As he sat down, the Archdeacon, who was very sensitive to such things, and was himself a model of spick-and-spanness, noticed that the Rector's coat was frayed, and one of the buttons loose. Ann, indeed, was not a very competent valet of her master; and nothing but a certain aesthetic element in Meynell preserved him from a degree of personal untidiness that might perhaps have been excused in a man alternating, hour by hour, between his study-table and the humblest practical tasks among his people.

The other members of the Commission observed him attentively. Perhaps all, in their different ways and degrees, were conscious of change in him — the change wrought insensibly in a man by some high pressure of emotion and responsibility, the change that makes a man a leader of his fellows, consecrates and sets him apart. Canon Dornal watched him with a secret sympathy and pity. The Archdeacon said to himself, with repugnance, that Meynell now had the look of a fanatic.

The Dean took a volume from the pile beside him, and opened it at a marked page.

"Before concluding our report to the Bishop, Mr. Meynell, we wished to have your explanation of an important passage in one of your recent sermons; and you have been kind enough to meet us with a view to giving us that explanation. Will you be so good as to look at the passage?"

He handed the book to Meynell, who read it in silence. The few marked sentences concerned the Resurrection:

"These Resurrection stories have for our own days mainly a symbolic, perhaps one might call it a sacramental importance. They are the 'outward and visible' sign of an inward mystery. As a simple matter of fact the continuous life of the spirit of Christ in mankind began with the death of Jesus of Nazareth. The Resurrection beliefs, so far as we can see, were the natural means by which that life was secured."

"Are we right in supposing, Mr. Meynell," said the Dean slowly, "that in those sentences you meant to convey that the Resurrection narratives of the New Testament were not to be taken as historical fact, but merely as mythical — or legendary?"

"The passage means, I think, what it says, Mr. Dean."

"It is not, strictly speaking, logically incompatible," said the professor, bending forward with a suave suggestiveness, "with acceptance of the statement in the Creed?"

Meynell threw him a slightly perplexed look, and did not reply immediately. The Dean sharply interposed:

"Do you in fact accept the statements of the Creed? In that case we might report to the Bishop that you felt you had been misinterpreted — and would withdraw the sermon complained of, in order to allay the scandal it has produced?"

Meynell looked up.

"No," he said quietly, "no; I shall not withdraw the sermon. Besides," — the faintest gleam of a smile seemed to flit through the speaker's tired eyes,—"that is only one of so many passages."

There was a moment's silence. Then Canon Dornal said:

"Many things — many different views — as we all know, are permitted, must be permitted, nowadays. But the Resurrection — is vital!"

"The physical fact?" said Meynell gently. His look met that of Dornal; some natural sympathy seemed to establish itself at once between them.

"The *historical* fact. If you could see your way

to withdraw some of the statements in these volumes on this particular subject, much relief would be given to many — many wounded consciences."

The voice was almost pleading. The Dean moved abruptly in his chair. Dornal's tone was undignified and absurd. Every page of the book teemed with heresy.

But Meynell was for the moment aware only of his questioner. He leaned across the table as if addressing him alone.

"To us, too — the Resurrection is vital — the transposition of it, I mean — from the natural, or physical — to the spiritual order."

Dornal did not, of course, attempt to argue. But, as Meynell met the sensitive melancholy of his look, the Rector remembered that in the preceding year Dornal had lost a little son, a delicate, gifted child, to whom he had been peculiarly attached. And Meynell with quick sympathy realised in a moment the haunted imagination of the other — the dear ghost that lived there, and the hopes that grouped themselves about it.

A long wrestle followed between Meynell and the professor. But Meynell could not be induced to soften or recant anything. He would often say, indeed, with an eager frown, when confronted with some statement of his own, "That was badly put! It should be so-and-so." And then would follow some vivid correction or expansion, which sometimes left the matter worse than before. The hopes of the Archdeacon, for one set of reasons, and of Dornal for another, that some bridge of retreat might be provided by the interview, died away. The Dean had never hoped anything, and Mr. Brathay sat open-mouthed and aghast, while Meynell's voice and personality drove home ideas and audacities that on the printed page were but dim to him. Why had the Anglican world been told, for the last fifteen years, that the whole critical onslaught, especially the German onslaught, was a beaten and discredited thing? It seemed to him terribly alive!

The library door opened again, and Meynell disappeared, ceremoniously escorted to the threshold by the professor. When that gentleman was seated again, the Dean addressed the meeting:

"A most unsatisfactory interview! There is nothing for it, I fear, but to send in our report unaltered to the Bishop. I must, therefore, ask you to append your signatures."

All signed, and the meeting broke up.

"Do you know at all when the case is likely to come on?" said Dornal to the Dean.

"In about a month. The Letters of Request are ready. Then will come the appeal to the Privy Council. That may take some time."

"You see the wild talk in some of the papers this morning," said the professor, interposing, "about a Modernist resolution in Convocation, and a simultaneous appeal to Parliament to 'bring the Articles of the Church of England into accordance with modern knowledge.' If there is any truth in it, there may be an Armageddon before us."

Dornal looked at him with distaste. The speaker's light tone, the note of relish in it, as of one delighting in the drama of life, revolted him.

On coming out of the Cathedral library, Dornal walked across to the Cathedral and entered. He found his way to a little chapel of St. Oswald on the north side, where he was often wont to sit or kneel for ten minutes' quiet in a busy day. As he passed the north transept he saw a figure sitting motionless in the shadow, and realized that it was Meynell.

The silence of the great Cathedral closed round him. He was conscious of nothing but his own personality, and, as it seemed, of Meynell's. They two seemed to be alone together in a world outside the living world.. Dornal could not define it, save that it was a world of reconciled enmities and contradictions. The sense of it alternated with a disagreeable recollection of the table in the library, and the men sitting round it, especially the cherubic face of the professor — the thought, also, of the long, signed document that reported the heresy of Meynell.

He had been quite right to sign it. His soul went out in a passionate adhesion to the beliefs on which his own life was built. Yet, still, the strange reconciling sense flowed in and round him, like the washing of a pure stream. He was certain that the Eternal Word had been made flesh in Jesus of Nazareth, had died, and risen, and been exalted; that the Church was now the mysterious channel of his risen life. He must, in mere obedience and loyalty, do battle for that certainty — guard it as the most precious thing in life for those that should come after. Nevertheless, he was conscious that there was in him none of the righteous anger, none of the moral condemnation, that his father or grandfather might have felt in the same case. As far as *feeling* went, nothing divided him from Meynell. They two across the Commission table — as accuser and accused — had recognised, each in the other, the man of faith. The same forces played on both, mysteriously linking them, as the same sea links the headland that throws back its waves with the harbour that receives them.

Meynell, too, was conscious of Dornal as somewhere near him in the still beautiful place,

but only vaguely. He was storm-beaten by the labour and excitement of the preceding weeks, and these moments of rest in the Cathedral were sometimes all that enabled him to go through his day. He endeavoured often, at such times, to keep his mind merely vacant and passive, avoiding especially the active religious thoughts that were more than brain and heart could continuously bear. "One cannot always think of it — one must not!" he would say to himself impatiently. And then he would offer himself eagerly to the mere sensuous impressions of the Cathedral — its beauty, its cool prismatic spaces, its silences.

He did so to-day, though always conscious, beyond the beauty and the healing quiet, of the mysterious presence on which he "propped his soul." . . .

Conscious, too, of a dear human presence, closely interwoven now with his sense of things ineffable.

Latterly he had not been without some scanty opportunities of meeting Mary Elsmere. In Miss Puttenham's drawing-room, whither the common anxiety about Hester had drawn him on many occasions, he had chanced once or twice on Miss Puttenham's new friend. In the village Mrs. Flaxman was beginning to give him generous help; the parish nurse was started. And sometimes, when she came to consult, her niece was with her, and Meynell, while talking to the aunt, either of his people or of the progress of the heresy campaign, was always keenly aware of the girlish figure beside her — of the quick, shy smile, the voice and its tones.

She was with him in spirit — that he knew — passionately knew. But the barriers between them were surely insurmountable. Her sympathy with him was like some warm, stifled thing — some chafing bird "beating up against the wind."

As for him, he no longer tried to put love from him, in the name of his high enterprise. In the silence of the Cathedral his longing came back upon him, transformed; and his heart opened to it. It was hopeless, but it enriched his life. For it was fused with all that held him to his task, all that was divinest and sincerest in himself.

One of the great bells of the Cathedral struck the quarter. His trance of communion and of rest broke up. He rose abruptly and left the Cathedral for the crowded streets outside, thinking hard, as he walked, of quite other things.

TO BE CONTINUED

FRUITION

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

THE year's at flowering time,
Beauty's full — at her prime.
The night is ours and Love's.
All passes!
There's a voice in the myrtle groves.

Love, love me forever!
The leaves tremble and shiver.
Syringa's heavy with sweet.
All passes!
There's a stirring of hidden feet.

Love, did you speak or say
Aught? The wind is at play.
The nightingale is still.
All passes!
The dews: are the dews so chill?

Why is your cheek so white,
White Love, on our wedding-night?
See — joy long waited for!
All passes!
The wind sighed: nothing more.

A LOST JOB

BY

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

HIS name was, happily, William Joy. He was lean of nose and heavy of countenance. He was, at any time, the most uneven-tempered freight and elevator man in the New York loft zone; and on this particular Monday morning — after the events of the day before! Furthermore, it was in the August hot spell.

On the fifth and sixth floors of the Friedberger Building, shirt-waists, ties, and hats were constructed — above all, hats. It was evident that the young ladies who constructed those hats had had their pick, and picked the largest. When the fourteenth had been crowded in, a twenty-inch flamingo feather wiped William across the mouth.

"Sure!" he said. "Sure! If you want, I'll keep my head outside."

"*Bill* — the — *Grouch!*"

"*Ev*-ery *Mon*-day *morn*-ing!"

"My, girls, but wouldn't you like to have him for a *man!*"

"Lord! it ain't because I *want* to talk to you." And he dropped down to resume a conversation that he had already brought to a very gratifying stage with Dutch, the engineer.

"An' you couldn't give me any power, could you? I can pull her up with my hands?"

Dutch was thickly and ponderously German. His repartee came the year after. He looked impotently at "Bill the Grouch," and went on burning his cotton waste.

"That's a fine pile of castin's, too, you've left on the second. They'd ought to help a lot when the trucks come round."

Dutch's mouth kept opening and closing like the gills of an air-strangled fish.

"An' my gate — I can get it open once in a while now, so no need to trouble no more about that."

And then, with one exploding "*Gott!*" Dutch clutched his shovel and ran for him.

"All right! All right! Let it all come on *me.*"

It was perhaps fifteen minutes later that, caps back and stamping-pencils between hair and ear, two expressmen shoved into the car. And what *they* brought with them! Before entering, they had delayed, to study the excavation work for the beautiful new twelve-story Friedberger Building which the boss was putting up next door. Covering New York's famous foundation rock of "hard blue" there is a layer of mucky clay which might with like accuracy be described as "soft red." It was some of that "soft red"— about half a pound of it — that those two expressmen brought in. They brought it in upon their boots, and, observing that they had, a natural niceness of feeling led them to kick it off against the sides of the cage.

To tell what happened next would only delay the action of this story — as, indeed, it very considerably delayed the action of the car. The essential point is that the next person to enter was Mr. Friedberger himself.

Mr. Samuel Friedberger was a good boss and a good landlord. He owned both the building and the industries on the first, fifth, and sixth, where they made (and wore) the hats. And he possessed all that good nature which comes to so many of his race with prosperity, the laying on of fat, and the increase of years. As he had once told the Y. M. H. A. (the Young Men's Hebrew Association), the one reason why he always got along so well with his employees was that he always had some pleasant words to say to them: even if he had to wait and think of them, he always had some pleasant words to say. And for six years he had been able to get along with even Bill the Grouch. He appeared, indeed, to have a strong affection for him.

Now he said a warmingly pleasant "Goot mornin', William."

William made no reply.

"I see you got a liddle mud in your car, hey?"

"Yes, I got a little mud in her."

"Guite a lot, there is."

"Yes, quite a lot. Maybe it looks as if I'd fetched it in myself?"

"Himmel, no! No, no, no, no, no!"

And, when Mr. Friedberger came down, feeling that William might still misunderstand him,

"I only sboke of that mud," he said, "because, joost w'en I'm comin' in ——"

William continued to look the other way with a set expression.

This, had Mr. Friedberger been any other man, would have made him a trifle angry.

As it was, when, five minutes afterward, he had occasion to go up again, "W'en I sboke of that mud, I want to say, William, I sboke of it goot-tempered. I didn't sbeak of it ——"

"My Lord, boss, I been *tryin'* to find my broom. I can't ——"

"I didn't say nottings *aboud* no broom. W'en I sboke of that mud ——"

But again they were at his floor, and William threw the gate open.

Apparently there was one place in which William hadn't looked for his broom; for, when Mr. Friedberger reëntered the car to descend, William was using it with an ostentatious particularity.

"Mein Gott!" said Mr. Friedberger, in a quiver. "W'at — w'at needs of *that?* W'en I sboke of that mud ——"

"Well, when you'd spoke of it three times ——"

Mr. Friedberger waved his hands. He spoke no more now — because he could not speak — until they had reached the bottom. And then, "I — I want you should know, William, I'm puttin' some resdraints on myself ——"

"Why, I don't know why you need to. You're the boss. I been runnin' this car about six years now, but if I ain't runnin' it right — if I ain't keepin' it clean enough ——"

"Gott in Himmel! I don't— W'en I sboke— I — I *am* the boss! That's w'at I *am!* And you — you" — he summoned up all his strength for it — "you're *fired!*"

"Hass — hass he gome back yet — no?" Again Mr. Friedberger had gone down to confer with Dutch, and he asked it eagerly.

He had had Dutch go out to the employment agencies, to return with an irresponsible-looking youth with roached hair and a weak eye, who, in fact, was now running the car.

"*Nein;* he has not come back yet."

"Well, well! I don't know why he wants to act like that. Hass he anythings, maybe, that he might have to gome back for?"

By William's basin there was a thin piece of soap and a wet combination of wash-rag and hand-towel. And it was precisely for that soap and towel — at any rate, so he informed Dutch — that William did come back.

Dutch at once, and according to instructions, rushed upstairs to notify his worried chief.

But, unhappily, in the meantime the returned William had found his way back to the entrance-hall; and then he had his first meeting with the irresponsible youth of the weak eye.

"Mein Gott! neffer in all my life did I have sotch a man! I — I was willin' to take you back. I might of been *glad* to. But after sotch a times as *this* ——"

"Sure, get a cop. It'd be no more'n I was lookin' for. Sure!" And William started out first.

They were half way to the corner when they were stopped by a shout,— a shout from above their heads,— and then a sound like the popping of a paper bag — only it would have been a very large paper bag. They gaped back and up. On the third floor of the Friedberger Building, a gray-green smoke was whiffing from every open window. The whole street was shouting now.

Mr. Friedberger ran on, choked, and — there was a box at the corner — wrenched in an alarm.

Bill the Grouch pelted back, half sliding the length of the hall in his momentum. The girls of the first were already out; and those of the second and third were fighting their way down after them. But they had not come by the elevator. It arrived now, on the drop; and, save for the youth with the weak eye, it was absolutely empty. He may have intended the heroic, but he did not look it.

"Get to ——" William did not finish the phrase, but he threw the youth out after the screaming girls. His towel and soap, which he was still carrying, went into the other corner of the car. And he sent the car up hand over hand, as if he were climbing his cable.

What had caused the explosion was one of those things that come out — or are carefully concealed — in the fire inquest that follows. Enough that the third was occupied by a company that manufactured antique copper work and brasses, and packed them in salt hay and excelsior. Some of the antiquers got to the stairs around the elevator-shaft, and so down. The others, singed but otherwise unhurt, reached the fire-escape at the rear. But the open door and the open window that they left behind them drew two long, steadily belching eddies of smoke that, for every one above them, blocked both the stairs and the fire-escape. The elevator was the only way of escape.

As he passed the third floor, Bill the Grouch slowed for one half second, long enough to make plain to him the physical impossibility of getting to that chimneying door and closing it. The flames were now rapidly breaking out. Then Bill lifted his car to the fourth floor.

Hall and stairs were surging with hysterical girls. Bill had only to clash his gate open and

let them rush in. All the while, in a flow of language that was cankeredly unbroken, he dealt with the layout of the building, the manufacturers of brass and copper, the uselessness of the New York fire brigade, and the uselessness of his car. It was not big enough, by half, for its present work.

But he got his gate closed again at last. "Cripes, what's the *matter* with you? Won't I be comin' *back?*"

He came back. But he had been in fires before, and on the way up he did the one thing that would give him any chance of getting through with it. Letting the car run itself, he caught up that dirty wet towel of his, and knotted it about his mouth and nose.

He could not *bear* himself talking now; but his monologue went on internally: "I ain't doin' this in three trips, nor yet in four. It'll take two to a floor. An'— *sure* — I'll have to *jerk* them out, at that!" He was already at the fourth again, and doing it. For by this time the heat and smoke and terror had driven the girls shriekingly back into the work-rooms.

But he swung and thrust them in, one after another, like sheep. And, in their turn, he dropped them down.

Salt hay always goes to the eyes and throat like ammonia fumes. And now the smoke was so thick that the elevator-shaft seemed as if it were filled with gray-green cotton batting. The excelsior was burning, too, and the packing-crates and shaping-tables, and the deal partitions. The shaft was beginning to grow *hot*. It was, naturally, becoming the flue of the fire. And when it had *really* heated for its business —

The first hose truck had arrived and was throwing off. Two pipemen tumbled into the lower hall, helped to clear the car, and one of them tried to shove in with Bill. "Get to ——!" And again the car went up.

When Bill passed the third floor this time,— and he had to pass it slowly going up,— it was like putting his head into the stack of a locomotive.

On the fifth floor, he had to "jerk them out."

Some of the girls were screaming that they were going to faint.

"Sure — an' you stay behind!"

But he got them in, piling them up any way. And for the fourth time he dropped the car down. Even the lower hall was intolerable now with the stifling reek of half-burned gases.

The engines had begun to arrive. Bill heard, through the smoke, shouts, orders, the clanging of the gongs, the throbbing of the steamers. And more pipemen were now rushing in their writhing, kicking lines.

"That'll make it some cooler," he told himself — he knew that the streams always carried a current of cold air with them. "But — Gawd! as soon as they begin to hit this ironwork!"

When water at a temperature of about forty degrees hits steel elevator shafting at a temperature of some three hundred degrees, the latter is going to buckle, and, in all probability, the car is going to jam. It will hardly jam when weighted to capacity going down; but when it is light, and going up — And the jamming will, of course, take place at the point where the fire is hottest.

A second time, when they had got the girls out, the firemen tried to relieve him. A short, grizzled man pushed in, like one having authority. He was given elbow and knee hook, and all but went sprawling.

"Fer the love o' Mike, you fool! It's the Dep'ty Chief!"

"Sure," came thickly from behind the towel; "an' he'll get a shot in the eye in a minute. Get out o' my car!"

"All right, John Maynard!" they shouted after him. "Somebody's got to get them down."

There is no necessity of telling a great deal about the next trip. The last was the one that counted.

He felt the cage "choke" at the third. But he knew his car. Dutch was true — the power still held. And he got her past. By this time the flue was drawing very well indeed. The heat came in gusts and waves that seemed to crack his skin. He could no longer see. As far as he knew himself, he was blinded. And, if he still *talked* to himself, it was not rationally. "It's goin' to be smoky here pretty soon. An' after that it'll be hot. Sure! — an' why don't you wait for them hats?"

But his habit had formed itself. He had been running that car for six years, and once more he made his stop at the sixth, as if it had been daylight and the noon hour. He got those work-room doors open, and once more began to "jerk them out." And he did not stop until he had them all. It was by pure automatism, too, that he pulled his cable and brought them down in such a rush of descent that no buckling on earth could hold them.

But at the bottom it was one of the girls who had to get the gate open. And when they tried to pull him out, he still clung to his tackle and fought them off. They pulled away his towel to get him the air from the pipe nozles. "Turn me loose," he said thickly. "You don't come in an' take *my* car — you cock-eyed son of a gun! Get to — lost my job ——" And then, suddenly, he went slack, and they carried him out, foot and hand.

"An' he's all right, too," said the Lieutenant.

"Fine as silk! May be shy a little hair, but he ain't swallowed anything."

"Sure, no. An' — hell!" said the Captain. "He stayed with her, didn't he, fer fair!"

They took him across the street to Heilig and Hamburg's "Ladies' and Gents' Twenty-five Cent Restaurant." There a speedy examination showed clearly that he was no ambulance case. By the advice of the "Dep'ty Chief,"— to whom he had given the elbow and knee hook, — cold tea-leaves were laid on his eyes to draw out the worst of the salt hay. Something that was not cold tea, but that looked like it, was poured down his throat. And in five minutes more he was trying to sit up.

He was also the center of a kind of Friedberger Building reception.

"*Gosh*, Bill," said Dutch. "*Gosh* — but that wass a goot act you done!"

"My, William," said the girls with the hats,— only now those hats were gone forever,—"if you ain't the bravest — the most courageous! We'd just marry you to-morrow, every one of us."

Bill got one red eye open. "I guess not," he said; "I been married once already." And in that, considering the sort of man Bill was, there may have lain much of the secret of his grouchiness.

But at that moment they all backed up to let the boss get to him.

"William! An' you're loogin' as goot as that again already! Oh, *Himmel und Erde*, w'at a *thankfulness!* She's burnin' now lige there's a million on her. But I don't gare. *Led* her burn! Led her! An' I been loogin' for that other feller to fire him. Any man that'll leaf his car lige that! An' it ain'd as if there'd be any sdop in your wa-ages. But all that ain'd not'ings." He fairly wrung his hands over it. "Mein Gott! w'en I think how I geep it up an' geep it up at you aboud that tamn *mud!* I don'd know w'at gets into me somedimes — I've got sotch a *tempers* ——"

"That's all right, boss, that's all right." And William turned him the other cheek. "Sometimes I feel just about like lettin' her go myself."

IN JUSTICE TO AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS OF SERUM

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
United States Public Health and
Marine-Hospital Service.
WASHINGTON, D. C., November 28, 1910.

EDITOR OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: In reading the article in the December number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE on "Paul Ehrlich: The Man and His Work," by Marguerite Marks, the statement is found, on page 190, that "in America the government laboratory which has charge of the supervision of anti-toxins can purchase only in the open market samples of anti-toxin, after it has been sold by the factories to druggists and physicians, and possibly after injections have been given to children, so that, if the serum is impure, harm has already been done."

This statement, if allowed to go uncorrected, does an injustice to the manufacturers of serum in the United States, as it is not in accordance with the facts. According to the law regulating the manufacture and interstate traffic in viruses, serums, etc., and the regulations framed thereunder, the federal authorities in the United States have the authority to obtain samples at any time from the manufacturers of these products, in addition to the samples they may purchase on the open market.

Moreover, the law provides that inspection shall be made of the establishments manufacturing these products. This inspection consists of a thorough and searching inquiry into the sanitary condition of the stables, barns, laboratories, etc.; of the methods and technique employed in the manufacture and standardization of the products; and, finally, as to the fitness of those who have control of the scientific features of the manufacture of these therapeutic products.

When these inspections are made, the inspector personally takes from the stock samples of the various products for which a license is desired. In addition, samples of anti-toxin, etc., are bought on the open market in various sections of the country at frequent intervals for examination in the Hygienic Laboratory. The examination of the products so obtained shows the reliability and purity of the products as actually supplied to the physician who is to use them. When any of these samples are found to be deficient in potency or to be not sterile, the manufacturer is required to recall from the market every package bearing the same laboratory number which was not found satisfactory; and this has been done in several instances.

I shall be glad if you will give this letter the same publicity as the article referred to.

Very truly yours,
JOHN F. ANDERSON,
Director Hygienic Laboratory.

I AM THE MOUNTAINY SINGER

BY

SEOSAMH MACCATHMHAOIL

I AM the mountainy singer,
And I would sing of the Christ
Who followed the paths through the mountains
To eat at the people's tryst.

He loved the sun-dark people
As the young man loves his bride,
And he moved among their thatches,
And for them he was crucified.

And the people loved him, also,
More than their houses or lands,
For they had known his pity
And felt the touch of his hands.

And they dreamed with him in the mountains,
And they walked with him on the sea,
And they prayed with him in the garden,
And bled with him on the tree.

Not ever by longing and dreaming
May they come to him now,
But by the thorns of sorrow
That bruised his kingly brow.